THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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NOTICE TO READER. When you finish reading this magazine, place a U. S. 1-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors.
NO WRAPPING—NO ADDRESS.
A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General

MAY 17, 1919

5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada

In This Number: Pelham Grenville Wodehouse
Kenneth L. Roberts—Henry Payson Dowst—William J. Neidig—Alonzo Englebert Taylor
Eugene Manlove Rhodes—Will Irwin—Richard Matthews Hallet—Eleanor Franklin Egan

Bon Ami

for crystal-clear windows

"Hasn't scratched yet!"

THE panes are actually *invisible* after I have gone over them with Bon Ami—not a speck of dirt or a cloudy streak remains.

It's so easy, too! Just a thin, watery lather of Bon Ami spread over the glass and then wiped away when it's dry!

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Made in both cake and powder form.

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Which is the better—perfect hose for months—or months of mending—in Holeproof certain service and superb appearance—or in ordinary hose the same experience as you've had before?

We specialize to make these hose excel. If you approve insist on Holeproof when you buy.

Write in the meanwhile for descriptive booklet and names of Holeproof stores.

Men's, 35c upward; Women's and Children's, 55c upward

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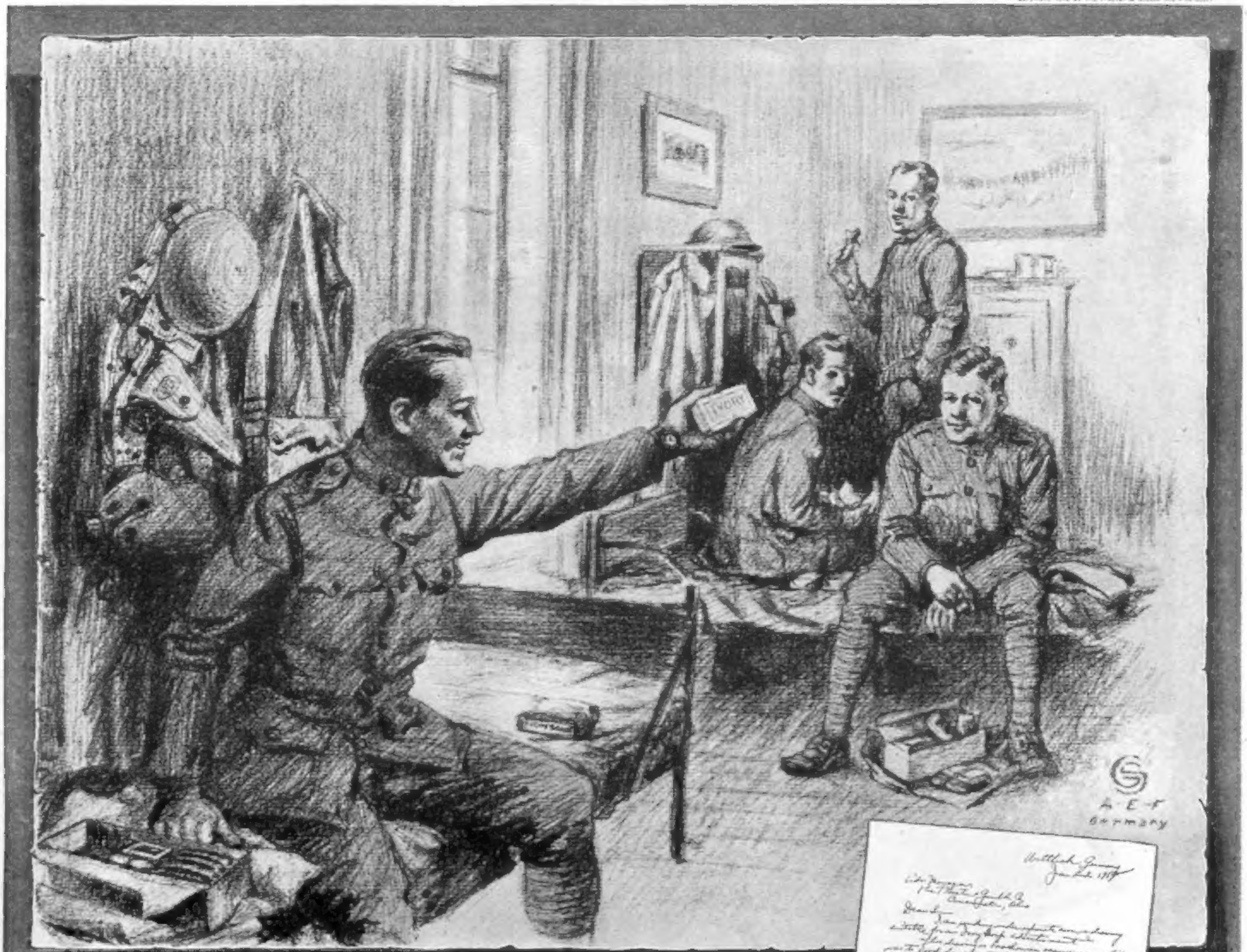

A picture and a letter from one of the doughboys in the Army of Occupation

Wittlich, Germany, Jan. 2nd, 1919.

Adv. Manager, The Procter & Gamble Co.,
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Sir:

I am sending under separate cover a drawing suitable for an Ivory Soap advertisement.

This drawing is based on an occurrence which was too good for me to let slip by. One of the boys got two bars of Ivory in his 3x4x9 Christmas box and his attitude and joy in receiving it, is by no means exaggerated in the drawing. Ivory leaves a feeling of freshness and cleanliness that can't be equaled. We were able to get it at a commissary down in the Vosges about three months ago, but haven't seen any since.

The background of the drawing will picture somewhat the comfort in which the Army of Occupation is now living. Our quarters are in a former seminary and we have all the conveniences of a college dormitory.

Though the drawing is done on the only paper available and not on the usual 30 x 40 illustration board you are accustomed to see, I'm sure it will reproduce well. An advertisement could be written around it for next Christmas or it can be used in the near future, as a good many of us shall remain here for a long time and boxes will come as long as any of us remain.

Yours very truly,

Sgt. George W. Straub,
Co. C, 326 F. Sig. Bn., American E. F., A. P. O. 792.

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THE RANDOM NOTES OF AN AMERIKANSKY—By Kenneth L. Roberts

"The Amerikanskys are taller and stronger than the Japonskys or the Angleskys or the Czechoslovaks. It is understood that they are very clean, washing their bodies completely every two or three days, and changing their uniforms frequently. They laugh always; and they are kind to everyone, taking nothing that does not belong to them, and paying in full for everything. When angry they strike out with their hands, inflicting great damage in some strange manner. They do not fear their officers, but they obey them implicitly; and they are said to be even better fighters than the Czechoslovaks!"

An excerpt from the letter of a Russian, opened by a Russian censor and shown by him to a member of the A. E. F., Siberia.

PERSONS who were keen students in their younger days usually have a clear picture of Siberia graven on their minds' eyes. The picture became familiar to keen students through the pages of Mr. Frye's geography or the Third Reader or some similar work of reference. It showed a troika, or three-horse Russian sleigh, careering through a gloomy Siberian forest something less than two jumps ahead of a large concourse of wolves. The wolves by the eager light in their eyes and the whole-hearted enthusiasm of their advance conveyed to the beholder the unmistakable idea that they were on their way to a long-deferred dinner; while the intense boredom of the troika's occupants indicated that the dinner was on them, so to speak.

All keen students after studying this cheerful picture of Siberian life tucked Siberia away in mental pigeonholes with the indorsement: "Cold, snowy, gloomy and full of wolves." As their funds of knowledge increased most of them added "Full of exiles and vodka" to the original indorsement.

When the Amerikanskys sailed into Vladivostok Harbor in August and September, 1918, they expected dark forests, endless steppes, frigid blasts, snow, gloom and cold feet. They expected ravening wolf packs to dash down upon them with ferocious howls, and bite from their haversacks the cakes of chocolate which they had brought to that desolate and far-off land. They found a shining city perched upon swelling green hills rising from a magnificent harbor; and the only wolves in sight were the droshky drivers who attempted to charge the Amerikanskys twenty rubles for a ride that ordinarily cost two rubles.

The snow and the gloom were chiefly noticeable because of their absence. All through the autumn and winter cloudless day succeeded cloudless day. There were three snowfalls in Vladivostok during the months of November, December and January; and only one deserved to be dignified with the name of storm. That happened on New Year's Day. Probably not more than four inches of snow fell; but the bitter north wind piled it up in four-foot drifts and snatched the breaths from the mouths of those who ventured out in it. The sentry at the door of *Amerikansky Stab*—which is Russian for American Headquarters—found a twelve-year-old girl on the verge of freezing to death within five yards of the front door at eleven o'clock in the morning. She was piled high in sheepskins contributed by solicitous doughboys,

A Part of Vladivostok and the Upper End of the Harbor

Noonday Chow at the Cook Car of an American Troop Train

A Refugee Train in the Vladivostok Yards

Above—Czech Soldiers Waiting to Entrain at the Vladivostok Station

fed on hot beef tea, and kept beside a heater for four hours at American Headquarters before she was able to walk.

There was a great epidemic of frost-nipped noses, ears, cheeks and chins among the Amerikanskys after that storm, and the scars of the frost bites lasted about as long as the snow. To all intents and purposes Vladivostok streets were clear of snow throughout the winter. In all the time I spent in Vladivostok I saw only three vehicles on runners.

In patches, however, the streets were the slipperiest in the world, due to the system of water supply. Many householders could get water only by having it hauled to their homes in hogsheads mounted on wheels and drawn by ponies. These hogsheads leaked in a wholehearted manner; and whenever one of them came to a stop a large pool of water formed under it and froze immediately. Also whenever one of the ponies ran away—which he frequently did just after an Allied automobile had passed under his nose at about seventy-two miles an hour—the roughness of the pavement caused the water to slop out of the cart and form other patches of smooth, slippery ice.

Then there were still other householders who lived so high on the hills that the water carts couldn't climb up. They were supplied by Chino boys who carried two oil cans, filled with water, hanging from a shoulder pole.

These Chino boys had a bad habit of stepping on the ice formed by the leaking water carts, and of falling on their necks with a resounding clatter, spilling a torrent of blood-curdling Chinese gutturals and both cans of water.

In the course of time all this spilling resulted in countless patches of ice scattered treacherously up and down the streets of Vladivostok; and on these patches the Allied Armies did enough ground and lofty tumbling to entitle them to special medals showing a broken neck couchant on a cobblestone azure; or something of that nature. I have watched colonels and captains, lieutenants and enlisted men, without any apparent thought of rank or previous condition of servitude, glide along grotesquely on the rear edges of their heels, with their stomachs thrust forward and their arms waving wildly in the air, and finally with a sudden eye-baffling wrench execute a dazzling flip-flap and smash the backs of their heads against the ground with such force that it scarcely seemed possible that any cobblestone could stand the strain. He who would keep campaign ribbons from the Siberian Expeditionary Forces on the ground that they haven't been in action would surely be both heartless and unimaginative.

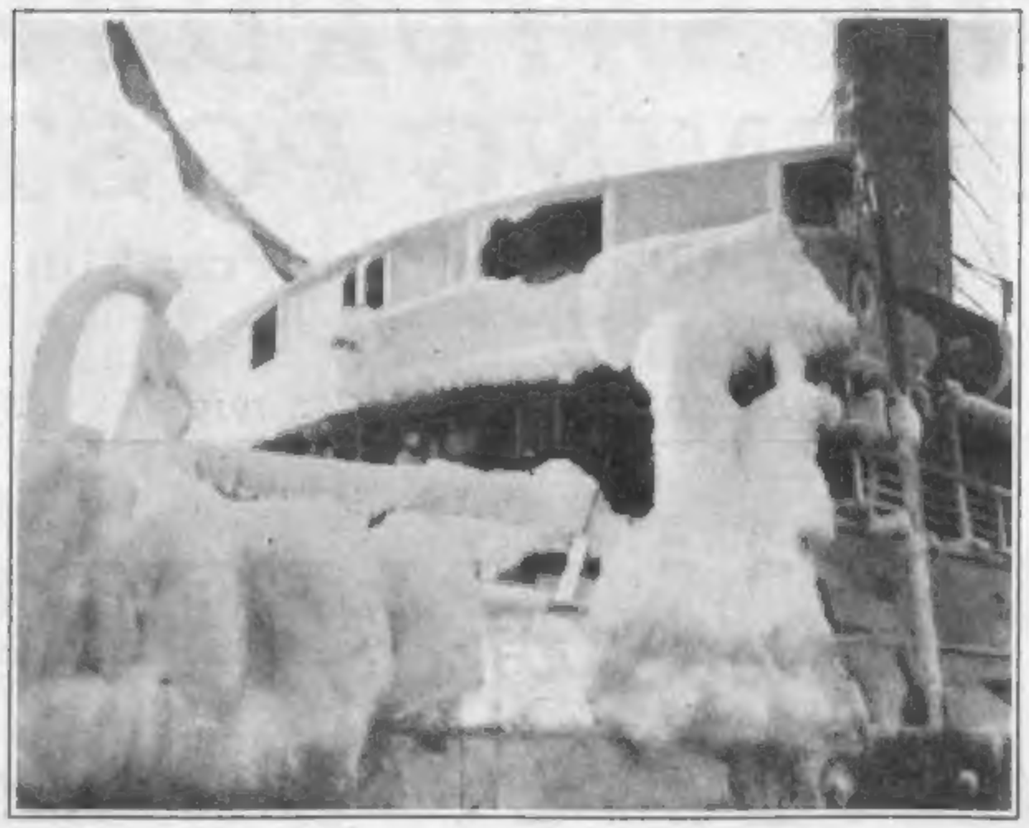
Truthful Press Agents

AS FOR the Siberian cold, it is reasonably safe to say that the press-agenting which Siberia has received on that score has not been unduly exaggerated. Khabarovsk, Blagoviestchensk, Chita, Irkutsk, Omsk—all these places reported temperatures of forty, fifty and even sixty degrees below zero. People who came from these cities to Vladivostok usually suffered somewhat from the heat, as the temperature never got under thirty below in that more temperate resort.

Between the middle of December and the end of January there was hardly a day on which the temperature was higher than fifteen below zero.

The Amerikanskys found these continued temperatures somewhat depressing. One of them confided to me in the picturesque phraseology of far-off Maine that the cold weather made him feel low enough to walk under a chiffonier with a silk hat on.

Our men were issued sheepskin-lined coats, caps made of muskrat fur, and muskrat-fur mittens. In these they were perfectly comfortable unless it was necessary for them to be exposed for a long time to the biting and ever-present north wind. If given time the Siberian north wind could blow through a Bessemer-steel safe. I feel sure that it could bring tears to the eyes and gooseflesh to the body of a brass monkey.



The Bridge of a U. S. Army Transport Which Made Vladivostok After Heavy Weather in the Sea of Japan

But for the person who merely wandered along Siberian highways and byways on short excursions the cold seemed little worse than the winter cold of Northern Maine or even of the Berkshires.

All things considered, Siberia is a disappointment to one who has the conventional idea that she sits in the lap of the North Pole. Her cities are beautiful, her people are hospitable, her plains are broad and fertile, her rivers are tremendous, her mines are incredibly rich, her forests are boundless and her game supply is inexhaustible.

An American Regiment Marching Down the Main Street of Vladivostok
Above—A Chino Water Carrier

In Khabarovsk I found a doughboy who before he entered the service was a cattle buyer in the territory round Chicago. He found the country more pleasant and much more fertile, he said, than the Illinois prairies. I asked him how Siberia would appeal to him as a place of residence after the war. He replied that it certainly would appeal to him if Chicago could only be moved over there so that he could visit it whenever he felt homesick.

The chances of Chicago's being moved to Siberia in the near future are somewhat remote; but the chances of American doughboys' taking up a residence there are not quite so distant. Land is easily obtainable, energetic workers are greatly needed, and Russian girls are amiable, pretty, and not at all prejudiced against the Amerikanskys. In Khabarovsk the Cossack officers complained bitterly that the Amerikanskys stole all their girls. Probably the Cossack officers were guilty of some slight exaggeration; but the incident was interesting in that it tended to show that our men run little risk of having the Russian wolfhounds set on them in case they wish to linger in Siberia after the Army has relinquished its claim to them.

There weren't many things in Siberia that filled any of the Amerikanskys with a passionate desire to burst into unrestrained cheers. Most of them, however, had a good word to say for the small and big game hunting that can be found anywhere in Siberia. It is a hunter's paradise. One gets a good idea of the plenitude of game by visiting the markets.

Golden Eagles at Bargain Prices

THE Vladivostok markets, for example, are as plentifully supplied with pheasants and partridge as the markets of American cities are supplied with chicken. There are more than one hundred stalls in the big Vladivostok market. In the front of each stall hang twenty to thirty brace of the small partridge known in Siberia as *rabchik*, or hazel hen; ten to fifteen brace of Mongolian pheasant; four or five brace of black game; and scattering stocks of deer, bear, boar, rabbit, wild duck and wild goose. In midwinter hazel hen sold for fifty cents a brace, pheasant for a dollar a brace, mallard duck for a dollar a brace, and a wild goose for $1.20. When I last visited the Vladivostok market the Chinese proprietor of one of the shops attempted to sell me a magnificent golden eagle, frozen, for twenty-five rubles, or three dollars at the then rate of exchange. I asked him what I should do with it after I had bought it. He explained with an air of pained surprise that I should eat it. If my mouth had happened to be watering for golden eagle I think I could have beaten him down to twelve rubles.

Less than an hour afoot from Vladivostok there is better shooting than most of the Amerikanskys ever expected to see in their lives. Down along the harbor's edge one can get mallard, black duck, teal and—with a little luck—goose. An hour inland one is sure of picking up a bag of pheasant, hazel hen or black game, even without the assistance of a dog. And across Amur Bay there are boar, bear, leopard, deer and tiger, to say nothing of a profusion of small game. Amur Bay can be crossed in a launch in an hour. The boar, the bear, the leopard and the deer can be found easily. Parties journey across the bay and get good bags. The tigers require more work. A tiger hunt calls for a week or more of tramping, usually; but if the hunt meets with success no effort will have been too great. The Amur tiger is the biggest cat in the world, and his skin the most magnificent. The Vladivostok menagerie has some gorgeous living specimens, measuring more than ten feet in length.

(Continued on Page 128)

NO MEAN CITY

By Eugene Manlove Rhodes

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

WITH mirth and exceeding jollity seven husky and dusty young men did good work together in a world gay, hoping and altogether delightful. Morley, Pope, Crocker, Engle, Cutter, Upham and Grama—they sought, for a cheerful and hasty young railroad system, the best path between the Mexican hamlets of Albuquerque and El Paso. Peach-embowered, those villages drowsed in two of the great gateways of the world; which fact, had it been told them, would have caused them considerable surprise.

The year was 1879. Count back now to 1779, 1679, to 1605. So long ago was Santa Fé last founded, and so far back those founders followed a path beaten already by centuries of weary feet. After the coming of the Spaniards the path pushed northward a century, eastward a century; to Westport at last, to become thereafter the Santa Fé Trail. You would search vainly for Westport on any map; it is Kansas City now.

"Jen," said Uncle Ben, "What are They Doing Now—Kissing or Killing? Let's See."

The Santa Fe Railroad followed the Santa Fé Trail pretty closely; the most notable change being to drop the accent. Not that surveyors are imitative, but because surveying is an exact science. The old trail followed truly the line of least resistance; its makers left to be settled by later craftsmen details only, the factors of grade, curve and upkeep.

Trail and railroad leave the river valley for the high tableland, to cross the Jornada del Muerto. So is that strip of desert country named from old time—the Journey of the Dead Man.

On the old trail there were cut-offs for wet-weather travel, when water stood in the shallow lakes—cut-offs, that is, for heavy traffic. Wet or dry the stage line ran straight, straight; hauling water for the stage stations from the river, from Bitter Springs, from Del Muerto Springs at Fort McRae. Little Round Mountain was the first station; then a semi-permanent lake, Laguna, the halfway place. Fourteen miles south of Laguna was the only living water on the direct route: Martin's Wells, better known as Aleman, because John Martin was a German. Water was hauled from Aleman to supply Point of Rocks, the fourth and last stage station. But the long caravans of freight wagons traveling together for mutual protection against the Apaches must zigzag for water, aside from the direct route; east to Bitter Springs; west again, seven miles west and down, to Fort McRae; then painfully back to Martin's Wells.

More fortunate, the railroad was to have water pumped up over the mesa from Fort McRae to Laguna, the halfway place. Winter and summer the railway keeps to the cut-offs; hand in hand together, trail and railroad, guide and eager youngster, hold straight for the shining peaks of Dona Ana. Here was a kingdom, long and long ago, "the Kingdom of Dona Ana," of the Lady Ann; here was her capital, close-nestled under these brightest hills. "Happy the state that has no history."

But where the Santa Fé Trail takes ninety miles to cross the desert from Paraje to Fort Selden the Santa Fe Railroad makes it in seventy-five, from San Marcial to Rincon, leaving the river earlier, rejoining it earlier. In each case the railway gets the worst of it in the matter of grades; in each case the change was forced by the all-important consideration of safe bridging. The Rio Grande is a sullen and malignant stream; the banks and bed of it are shifting quicksand, trembling, treacherous. Only where the river breaks through mountains may it be safely forded or surely bridged; except at San Marcial.

Eastward from San Marcial is an insignificant hillock, barely to be seen. From this pimply knoll, some time since, poured out a stream of liquid fire and stone, which flooded to varying depths a country half as large as Wales. This lava flow underlies the desert; the deep wells find it. Year by year southwest winds bring to this place certain grains of sea sand from the Pacific beaches, so covering that part of the plain known as the Jornada. The patient chemistry of time binds and blends that sand and fashions it to soil.

Northern bound and limit of the Jornada, the last sluggish dregs of that stupendous flow, cooling almost level with the lip of the crater, make a low swell of black lava, uncovered yet by sand; a swell larger than Delaware, and exactly the shape of a black ink blot. This, too, is being submerged and overblown; even in recorded time sand dunes and struggling sagebrush have made a visible gain.

A westward splash of that ragged black blot of lava sent out in turn a westward spokewise ray which poured a dam of boiling metal across the valley of the Rio Grande. Much steam—it is thought—was then generated. The lava cooled, the river promptly cut a channel through; the net result was a safe foundation for a bridge, where a causeway of lava underlies the quicksands of the Rio Grande.

If you stand on the observation platform at the last car of your train as you pass that bridge you shall see the black steeps of San Pascual Hill gloom high above you, and dimly sense that you still live in the youth of the unfinished earth—perhaps in the evening or the morning of the third day; you may almost stretch out your hand to touch this late experiment of the great laboratory. But perhaps you are not on the platform of the observation car. You may be inside with the curtains drawn. Playing bridge, probably.

Opposite San Marcial, as our seven surveyors staked out the southern anchorage for that bridge on the steep black side of San Pascual Hill, a benign and elderly giant, chin in hand, sat on a block of lava and observed them with great interest. Elderly, by comparison; the oldest surveyor was thirty, this meditative giant edged toward forty. Below them the chuck wagon forded the river. The wagon master thoughtfully elected to leave the water where the river's edge was most prepared to be churned to a jelly of quicksand, stalled promptly, jumped from his seat and began with rigorous impartiality to beat his six mules over the head.

The meditative giant laid aside the heavy Sharps rifle across his knees, strolled down to the trouble and threw the wagon master into the river without comment; gave instructions to the mules and brought the chuck wagon out of that. He then directed bed wagon and water wagon to a safer landing. Returning to the hillside for his rifle and saddle horse he led the little caravan to a sheltered cove half a mile down the river, made camp, unloaded the bed wagon and hauled up driftwood.

"Teagardner," said the giant after supper, his name being demanded for the pay roll by the senior surveyor. "Ben Teagardner. Put me down as extra man if it's all the same to you. I'll sidle over to Fort Craig to-morrow and get you a wagon master. Springtime Morgan, I reckon. And Springtime, he rigged up a tank wagon when he was cuttin' grama hay for Uncle Sam. You'll need that, and his teams. Your one little old water wagon won't nigh do the trick alone. I'll bring along Lew Friend for hunter. He'll keep you in fresh meat, deer and antelope. You just put me down as extra man. I'll fill in right handy. Know the country—been here since 'Sixty-three. Any old pay. I ain't doin' this for the money exactly. I'm a prospector, sort of; and I want to learn a little surveyin' for my own use."

Thus, in all simplicity, Teagardner took over and guided benevolently the destinies of the Santa Fé. The world went very well then.

Those were joyous days. Here was no peril of flood, no endless wrangle for right of way, but a broad sunny plain and a shining straightaway. Small wonder that the young surveying men were elate; and they may be pardoned for what they did. The thing was obvious. Eighty miles across the desert, seven sidetracks, one every ten miles, seven young men, one sidetrack to each young man, and none to molest or make afraid. Who can blame them? They offered Teagardner his pick, as was fitting and proper, but Teagardner smiled and shook his head. Also, at the casting of lots, the senior surveyor drew a sidetrack in the most lunar of earthly landscapes, where the road curved deep through the Mal Pais; in English, the Bad Lands, the lava fields. So Morley named his sidetrack, not Morley but Lava. Had Napoleon been godfather he could have done no less without indelicacy. But the other young men drew sites less nightmare-weird than Morley's. Pope, Lava, Crocker, Engle, Cutter, Upham and Grama, these are the stations of the Jornada, even unto this day.

Black-browed Engle was the lucky one. His name town became metropolis and capital of the Jornada. It is true that the youth of Lava was not inglorious, what time Fort Stanton, eastward by two deserts and two great mountain chains, freighted over the great military road through Lava Gap. It is true that at a later day, after ages of dull obscurity, Lava attained a certain importance when De Meir found guano in the throat of the old crater. But the ascendancy of Engle was never truly challenged.

Long Strings of Freight Wagons Crawled Over the Desert

The golden age, the heroic, the pastoral, growth of empire, dark ages, feudal systems, scientific efficiency, Trojan wars and Sabine women, tribute from far places, bitterness of Norman conquest, epic and romance, chivalry and chicane—everything that has ever happened in any place has happened in Engle. Through the mists of dim antiquity, legend and myth cluster about names as loved and bright as Hector or Du Guesclin.

No name of all those shining names may be cited here, though the temptation is great. Engle has a thousand stories; Balzac might have written the Human Comedy without leaving the Jornada.

Construction camps trod on the heels of the survey. The railroad reached El Paso in 'Eighty-one. Engle was marked for greatness from the first; halfway across the desert, Engle was set apart by the glory of two passing tracks; it was here that water was pumped from Fort McRae for the thirsty locomotives. Beyond the river in the Black Range, mining towns sprang up overnight: Hillsboro, Chloride, Fairview, Grafton, Kingston, Hermosa; and Engle was base of supplies to all. Fort McRae was abandoned; Engle was strong enough to keep the gate against the Apaches.

There were two stage lines. Long strings of freight wagons crawled over the low rim of the desert, crowded to the freight depot or loaded direct from the cars. There were two flourishing general stores; saloons, of course; two thriving hotels; an all-night restaurant. And children. Real boys and girls, who rose up in that white tent city, sniffed the pleasant odor of clean resinous new lumber and fared forth to mischief in a world of unfailing sunlight and joy; whose chief occupation was target practice.

Civic pride was strong in those children. By cause of those two sidetracks, the pipe line and the water tank, they turned up their collective nose at Lava; they exulted in the metropolitan splendor of the later "Y," built for the convenience of pusher engines which would turn about and go back to San Marcial or to Rincon. Most of all, their pride was centered in the survey stakes marking the branch line that was to run to the Black Range. By that sign they knew the future was secure and that Engle would crowd the map.

Never was childhood such as theirs. Privation? They laughed their scorn—they who had horses and rifles and mountains and miles for playthings. No children were ever happier.

Geronimo's Apaches killed Harve and Sam in 'Eighty-six. They were sixteen years old. One Engle boy died in Amazon country, another in Alaska. This is not their story. But it is sad to know that there is not one left in Engle now who knew that ancient glory—not one of those gay boys and girls or of their children's children. What quite escaped the notice of those proud children—and of their parents—was that the long strings of freight wagons went out laden and returned empty. Oh, yes, a few outgoing cars of ore now and then, one wagon of twenty, came loaded back to Engle. Superstition has ever wagged the head at one-way freighting as a bad sign.

The wildcat mining boom collapsed. At Engle the white-tent city withered like Jonah's gourd, the frame houses were torn down for the precious lumber. Overnight, all that was left of Engle were the railroad buildings and the huge adobe buildings, gray, sprawling, immovable, which had housed stores, hotels, saloons, mining companies. There was still freighting to the Black Range, but men no longer pummeled each other for precedence at the depot platform; the two stage lines dwindled to one; the one fell from six-horse teams to four. The stores remained, but on the shelves the stock ran low; the vast dining room of the surveying hotel was become an ominous place, given to melancholy echoes. Of the children, seven were left, stunned, bewildered, heartbroken; to them the silent streets were peopled with the ghosts of departed heroes. It is not given to many streets to be haunted within three years of their building.

One of these children, a boy, fourteen and venturous of disposition, diverted himself by painstaking exploration of such mountains as lay within a radius. It befell him that always when he had climbed to a summit where, as he thought, no white man's foot had ever been before, there he found mine monuments and location notices given to sprightly and whimsical names. Always the notices were signed—Ben Teagardner; generally with Pres Lewis as co-locater; sometimes with Abijah K. Witherspoon, junior, as witness. The boy became interested. Annoyance gave way to wonder, wonder to admiration. He heard of Pres Lewis only three days away; rode those three days, found Pres Lewis, blacksmith to the Mother Hubbard's Cupboard mine, Mogollon way. Of him the boy made inquiry.

"Yes," said Lewis, "me and old Teagardner rambled about right smart. Teagardner, he's in Peru now; letter from him last Christmas was a year. . . . Mr. Abijah K. Witherspoon, junior? Oh, 'Bijah was a ha'nt—like John Doe. 'Bije was Teagardner's witness when Ben was alone. Was that forgery, now, I wonder?" Pres tugged at his silky brown beard as he wondered.

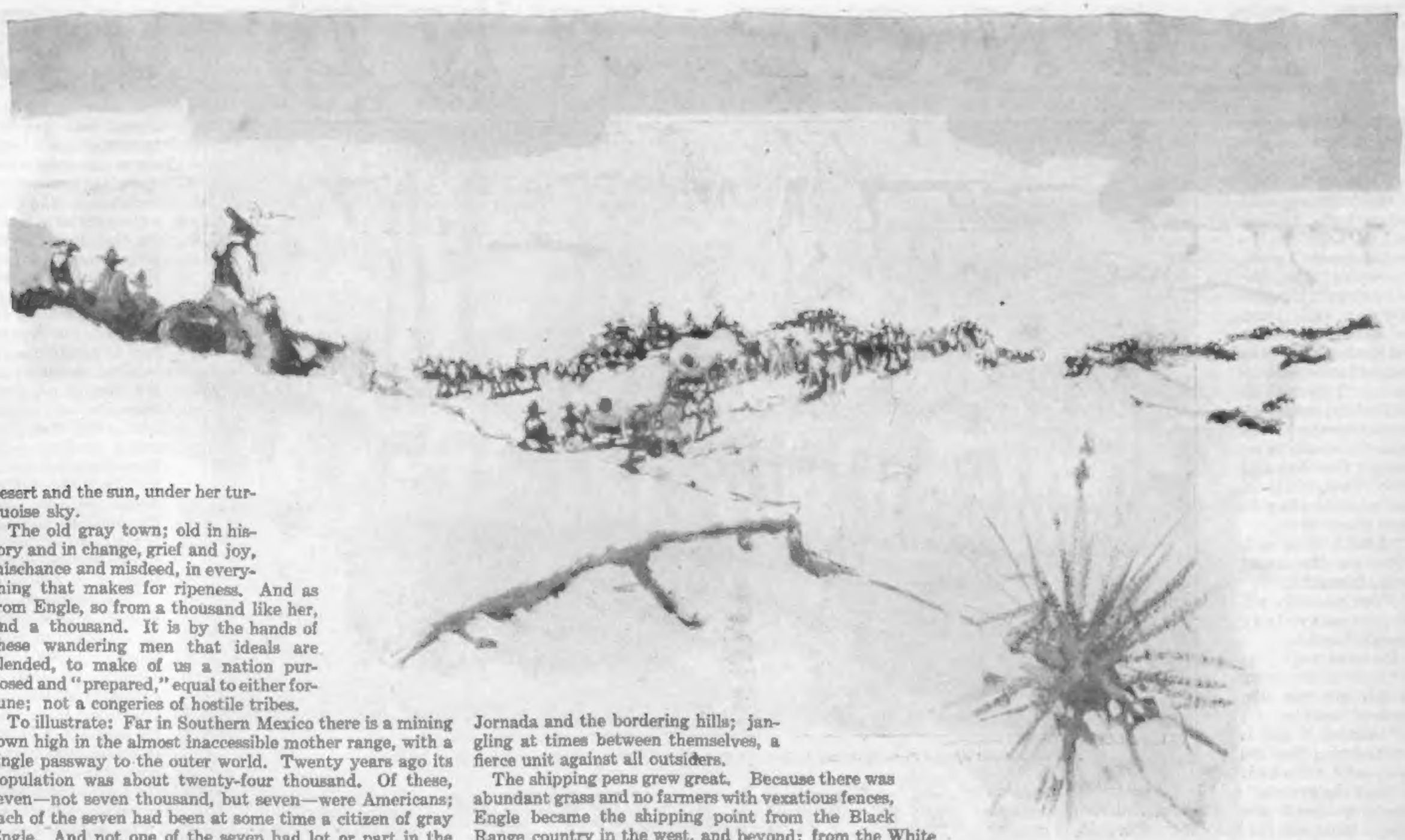
The centuries passed slowly in Engle until 'Eighty-six. Men began to speak of cattle. The railroad built shipping pens. Kim Ki Rogers started the K I M brand in the Caballo foothills; the K Y Company, of Lexington, was formed, and stocked up with a thousand head at Aleman.

The Texans, whose herds had followed up the Pecos and its tributaries, fought the bloody and desperate Lincoln County War because they crowded each other. About 'Eighty-six they discovered the way across two deserts by way of Lava Gap, Bitter Springs and the Santa Fé Trail to Fort McRae Creek and the Rio Grande; so west to the Tonto Basin War. The new-found way could be used only in the rainy season, when the shallow lakes were full. From July to October long slow herds crept over the northern horizon; bedded on the long slope beyond Engle Lake, the old Laguna; passed on over the rim to McRae.

A few, the hardiest, looked at the land, sought out water in the foothills, took root at Engle. The hardiest—of many that lingered for a year or so only the unyielding, the tenacious, the high-hearted, might bear the test of that hard and desolate land. There began the tradition of Engle, a great tradition—to do no less than the utmost. It was a man of another town who has best voiced the heart of Engle: "Don't flinch; don't foul; hit the line hard!"

So the men of Engle went forth, north, east, west and south; each carried afar some part of the meaning of Engle; each in his heart carried the vision of that old gray town as something high, clear and apart, in the

"Kendall Went for a Load of Freight Yesterday. You Saw the Tracks of Course. He'll Get Into Camp Along About Sundown"



desert and the sun, under her turquoise sky.

The old gray town; old in history and in change, grief and joy, mischance and misdeed, in everything that makes for ripeness. And as from Engle, so from a thousand like her, and a thousand. It is by the hands of these wandering men that ideals are blended, to make of us a nation purposed and "prepared," equal to either fortune; not a congeries of hostile tribes.

To illustrate: Far in Southern Mexico there is a mining town high in the almost inaccessible mother range, with a single passway to the outer world. Twenty years ago its population was about twenty-four thousand. Of these, seven—not seven thousand, but seven—were Americans; each of the seven had been at some time a citizen of gray Engle. And not one of the seven had lot or part in the coming of the others. It is like the manner of men that the tarrying may have been in part for old time's sake; it is so we are made. But it was chance and the wandering foot and the venturous heart that brought them there.

Of such hard make and breed were the swift-passing generations of Engle; foregoers at heart, children of the road, rolling stones, flouting the acquisition of moss as dullest and most depressing of occupations; taking shape and polish of their thunderous onrush. Disaster? Yes. Fragments, frequently. That is Nature's way of accomplishment. By glacier and avalanche, by earthquake and flood she builds her fatness. Moss-grown stones and sedentary have scornful names for these rolling ones; drifter and wastrel the mildest. Yet it is difficult to think of progress without on-goers, even without first-goers.

So the wandering men fared forth and bore with them some part of that high tradition. A waif word comes back from Guadalajara, from New York, from Château-Thierry—that they are children of Engle yet. Where you have been first-men, there is your abiding city.

The Bar Cross Company came to the Jornada. The Bar Cross bought out the K I M and K Y brands, for a starter. It dug wells, built tanks, pumped water, at Detroit, from the Rio Grande; stocked up the Jornada with forty thousand head of Herefords; picked its men by natural selection, best of the best; held to the great tradition of Engle, and bettered it.

The Bar Cross endured fifteen years—fifteen happy centuries. Side by side with it the 7 T X fenced in the Armendaris Grant, forty-five by fifteen, the northwestern corner of the Jornada, running six thousand head; and for them, as for the Bar Cross, the hardships of the desert cut back all but the strongest.

Teagardner returned, rested for a year or two, adopted the Bar Cross outfit in token of approval; was honored by the brevet of Uncle Ben; passed on to Hong-Kong, Java, Sumatra. A Christmas letter came back from him every few years.

Engle was inside the 7 T X fence by a scant mile; the two companies came to a working agreement and both made their headquarters there. "The Holy Roman Empire" was Frank John's name for it. There were dukes and tributary princes in the Caballo Mountains and the San Andres, to west and east; and in the Crown Lands of the 7 T X, far to the southeast in the San Andres, with a separate brand, the Fleur de Lys. The free cities of Paraje and Contra Recio lay northwest on the river, between the barren mass of Fra Christobal Mountain and the lava fields, their cattle ranging from the river to Lava and Bitter Springs; thirty brands in all, on the Jornada and the bordering hills; jangling at times between themselves, a fierce unit against all outsiders.

The shipping pens grew great. Because there was abundant grass and no farmers with vexatious fences, Engle became the shipping point from the Black Range country in the west, and beyond; from the White Mountain and beyond, the Capitans, the Sacramento, two hundred miles to the east. Those were the golden days. There were children again in Engle—and a school at last. Such a little, little school!

The herds grew great, too great; grass became short; the evil days drew nigh. Man hoped for rain and the drought consumed. Cattle died by the thousand. Cattle companies began to break up, to ship cattle away—to Colorado and California. The Bar Cross was the last to go, after a precarious survival of some years. The Bar Cross herds were shipped out; the fierce vassals clutched at the fragments of empire; and thick darkness fell upon the land. The old gray town fell desolate and lonely; the little pine schoolhouse warped in the sun, the broken door creaked in the wind on rusting hinges. From the brown desert, where grass and grass roots had been trampled out, the blown sand rose to witness against the greed and folly of man—as it rose against Gaza and Ascalon—and drifted high in the silent streets of Engle. Her sons were scattered, her glory was in eclipse.

The stagnant years crawled by at Engle; the sand crept higher against the crumbling adobes. And suddenly a great dream came true and the flood tide of prosperity burst upon the forsaken town.

Three centuries the dream had waited. Be sure that Coronado dreamed it, and Kit Carson, and the builders of the Santa Fe; Uncle Ben Teagardner with the rest. To tame the fierce brown river, to build a new Nile land in the desert, a later Thebaïs. No passer-by, no brown peon so dull as not to see dimly the glory of that dream.

"Son, You Run Along to Your Room or the Parlor. You Done Enough Damage for One Day. See You Presently"

Twelve miles from Engle the Rio Grande plunges directly, head on, against the northern knife-sharp edge of Caballo Mountain, recoils from the impact of that furious collision, swerves, passes westward, hugging close to the mountain's western base for the next forty miles. It was doubtless the secret thought of the Rio Grande to undermine that mountain, to grind it to dust, and to use that dust for an oyster bed in the Gulf of Mexico. But that project has been postponed for a space by the puny hand of man.

For just at the utmost north of Caballo Mountain stood a black butte, once a volcano. Time and chance and the stupendous chisels of the wind and the sand have wrought the bristling head of an angry elephant, facing the north, startled and startling, sinister, ominous. This was the most heroic statue of all earth.

And just here was the appointed spot to arrest the giant spirit of the Rio Grande, to tame and bit that turbulent and angry outlaw and set him to expiate his crimes, serving men and the sons of men. . . . For a space. But—who may doubt it?—in the end the giant dam must be as transitory as the pyramids.

An old, old dream—to turn aside the fury of flood time, to bring the water of life to the acres of ten thousand farms. Men grew old and died, sick with the bitterness of hope deferred. Half a century of waiting and of breaking hearts; then a swift week of years, and the thing was done.

Busy years; a great wagon road from Engle, that clambered and clung and twisted and looped on the gashed hillsides of Mescal Cañon; then a swift spur of railroad, the river turned aside into a man-made channel, an ant army at work in the old river bed, digging down through overlying silt to the foundations laid by Omnipotence. Electric lights made a year-long day. Pneumatic drills channeled trench and tunnel into the living rock, that the concrete might anchor to the everlasting hills, and man's work take hold upon God's.

Six hundred feet above the cañon floor a cable was rigged from cliff to cliff, and wheels to ride that cable; an aërial ferry. A locomotive, caught up in a sling like a child's toy, was hung beneath those dizzy wheels and rode that cobweb to the western bank; other locomotives, cars, steel rails bundled like toothpicks—a railroad complete—to serve the dam from the west side.

From such gigantic detail judge the work: mills that ground mountains to gravel; mixers that stirred them to batter; derrick and pourer and crane. Great lights doubled each year and made it two; the shining dam arose complete, with every safeguard of spillway, sluice and gate; solid concrete, twelve hundred feet

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FRANCE AND US

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The Talent of the French Army Is Not for Parade or Military Etiquette, but Just for Fighting

By WILL IRWIN

HE WAS standing before a jeweler's shop in the Rue de la Paix, Paris, pursuing that occupation so popular with the American Expeditionary Force, "boneying" the diamond rings in the windows—a tall, lean, good-looking youth with the shoulder straps of a second lieutenant. I stepped up beside him, myself attracted by the glitter, passed a remark or so, learned that he came from West Virginia, and asked him how he liked it over here.

"Like it?" he said. "You got the wrong word, friend."

"You probably will if you stay long enough," said I.

He faced me.

"You don't mean to tell me you like France!" said he.

"I sure do!" said I.

"And you like the French?" he asked.

"And the French," said I. He opened his mouth as though to speak, shut it again, and simply walked away. What was the use, his manner said, of arguing with a lunatic?

I could not in decency have reported this conversation when it happened, some weeks before the armistice. But the time has come, I feel, to face a certain situation if we are ever going to correct it. The extremist Echo de Paris, the Royalist organ, came out with it the other day when it spoke of a rift between the French and the Americans. You cannot correct any human tangle without admitting that it exists; so I, who am not only fond of France but believe in her, begin by admitting that the Echo de Paris was right.

Our Old-World Counterpart

MY YOUNG lieutenant of the Rue de la Paix was an extreme case of course. Doubtless he would have felt the same about any foreign country. He belonged to the American type recorded by Jacques Futrelle, "who looked over the roofs of Paris and couldn't see where it had anything on Paterson, New Jersey." But still he expressed the extreme of a feeling that has grown up in a part of the American Expeditionary Force. If you looked only on the surface, if you considered the passing moment as eternal you might say that the traditional friendship between the two republics stood in danger.

France is our counterpart in the Old World; the French ideal is most near to our ideal of any on the other side of the water. In these days when we are trying to found the league which is to end war it is most important that the two republics should understand one another. That is why, admitting this situation, I have set myself first to explain it, and second to show that it is only a passing phase.

I suppose that in the beginning we overplayed France; and probably the writing trade, to which I belong, was partly at fault. But it was easy, very easy, to enthuse over France in the days of her trial by fire. The national peril and the national grief had purged her of all pettiness; her men were heroes, her women heroines. We who saw the early stages of the great European struggle knew that France of all the Great Powers bore the smallest responsibility for the disaster, as Germany bore the greatest. We knew that she drew the sword reluctantly, partly to save herself from extinction, partly to fulfill her faith to her ally—Russia; and whatever else may be said of the successive French governments they have always been distinguished by their fidelity to their national obligations.

France in arms struck you always with pathos as well as admiration. To this day the sight of a baggy, ill-fitting French uniform moves me emotionally, it calls up so many memories, heroic and pathetic. Most of all I remember not the dramatic moments but the family men of the French Army going to the Gare de l'Est to plunge back into the hell's kettle of Verdun. That baggy uniform, its horizon blue turned to green by the weather, was hung with a collection of junk—as canteens, haversacks, spare boots, battered helmet, long bayonet—which made the wearer look like a tin peddler rather than a soldier. In one hand he carried his gun; to the other, usually, clung a wife trying to keep back her tears, and often four or five children tagged behind. They were such thorough democrats under the uniform! They looked what they were—plain citizens forced to fight for their homes; and fighting like tigers, but peaceful farmers or paper hangers or grocers, not soldiers, by nature and inclination. There was a glory for us in recalling that this was the only republic in the European War, and that it was the military backbone of the Alliance, so proving that a republic could best a monarchy at her own game, when necessity rose. American after American came to France in those days quite calm and superior-minded about the war; and the heroism and suffering of France turned him into a partisan.

That feeling as the United States swept on toward war communicated itself to the country. It had, of course, a historic background to work on—the memory of Lafayette and Yorktown—and the republican tradition to give it strength. And a kind of apologetic reaction helped. For though everyone who has studied our school histories knows that France helped us in the Revolutionary War the popular idea of France was of a frivolous people—in the view of the unco guid, even an immoral people.

The French are not frivolous; though they understand the art of relaxing in their hours of ease they are at bottom deadly serious. The French are no more or less immoral than their Continental neighbors; they owe that old reputation partly to their mental habit of calling a spade a spade, partly to a fashion for a certain kind of story which prevailed in French literature during the very period when Victorian ideals prevented the British or American fictionist from calling a leg a leg.

A Story of Disillusionment

IN THE light of this new revelation on French character we grew ashamed of our old opinions and went to the other extreme, as Americans have a way of doing. To us, at the moment when we entered the war, every Frenchman was a Lafayette or a Chevalier Bayard.

In that spirit toward France we entered the war. The average American boy in the ranks, who volunteered for service "to help save France," expected to see at the pierhead on the other side an army of giants drilling like clockwork, surrounded by ravishingly beautiful women with sad tearful eyes, who would hail him as a deliverer. He got his initial disillusion at the docks of Bordeaux or Brest or St.-Nazaire, when the first detachment of the French Army burst upon his sight. Usually this was a territorial battalion, doing the merely mechanical work of policing the port and guarding German prisoners.

The territorials are men between thirty-eight and forty-five years old, and therefore inferior as first-line troops; they are used only in a pinch for actual front-line fighting. In uniform and equipment they usually get the worst of it; but no French soldier ever gets very much the best of it. The French uniform comes in only three sizes—large, medium and small. It seldom exactly fits anyone. Since loose clothing is more comfortable than tight the welterweights choose middleweight uniforms, and the light heavies heavyweight. So the clothing of any French detachment always

FRENCH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE CO., INC., NEW YORK CITY)

They Looked What They Were—Plain Citizens Forced to Fight for Their Homes

looks baggy. Also, since France was obliged to count every penny, the uniforms abandoned early in the war when France took to protective coloration were handed over to the territorials to be worn out. In the same platoon of territorials the American observer beheld red caps incongruously ranked beside horizon-blue overseas caps. The territorial, seeing no real necessity for behaving otherwise, was shockingly loose about drill and about certain points of military etiquette which, the doughboy had been taught, were essential to expert soldiering.

Was that the French Army? Were these the heroes of Verdun? They were, literally. Several brigades of these old shambling territorials found themselves in the trenches before Verdun on the morning of February 21, 1916, when the Germans began the "bombardment of unheard-of intensity" and launched the attack which was to make the Crown Prince heir of a world empire. They gave ground against the very flower of the German Army, but they did not break; they held, these middle-aged, short-breathed family men, until France could get up her reserves, organize her transport, and hold before the Verdun forts. The doughboy had yet to learn—if he ever did learn—that the talent of the French Army is not for drill or parade or military etiquette, but just for fighting—fighting with intelligence, with bravery, with efficiency—fighting like all hell. Even when his military experience took him out of the territorial belt into more active regions, and he encountered the famous French troops, like the immortal Twentieth Corps, the doughboy missed some of the frills. True, such troops as the Twentieth Corps, having the French spirit of drama and behavior appropriate to the emergency, can put up a most impressive appearance of military snap on occasions, such as a review for a visiting monarch or a presentation of decorations. But even the Twentieth Corps when engaged in the ordinary business of getting from place to place can look like Coxey's Army.

A Company of French Cavalrymen Transferred Into the Infantry to Fill the Gaping Ranks

All of which, rightly understood, is a compliment to the French Army. There in the north stood Germany, two-thirds again as large as France, more than twice as rich, and growing richer every day, as France, owing to the hold-up of 1871, was growing poorer every day. She had each of her male citizens under arms for two years. In that two years she must make each Frenchman a better fighter than the corresponding German—it was the only chance she had. So France omitted from her military program all fancy evolution, goose step, unnecessary parade. She taught the army just enough of fours-right and shoulder-arms to get them without unnecessary confusion to the point where they were needed—and no more. For the rest she taught them practical fighting.

Our National Deity in France

THE French officer who really understood his business took little pride in seeing his company move as one man on the parade ground. He gloried in the fact that it could intrench faster, by the stop watch, than the next company in the battalion; or that it had been complimented by the general for its skill in taking cover during maneuvers. But we are looking at it with the eye of the average doughboy. He had seen the French Army; and he had a feeling somewhere that people had deceived him.

Nor were some of his later experiences calculated to efface that impression. Perhaps we admire efficiency too much; perhaps the French admire it too little. We like to see men—institutions and men—efficient; but efficiency strikes the average Frenchman, I think, as a mild bore. It has to be practiced now and then of course; he is intelligent enough to see that. But why bother about efficiency between emergencies? Above all, why struggle to give the appearance of efficiency?

I have often watched with amusement the different ways of French and British transport, which are probably equally efficient in a pinch. While resting or while parked the British driver and his helper were always doing something to the old bus—washing, even painting, polishing the brass of the hub caps until it shone. Beside a British convoy a French convoy looked rather disreputable. The truck bodies got washed now and then—perhaps. Usually they looked dingy. The hub caps were never polished. But when the French driver was seen toying with his car he was busy at the engine. It ran; which to the eye of the Frenchman was the main point. That and a thousand other little points wherein the doughboy could discover differences between Anglo-Saxon ways and French ways fooled him.

In this same matter of transport he did not know that the French organization of 18,000 motor trucks, thrown together in three days, saved the situation at Verdun; nor that this organization, which worked like a watch for six months, became a model for the other European armies. The doughboy watched the Frenchman only in his moments of leisurely work between action and action, when he saw no reason in the world for keeping up the strain, which was disagreeable anyway to his free, artistic Latin nature. As I have said, possibly we make too much of a national god of efficiency; the average member of the A. E. F. watched the S. O. S. of the French Army slouching about and thought scornfully of French ways.

The American soldier landed at Brest, say. As I write this I am looking from the cabin of a homeward-bound transport upon Brest, and I have seen many more attractive spots in sunny France. Just now it is a model camp. It couldn't be a model camp in the days of "Hurry up, America!" when we were straining every nerve to reach our great average of 300,000 troops landed in a month, and to turn those troops into fighting units. It was never really bad, as the medical records show, but it was not a first-class hotel or a comfortable sylvan retreat either.

A short or long period of drill in camp, and the doughboy was hurried for the final trimmings to a camp somewhere out toward the line. The activities of his regiment or brigade or division centered round some little provincial French town, often only the village center for a few farmers. Before he arrived that town had been through two and a half to three years of war. Every man capable of carrying a rifle or swinging a pick had long ago been taken away. Before his arrival successive waves of troops—native French; colonial French; white British; East Indian British; even, if the town was invaded in 1914, German—had crowded into it, established billets, lived for months, broken billets and passed on. It was lucky if it had escaped attack by aircraft or, during the German advance and retreat, by artillery fire. Once probably it was a pretty little village with all the doorsteps waxed, with the cobblestones swept clean, with flower boxes in every window. The automobile parties passing through smiled upon it and exclaimed "How picturesque!"

But now —— For two or three years armies had scraped off the paint, torn up the floors with their hobnailed boots, broken the windows, used the trees in the village park for hitching posts, ground into everything the grease of overflowing mess tins. Rugs and carpets and curtains had worn out and no one had replaced them. No one had painted or calcimined either—both money and labor were lacking. The town looked like the last rose of summer.

The Wail for Stoves

AT BEST the doughboy, when he got acquainted with the town, missed many a thing which he had been brought up to consider essential in a well-regulated community. Sanitation, for example. In that the French are behind us—but so is all Europe, even England. A town like Bar-le-Duc, for example—large, prosperous, picturesque—has only an open canal for a sewer. Then again he missed stoves. On that question of heating the interior of a house we never shall agree with the Southwestern European. Philip Gibbs has been writing his impressions of the United States; and he, like every other British discoverer of America, reports that our interiors stifle him. Californians visiting the East for the first time say the same thing.

The French go in for heating even less than the English—it is with them a matter of economy. They put on underclothing thicker than a board, and stand it—except on the coldest days, when they make up a little fire in the fireplace. The wail of our overseas Army during that first hard winter of 1917–18 was for stoves, stoves, and more stoves.

For humans the doughboy found in these villages the stay-at-homes of a very tired people. They had been through three years of want, of hard work, of danger, of worry, and of the irritation which came from entertaining involuntarily hordes of foreign visitors. The men were gone; so were many of the young women. From tearing their emotions all to pieces the war had come to bore these people to extinction. They were polite, as the Frenchman is to the last ditch; but where was that gay animation the American recruit had expected from the French?

They drilled the doughboy for months, while he dwelt in a billet of the little town or more likely in a colony of board huts on its outskirts. Then one day they marched him up to the line and gave him his round in a quiet sector of the trenches. After that—Montdidier, Château-Thierry, Lorraine, St.-Mihiel, the Argonne, the Meuse and finally Sedan.

Did he enjoy this? At the time, to speak the cold truth, he did not. I have lived on more or less intimate terms, now, with the armies of five nations, and I here record my opinion that few, very few, liked this war. Talk about the romance of the fight! Except in the air or—what was next to that—on the glaciers of the high Alps, it was about as romantic as the Chicago stockyards. Once during the fighting beyond Montfaucon a staff officer of the Rainbow Division told me that they had just rounded up and pardoned fourteen deserters. These men disappeared during some of the early fighting—at the Vesle, I believe. They were reported as missing. Three or four months later they

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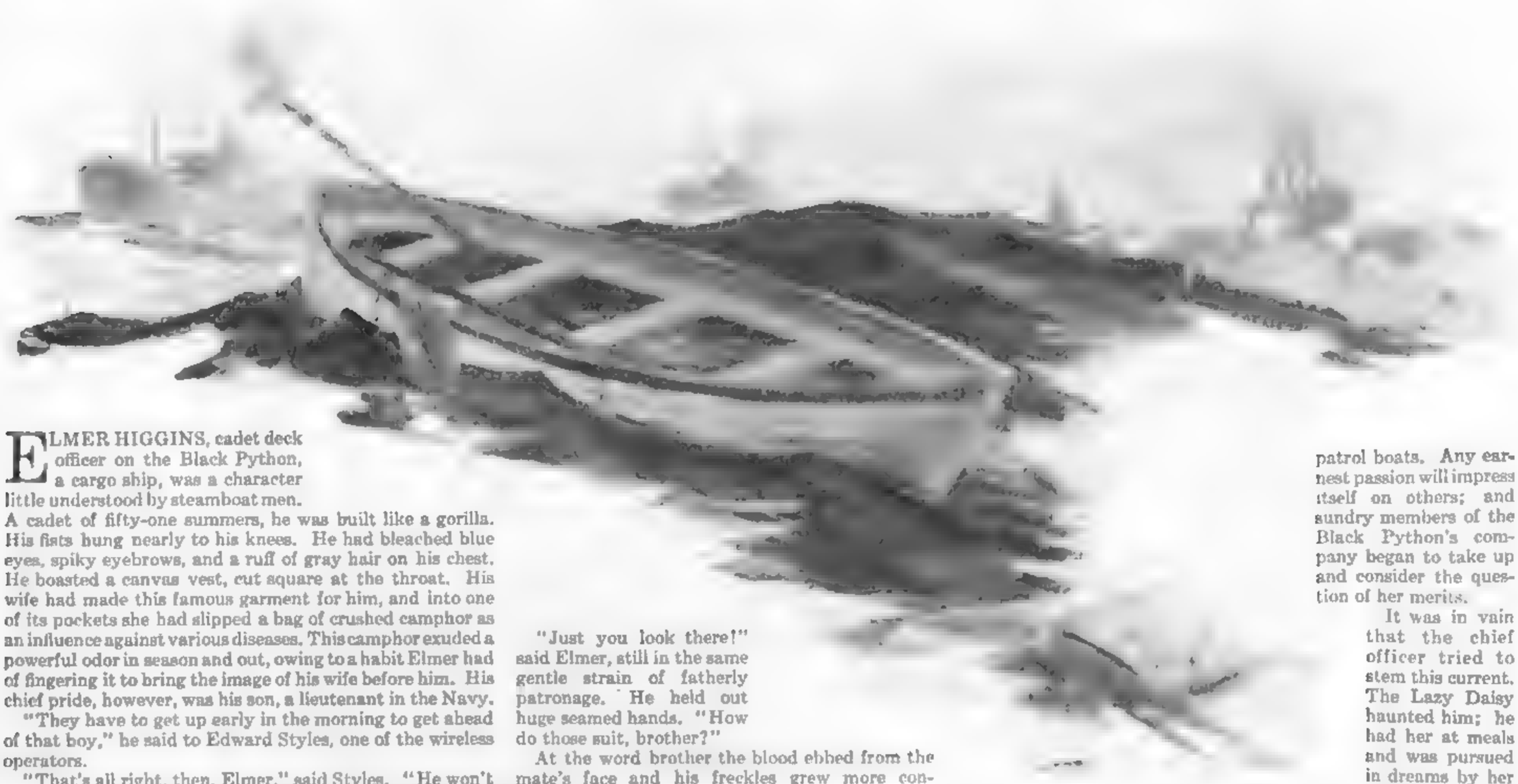
LIMPING IN

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER



They Had Moved to Such Purpose That Now They Were in the Thick of the War Zone

ELMER HIGGINS, cadet deck officer on the Black Python, a cargo ship, was a character little understood by steamboat men.

A cadet of fifty-one summers, he was built like a gorilla. His fists hung nearly to his knees. He had bleached blue eyes, spiky eyebrows, and a ruff of gray hair on his chest. He boasted a canvas vest, cut square at the throat. His wife had made this famous garment for him, and into one of its pockets she had slipped a bag of crushed camphor as an influence against various diseases. This camphor exuded a powerful odor in season and out, owing to a habit Elmer had of fingering it to bring the image of his wife before him. His chief pride, however, was his son, a lieutenant in the Navy.

"They have to get up early in the morning to get ahead of that boy," he said to Edward Styles, one of the wireless operators.

"That's all right, then, Elmer," said Styles. "He won't see you suffer. What did you say was the name of that boat he was skipper of?"

"The Lazy Daisy," said Elmer. "By what my son tells me, she's jest about the finest little patrol boat in the Western Ocean. My sorrows, the way that young man took on when he heard about his father going steamboating! I wrote him the other day: 'S'y, I won't be far behind you, son. Guess the old man was a leetle mite jealous of you. I'm a-coming, with my old ham bone.' That's a joke between us. He come home on a furlough, and see me shooting the sun with this old quadrant of mine. And he says to me: 'Why, dad, I could look at the sun and guess where I was closter than you can come with that thing. Why,' he says, 'John the Baptist must have used that instrument when he was crossing the Dead Sea!'

"I says: 'Jest you wait, son; the old man ain't had his tryout yet.'"

"Leave us lamp it," said Edward Styles.

Elmer rummaged in his bunk and put into the sailor's genial fist an ancient quadrant, with a chipped ivory arc and speckled mirrors. The old cadet beamed.

"It come hard," he said. "My wife said to me one night: 'Elmer,' she says, 'if it warn't for them mortal great ears of yours you could draw your head right down through your collar, you've lost flesh so. You ain't got any idea how you've fallen away in the face,' she says. 'Martha,' I says, 'I guess the good Lord has plumb forgot that I was a figgerhead when I was young; but I've set out to do it; and do it I'm a-going to.'"

"Well, well! So you can juggle the sun and moon on the point of that!" said Styles.

"Well, I wouldn't trust it with the moon," Elmer conceded.

Not all the old cadet's auditors were thus sympathetic.

"I suppose you understand that you come aboard this ship to do what you're told and not argue about it and want to improve on my methods?" the mate asked on the occasion of their first meeting. He was a severe wide-shouldered young man, with a shock of red hair.

"That's what I expect to," said Elmer gently.

"No false notions about dirtying your hands?" continued the mate, himself a youth of twenty-five summers, who had ceased to dirty his own hands on getting his first ticket at the age of twenty-three.

"Just you look there!" said Elmer, still in the same gentle strain of fatherly patronage. He held out huge seamed hands. "How do those suit, brother?"

At the word brother the blood ebbed from the mate's face and his freckles grew more conspicuous.

"Address the ship's officers as Mister, Higgins. My name is Mr. Ledyard."

Elmer politely opened his mouth, rolled back his eyes, and moved his spiky eyebrows, as who should say: "I stand corrected." To a brother cadet he later confided: "I shall feel foolish calling that boy Mister. I feel more like a parent to him."

It became more and more apparent that Mr. Ledyard had no need of parents beyond those assigned to him by Nature. The old fellow angered him by his slow gait and by a trick he had of vanishing into the engine room.

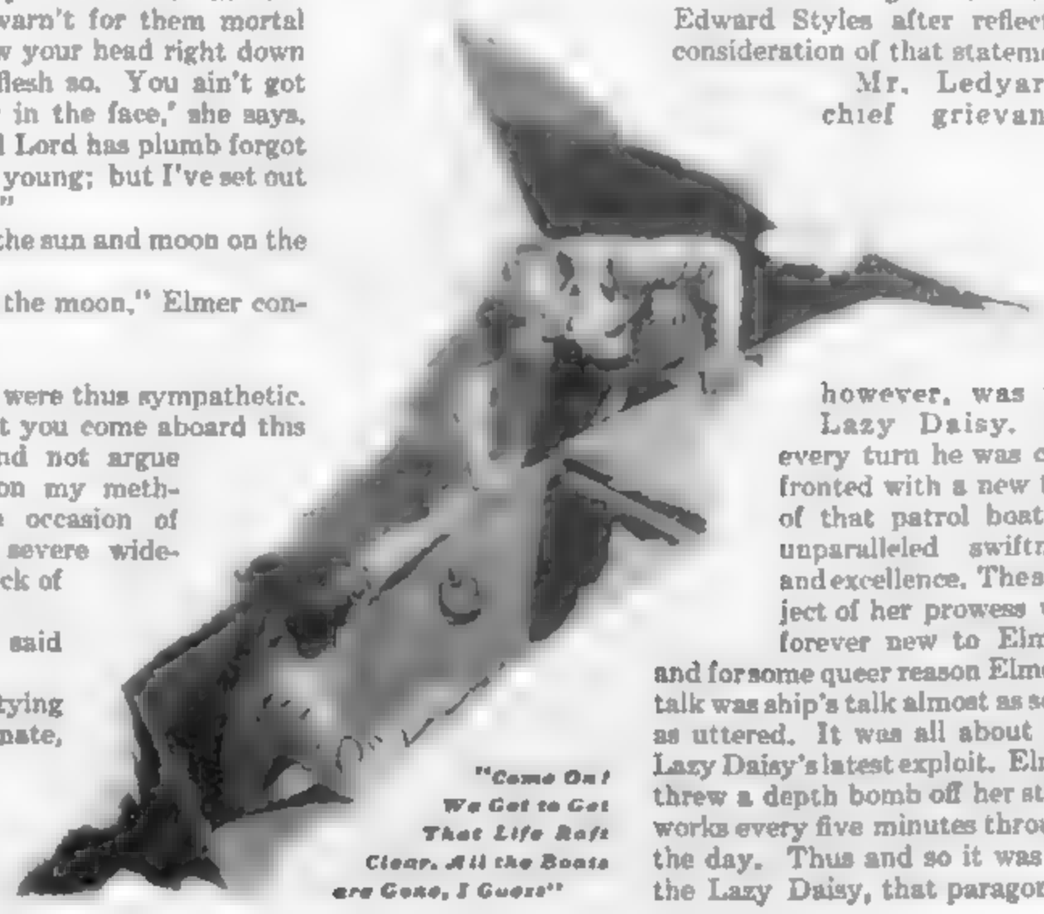
"Don't you know the deck hasn't any business in the engine room?" he shouted at him on one of these occasions.

"Well, I was jest in there between two spells of polishing," said Elmer. "No need to get white over it."

He confided to Edward Styles his fears for the rising generation.

"I don't know what we're coming to," he said. "My daughter says we're going back to the Dark Ages of man; and I don't know but what she's right."

"Some daughter!" said Edward Styles after reflective consideration of that statement.



"Come On! We Got to Get That Life Raft Clear. All the Boats are Gone, I Guess"

Mr. Ledyard's chief grievance, however, was the Lazy Daisy. At every turn he was confronted with a new tale of that patrol boat of unparalleled swiftness and excellence. The subject of her prowess was forever new to Elmer; and for some queer reason Elmer's talk was ship's talk almost as soon as uttered. It was all about the Lazy Daisy's latest exploit. Elmer threw a depth bomb off her stern works every five minutes through the day. Thus and so it was on the Lazy Daisy, that paragon of patrol boats. Any earnest passion will impress itself on others; and sundry members of the Black Python's company began to take up and consider the question of her merits.

It was in vain that the chief officer tried to stem this current. The Lazy Daisy haunted him; he had her at meals and was pursued in dreams by her clipper bow. He was a merchant sailor and he could not abide these references to the Navy. For some unfathomable reason, no love is lost between the Navy and the merchant service. If navy ships sometimes pile up on coasts that ought to be familiar, as even navy ships will do, merchant mariners nod their heads and say: "What else did you expect? They learn 'em everything; and still they don't know nothing except how to wear a uniform."

Mr. Ledyard, a merchant mariner, could not abide the Lazy Daisy or the man who spoke in praise of her. And yet the irony of chance bound them to keep watch together. Elmer was just as soft-spoken and knowledgeable as on the day he joined the ship. He had a mild satisfaction in seeing that the tree experience did bear the fruit wisdom, if only a man would look to it well.

"I know what wants to be done," was one of his sayings, delivered with that friendly but resolute beam from the gray eyes. "There ain't nothing happens without there's an explanation for it," was another favorite of his. He had at command all sorts of ancient lore about winds and clouds and fish. "I never knew it to fail," he would say when his prophecies came true. When they failed to come true he would merely say "That's strange!" and suck several times at his hoarse pipe.

"There's jest a little brush of wind coming up behind that swell," he would come and whisper in the mate's ear mysteriously, as if he could ease off the fury of the elements by gentle phrases; for, strict as he was with men, he forgave Nature everything. He never complained of wind or wave. Whatever came in that line was all for the best. If a fog—well, it might have been fog and dark too; and if it was fog and dark—no matter; put your trust in God and the helm amidships.

Mr. Ledyard was a steamboat man. These gratuitous opinings and prophecies were nothing in his style. On the third night in convoy he quashed one of them by saying briefly:

"Just keep the weather side of the bridge, Higgins!"

The old cadet ambled sorrowfully away and lost himself in the other wing of the bridge. It was a dark night. His eyes bulged in their sockets in an effort to see or apperceive those fading monsters through a night as thick as wool. Who would think that ships could travel like a school of fish? Yet so it was, though he thought the Disposed Abeam formation was beginning to waver. He descried a black smooth slick on the water just ahead like a grim tentacle reaching for him. This was the wake of the ship ahead, that lengthy slick which all deep ships create by their forward movement.

The Commodore must be dropping back. He could see the swash under her stern. But then a heavy rain began to fall and shut out the ships from sight of one another. In defiance of instructions they gave blasts on their whistles—lost and fearsome blasts. The Commodore imposed the silence sign on those bellowing leviathans. To quiet them she hung out a weak stern light, just as an indulgent parent will put a lamp, turned down low, in the chamber of a child that is afraid of the dark.

"My gorry!" whispered Elmer, already expert in the needs of convoy. "Why don't the man hire the moon and tack it on his stern?"

He stared seaward like an old gander, rasping his thumbs indignantly against his canvas vest. And what now? Surely the Commodore's light was traveling over to port. Or was it that —

This train of thought was shattered by the sharp voice of the watch officer, crying to the wheelman:

"Starboard! Eight degrees off. What are you trying to do? Sink the whole combination?"

The Italian, Pescar, twirled the wheel with a rebellious glint in his black eyes. The reprimand was just; but he took none the more kindly to it for that.

"All taim wheel—wheel—wheel!" he muttered. "No good!"

The mate's businesslike nose was poked into the light of the binnacle.

"Now ain't that an aggravating man!" thought Elmer to himself.

After he had left the bridge he voiced this thought to Pescar, who was eating in the sailors' mess room. There was a brilliant splash of mustard on the starboard wall; the sugar was full of brown lumps wherever those barbarians had thrust wet coffee spoons into it.

"All taim wheel!" said Pescar sadly; he had signed on as an able seaman, and here they had made him a quartermaster and bound him to the wheel.

"They ain't got any right to work you that way," Elmer said indignantly. "I wouldn't put up with it if I was you."

The Italian took two watches to think this over. Then the ballast of his brain shifted and he refused to go to the wheel. Nothing would induce him to take those spokes into his hands again—jail, manacles, bread and water, shades of the prison house, and loss of all his hard-earned wages. He forfeited everything for the sake of an idea, and at the single prompting of that old fellow who couldn't tell a cigar end from an anchor light, in the mate's opinion.

Elmer was horror-stricken to see what a mess mere advice had got this quartermaster into—clapped into the dark galley where the cook's coal was kept, a heavy door buttoned and padlocked on him; a bottle of water and a bowl of crackers at his side; a dim lantern hanging over his head.

What a miserable end of a good seaman! In dangerous waters too. Who would ever think of that unlucky wop in time of peril? Boats had been known to sink in three minutes; with every second counting, what chance, with the best will in the world, of getting at that terrible rusted iron door over a mass of trucks lashed to the deck, with a maze of wire lashings knotted and heaved tight with steam winches?

He could not forget, either, that the man had got himself into this awful predicament through his advice. Every time he came off watch he listened at that monstrous door. At night he pounded on it. No answer. His blood ran cold.

"I had rather they had locked me up than that man," he said in tones of distress to his watch officer.

"So had I," said the third shortly. "That will give the old pest something to think about," he thought to himself.

Poor old Elmer moved slowly and heavily away, and stared over the canvas dodger. The days of his bondage seemed long. Every morning he looked out of his port and saw the ships of the convoy, dressed into something like Disposed Abeam. By now he knew them as if he had been shipmates with them all his life. Much of the camouflage was eaten off their rusty sides. They looked more than ever like rows of little tin ships, like battered toys; and they seemed scarcely to move.

Elmer had a deep sympathy with them. No progression was discernible in that waste of waters. They pitched and tossed, heaved up, sank again with leaden motions forward; and there was not a sound from them, though they seemed not a biscuit's toss away. Tiny creatures whose loudest yell was nothing stirred on their decks. The little ships oozed out of that cross sea like seeds out of fruit pulp.

Well, they had actually moved; and to such purpose indeed that now they were in the thick of the war zone. The substance of sunken ships went by continually—now a crate of lemons; now an oar; next the blade of a propeller from an airship; bales of cotton, and the like; nameless planks. Once, near sunset of a dreary day, a boat, a work boat by the look of it, went tossing by. The officer on watch yelled into the crow's-nest tube to have the fellow there look into it and see whether anyone was lying in the bottom. But the boat was empty.

Mid-ocean was as full of clutter as a wharf's end, mute testimony to the havoc wrought by the devil's brood.

"My daughter calls it devilishness," he said to Edward Styles, who came to tell him to stand by to receive the Eiffel Tower tick. "Just pure devilishness; and I don't know but what she's right."

"Some daughter!" said Edward Styles, after taking time to consider this. "Some little conversationalist!"

"She's pretty well posted," acknowledged Elmer.

"I'll say she is," said Styles.

Elmer wagged his hand past his ear friskily in a fit of recollection.

"The last thing she said to me, she said: 'Papa, if they'll only give you a free hand you'll show them a thing or two.'"

Edward Styles had bent toward him, with that strict interest in the sayings of Elmer's daughter which he always manifested; but a weird whistle sounding in their ears just then lost part of this last communication to him. It was the engine-room howler. The mate put his ear to the tube.

"I've got to stop the engine," said the chief engineer from somewhere in the ship's bowels. "Something's frying here. Are you all right to stop?"

"All right to stop!" said the mate, with a look round him.

The drone of the engine ceased. The life was out of the ship. And yet for whole moments there was no change in their relative station with the other ships in convoy. The momentum of the Python kept her swimming along a little way with the procession. Just ahead of her lay the Commodore in a patch of bright moonlight, squatted there in a path of blistering silver, and black as a blot of ink. The very turns of the falls by which her boats hung could be distinguished in the glasses. An ugly night to be dropping out of convoy. Better fog, better dark, better storm, better the furious water mist torn by winds from the crests of waves—better these than such monstrous nights of calm.

The mate called out sharply to his signalman:

"Jump for that blinker! Turn it on that ship astern. Got them?" A nervous flicker leaped out there. "Good! Give them this: 'My engines are stopped. You may feel your way past me. I am dropping out of convoy.'" Wheeling on Elmer, he said crisply: "Wake the Old Man."

Four hours later the Python was still dead in the water and the convoy was out of sight. At ten minutes before midnight the chief signaled that he was ready to stand by the engine again.

"Give him full speed ahead," said the Old Man, coming out of the chart room.

It was too late. The words were not out of his mouth when the sky rocked like jelly, and the Python staggered, heaved up and sagged back as if broken into two pieces.

"Holy Centennial!" gasped Elmer, sitting up in his bunk.

The ship had met the usual fate of stragglers.

The Ship Was at Her Last Gasp for Buoyancy; Her Bulkheads Bulging; Her Decks Awash

Concerning the doings on a torpedoed ship, there is never very clear or consistent recollection after the event. It seemed to Elmer that he had never seen so many men on that ship before; and all were in a hurry. With that weight of locomotives in her, and considering her weak thwartship construction, it had been agreed on all hands that if she was hit she would go down in a flash.

Bright moonlight poured down on that ghastly silver sea, and they got the lifeboats away with a single-heartedness extraordinary. Black clouds were making in the east. "Rain coming," thought the mate, dropping a sounding line into the port Number Two bilge.

He looked up and saw an apparition standing before him in the likeness of the old cadet, who was holding out his hand for something; but a shrieking of released steam made hearing impossible. The mate ran forward with his sounding line, and promptly forgot him. The ship would not live; that he took for certain.

What Elmer wanted was the key to that Italian sailor's prison. It would never do to go away and leave that poor

(Continued on Page 181)

THE NEW TYRANNY

By Princess Cantacuzène, Countess Spéransky, née Grant

A Bolshevik Courier

VERY soon after the first revolutionary movement of March, 1917, the factory hands in Kieff began to feel the fermentation which was in the air generally and which over the rest of Russia was already causing serious uprisings and troubles. Wages rose steadily, holidays—always numerous in the Greek-Orthodox calendar—increased, while work hours became shorter. There were parades where red banners with suggestive mottoes were carried, and in all the small gardens and restaurants of the city a happy-go-lucky southern crowd fêted its new liberty. The exaltation and the dramas enacted in the north were lacking, however, and at first the owners of manufacturing plants and their representatives remained in charge as usual of their own property and were unmolested, though they felt that things were going wrong and their hands were becoming restless and unreliable and might soon be out of hand.

When I returned to Kieff in mid-July, 1917, after an absence of some months, I found anxious faces among manufacturers and I heard that the workmen were less contented, and that there was much fermentation below the quiet surface which met the casual eye. Most of the great factories were by then running in the hands of committees, and in such a half-hearted way as to be producing very little. Prices of sugar, flour and all other supplies in which the Ukraine is ordinarily rich, were rapidly rising. The soft climate and the plentiful reserves of provisions still prevented riots, and as everyone believed in the constituent assembly promised for early autumn and considered the present disorganization to be only temporary, stories of such troubles as had occurred were passed about in a good-natured spirit of toleration. I heard many a factory owner tell of his difficulties and his discussions with his own particular group of *tovarichtchy*—comrades—and generally the story was made an amusing one, and showed a keen sense of humor, even when the joke was on the teller. There was, as always heretofore, a warm, patriarchal, protective feeling for the men underneath, for whom, whatever their vagaries, the owners continued to care.

A Confiscated Factory

ONCE, as an after-dinner tale, which kept the salon full of our guests between tears and laughter, a friend related to us the following very typical incident as to how his factory's management had been taken over by the comrades' committee and the superintendent sent away, and then recalled and reinstated, by the same group of his workmen:

"It was about a month ago that our people first grew restless," he said. "They came to Peter-Ivanovitch, my manager, one morning, and surrounded the office of the factory. . . . Said they were not going to work any more under him, as it was now time for all factories to be nationalized, that they had been told this only the night before at a meeting by some great speakers. . . . The latter had announced it was cowardly not to take over the business and manage it themselves, dividing the work and the profits equally among those to whom it properly belonged. . . . Had not the peasantry been promised the lands? And factories and machinery were in equal measure the people's. This also the speaker had said, and they had expressed surprise our men had not thought of it by themselves. Peter-Ivanovitch reminded them that they had never felt any severity at his hands; that he was Russian and of their own class, promoted and educated by the owners, that they had all of them received many kindnesses from the latter—a hospital, with good care, free of all charge, for those who were ill; Christmas trees and warm garments; fuel and provisions in hard times; warm feeling always shown them; and of late raised wages and lighter hours in accordance with the new revolutionary ideas.

"All this the committee of workmen admitted and their spokesman said they had not come to complain, but only to say that now they must be masters of the nationalized factory and of their implements, in order to move in the spirit of the times. To give weight to his arguments he quoted lengthily from the speeches of various revolutionary orators who were at the meetings he had attended recently. Peter-Ivanovitch then asked, by way of reply, for a few moments in which to telephone me; and the crowd waited patiently in the yard, its leaders in our outside office, while he rang me up and informed me of the emergency; of the assembled multitude outside, who for the moment were quiet and still childishly confident that everything would be delivered to them at once, according to the prophecies of their leaders. He warned me they would probably lose their heads and begin breaking things up at the least sign of resistance. I must decide on the course to follow, and he would execute my orders to the best of his ability.

"Knowing his resourcefulness and devotion, yet not willing to ask an exaggerated sacrifice of him, I told him he might as well give way, and let the men try running our factory, since it would probably save his life and also be the best way of making them finally realize how much they and we needed one another. I thought it would be too simple, however, I added, to give our property over to this crowd upon demand, when we had an excellent case and every legal right to our own buildings and equipment, so I hoped he would at least protest, and say I would carry my complaint before the government. I asked should I come out to him at once by auto, and uphold his authority; and did he need protection? He half-laughed, and answered no; and that he would do his best, and would try to save the situation. He would rather handle the matter alone if I felt willing to leave it all to him. Naturally I promised him carte blanche and all my gratitude for his effort, however things turned out. I would have the motor at my door and would be sitting by the telephone in case he wanted to change his mind and call me to the works during the day.

"But there was no sign; time passed and I learned that after much parley and some rough treatment Peter-Ivanovitch had been put into a wheelbarrow which was found standing in the yard, far from clean, and he had been wheeled out of the factory limits and dumped on the highroad. His aids and foremen had been driven out in a herd behind him; and then the workers returned to their acquired estate in triumph, and took complete possession.

"'Nothing is destroyed, though, Excellency,' concluded Peter-Ivanovitch after reporting all this. 'In a week we shall return to our office if I know my people.' And though he had a black eye and a scratch or two he looked more amused than dismal. I had less confidence than he, and I began the preparation of a petition to the authorities, asking to have my property returned to me.

"I hadn't finished with this, however, when I was rung up one day toward noon. 'Peter-Ivanovitch at the phone; and will Your Excellency drive out to the factory? You will find me in the office, at your service!' I was amazed, and lost no time in joining him. Respectfully as in old times, the doorkeeper received me, and helped me remove my dust cloak; and as I glanced about I saw the chimneys smoking from our furnaces, and heard the whirring of machines. I noticed no change from previous visits, save that an unusual wheelbarrow, freshly painted, and covered with red cloth heavily fringed in gold, stood by the entrance."

The Troubles of the New Owners

"PETER-IVANOVITCH gave me his usual quiet smile, and his eyes were bright and his color high. 'We have just had a very pleasant procession, and morning, Excellency, and my best hope is realized,' he announced as he closed the door of his private office. 'It was as I thought—our men when they took possession first examined the office books, which show what a deficit your pocket has sustained in the past months to keep things going here; they found the cash safe was also quite empty. This office was therefore a disillusion, except as a comfortable clubroom for the elected heads to sit about in; and the machinery turned out after trial to be worse than the office, for it required labor, attention, superintending and expert knowledge to run it. The first requisites our comrades didn't wish to put into their business, and the last ones they did not possess for it; since all the upper strata had been driven away with me.

"'To do them justice, they tried hard to live up to their new obligations; elected another committee, which has sat here for the past week, while clumsy hands and inexperienced brains blocked their machinery with oil and dust, and more and more the whole place was confused. More and more also chaos claimed the little world which used to be easily cared for out here. . . . It seems the new leaders were arrogant, trying to hold their subordinates by their pretensions; so the trouble grew, and when on Saturday night there was no money forthcoming to pay the workmen, and no fuel or provisions were to be had from the storehouses, which were empty, the cry rose that our people had been better off before.

"'"Let us go to Peter-Ivanovitch and ask his advice. He was much better with us than are these lazy louts, who sit here and do nothing for us! Perhaps he would be glad to return when we tell him how troubled we are. He has sprung from among us, and has always understood our needs." So yesterday morning as I was dressing I heard great clamoring outside our house; and there stood a crowd of our workmen in the road, with in front a small group of spokesmen. Looking sheepish and sullen and evidently humiliated, there were also the leaders in the recent difficulties; and these were being held and derided by their erstwhile followers.

"'This seemed a good sign to me as I appeared on our small balcony. "What do you all want?" I said. "Peter-Ivanovitch," answered one man, turning his hat round and twisting it reflectively, "we have tried for a week the way

of the speechmakers' advice, and it was all wrong, though they seemed to know so much from book wisdom, which we do not possess, and they had promised pleasant things; but we found their plans did not work out well with us. We are unpaid, unwarmed and unfed by these rascals whom we had elected to command us, and now we have come to fetch you back, Peter-Ivanovitch." "But who dares to imagine for a moment that I would consent to return and risk my life among you brigands, when the next strolling propagandist at a street corner who tells you to throw me out again will be obeyed? No, you would have the factory; go you back to it then, now, and leave me to my rest! I have deserved rest after twenty years that I have managed you; and I don't want ever to see you all again! I mean to go far away, to other republics, where there is proper respect for law and discipline, and to work there, but never here again, among a lot of knaves and fools."

"'With anxious face the spokesman then took up the argument again; told me the many small dramas of the past week, which had piled up into a mountain so heavy it had crushed them, and how they sincerely wished to be properly governed again. Everyone had wanted the first rôles, and had a desire to be of the committee or at least to superintend some special group. None of them had the necessary knowledge or experience. It had ended in a real fight, and the pretentious tyrants had been overpowered and brought to me for inspection. "See, Peter-Ivanovitch, how can we obey those who, for all their fine chatter, we found knew nothing more than we ourselves? They sat and smoked all day, and played cards, but did none of the things which you are always busy with in your office; so we have come back to you. Come to us, and direct us as of old!"'"

Making Terms With Peter-Ivanovitch

"'CONSIDERING their helpless ignorance, I felt if these people were to be saved from future mistakes I must keep them still for a time uncertain, so they would at least appreciate that I was giving way to their wish by returning. So for two long hours I stood there on my balcony, they begging and offering me new attractions, promising me perfect obedience and devotion; and I still holding off, refusing their invitation, and showing myself completely indifferent to each proposition. "Peter-Ivanovitch, only return and set the factory and us in order, and we will fetch you from here in the best calèche to be hired in Kieff, and with a fast troika to pull it, so all the street will turn and admire as you fly by." I thought this very touching, but still held out firmly, and answered: "No, I want no bribes to return to my place and do my duty; but it is the day of liberty, you say, and I wish only for rest, and to be left alone by such unreliable people as are you."

"'At last they wept and begged. They could do nothing with the machines, they said; and were lost if the manager and his aids whom they had driven away in ignorance would not return. Would I but state my own terms, since nothing they had thought of to propose had moved me? Though in days gone by they had had only kindness from us and were naturally in the wrong now, I felt sorry for them, Excellency; for they after all are not like people of other lands. Ours are but children in nature and in mind, and are responsible for only about half of what they do. So thinking they were sufficiently punished I rose, stepped forward and said to them: "You are a mass of fools, first not to recognize that we have been most liberal always, and have done and were doing our best to face these difficult times, and carry you and the factory through them without closing down; secondly, to listen to those propagandists, who naturally try to create trouble between us, because they are paid in proportion to the results they can show in the way of destruction and disorder in our land; finally, now, you have blindly insulted me with your offers of a luxurious equipage to drive me to my own ancient place of business and by the suggestion also of other bribes, as if you did not know me well enough to realize I would refuse. Now since you have at last learned your folly and merely ask me for my terms I tell them to you; and you may accept or refuse, at once and finally. If you accept, and then change again later, I shall say nothing to you, but shall quietly depart, leaving you to work out your problems alone. I consent to return to you only because I wish to serve faithfully the master of the factory, who has been a good employer to us all, and because I wish to save those of our machines which you have not yet ruined. Even I would besides help such of you as will work and are willing to be saved.

"'"My terms are these: You dragged me from my office and ill-treated me, and you drove out all my aids; you were all mobilized for that act, an untidy throng of humanity in your work clothes; you will go home now and collect every man who took part in that demonstration of a week ago; you will all clean up and put on your Sunday clothes; then you will come here in orderly procession and will escort me and those of my party who consent to accompany me, with all due show of honor and respect. You tumbled me into a rough and dirty wheelbarrow when I refused to leave my place; now you will find again that same wheelbarrow, paint it freshly, and drape it with red cloth and gold fringe, and bring it here; I will sit in that in preference to the finest carriage, and you shall wheel me back to my office door. Prepare all this for to-morrow morning; meantime return to-day to the factory and clean your machines, the floors and the courtyards, as if for a new beginning. I myself will engage to gather up what foremen I can find; and we will return to our work to-morrow with all memory of these painful days effaced; and will be ready as before to help you, to the best of our capacity, so we may all do our duty together."'

"The heads of the crowd went up, and with joy and gratitude the men thanked and blessed Peter-Ivanovitch for his generosity. Everything was done, it seems, exactly as he had ordered. Early the following morning the same crowd of the previous day presented itself at his door, in gay holiday dress and with serious faces. The old wheelbarrow in its unexpected finery was solemnly brought forward, and the manager took his seat with a manner which made it a triumphal car. With his lieutenants about him he sat tranquilly, while slowly and quietly they all marched to the factory office door. The place was clean as never since the buildings had been opened, and Peter-Ivanovitch at the entrance steps turned and thanked 'his children' in exactly his old tone, whose kindly note had held their affection for many years.

"Luckily they had done no harm they could not easily undo, and by their reparation and general cleaning up, as by their readiness to fall into line, they felt they had gone back by the old road to the turning which they had chosen wrong.

"'They are good children and see their folly, for which after all they are not really to blame so much as are those damnable German agents, who are always among us, spreading poisonous doctrines. I trust, Excellency,' said Peter-Ivanovitch, 'you will not feel obliged to punish these men further, as, though I did not promise, I think they hope for my complete forgiveness of the harm done me, and count on my protection of them from further humiliation. After what they offered me by way of recompense they believe I will not report them to you. They have lost two weeks' wages, and I think we shall have no further troubles.'

"I don't quite believe," added the story-teller, "in such Utopian results as my manager predicts; but I fell in with his schemes, and for the moment all is going well—till the next time, I suppose, some new prophet passes."

Austro-Ukrainian Treachery

HIS anecdote sounded simple as it was related; and we tried to be light-hearted and to hope that things would mend; but day by day the clouds piled higher on the political and economic horizon, the restless spirit grew, and principles and common sense were submerged, largely through the enemy's efforts and excellent organization. Poor Peter-Ivanovitch did not live the year out, I heard, but was killed in a riot, while the factory went up in flames in the late autumn.

In November, 1917, after a week of terrible tension and long negotiation, much fighting, rioting and killing in our gay city of Kieff, by false play on the part of the Austro-Ukrainians the latter took complete possession of the power, and they established order, according to their theories. For a time the city was fairly quiet, and the pleasure-loving Little Russians led their ordinary lives unmolested, facing only the difficulties of extremely reduced incomes and extremely raised prices on all necessities.

At once in the beginning of their triumph General Skoropadsky was elected hetman of the Ukrainian Cossacks. He occupied continuously after that, until his disappearance from the scene, the most prominent place held by any Russian in Kieff. Just before his election, and before we left, he came to my husband, trying to persuade the latter to remain in the city and undertake with him the adventure which he planned. Of ancient Cossack lineage though untitled, Pavlik Mihailovitch Skoropadsky represented as blue blood and as fine traditions as any Slav in Little Russia. His own great fortune and his wife's, and their relations, had placed them from early childhood in delightful situations. He had graduated from the Imperial Page Corps, been immediately promoted into the first regiment of the Empire—Her Majesty the Empress-Mother's Chevalier Guards. He had been made aide-de-camp to the Emperor, had asked during the Japanese War for service in Siberia; was sent on special work, and had been awarded the Golden Sword.

After his Oriental campaigns he was at once pushed forward by his court protections, and was given command first of a regiment of the line, then of the Emperor's Own Horse Guards, and following these the First Brigade of the Imperial Cavalry of the Guard. Always an excellent officer his attention to service questions and his bravery kept him—with his name and fortune to help—conspicuously to the

Soldiers' Wives in a Demonstration Demanding More Pay

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THE VANISHING CLIENT

By Henry Payson Dowst

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

WHAT is the condition of the Fibretex account?" asked Darius Hargrave, head of the Hargrave Advertising Agency. "You know Calloway is leaving?"

"He told me," said Charlie Grell. "I—I'm sorry."

"I thought you would be," rejoined the chief with a smile that said more than his words. "Can you get away with Fibretex without Calloway to lean on? I'd be sorry to lose the business, you know."

Grell was tempted to inform Hargrave that in his modest opinion he could get away with the Fibretex business a darned sight better without Calloway. He didn't need the older man to lean on; quite the contrary. He would be only too glad to be free of his clogging conservatism.

Charlie had some very decided ideas about Fibretex which he had from time to time laid before Calloway, only to have them condemned as too radical. The young man felt that if someone had nerve enough to place a charge of TNT under old Rodney Puffer, president of Fibretex Mills, and blast a way through that moss-grown bomb-proof of narrow tradition, much might be done with the account.

On two occasions Grell had accompanied his senior in the service department to Middledale for a conference with Puffer, and he had squirmed with impatience at Calloway's spineless lack of salesmanship in dealing with the irascible manufacturer. Calloway always played safe.

Fibretex was a standing joke in the agency—or as much of a joke as one dared to make of an account running well into six figures every year. As Bill Badger, the office genius said, Old Cal had it tucked snugly into bed and rocked to sleep. If anyone exploded an idea in Middledale they'd call out the fire department, police and board of health.

A pleasant, tingly warmth pervaded the system of Charles William Grell when he realized that the fate of Fibretex was to be placed in his hands. It was his first big chance after two years with Hargrave, during which time he had written all the Fibretex copy, preparing booklets and posters and showcards and fashion sheets, always under the watchful eye of Calloway; and Calloway had taken mighty good care that nothing of his assistant's spontaneous youthful enthusiasm crept into the work. It had been one dreary waste of commercial dullness, unrelieved by a single saving touch of humor, of graciousness or of that magnetic intimacy which makes the modern advertisement worth reading.

Hargrave was saying solemnly: "Give Puffer good sensible everyday pictures and copy. Don't try to be clever. Keep the Fibretex trade-mark prominent. Calloway always got along well with Puffer, so you'll be safe if you stick to his system."

"Yes, sir," said Charlie. "I was just turning over in my mind some good ideas for illustrations; a little different from what we've been giving 'em."

"Well, better be careful. Don't get too radical. Keep your feet on the ground and go to it. I wish you success."

"Thanks, Mr. Hargrave," said Charlie, and escaped from the presence, a little flustered, more than a little elated.

Walking briskly back to his desk in the service department he consciously expanded his chest, tilted his chin and inhaled deeply the inspiring air of that abode of industry. He'd show 'em—Hargrave and Puffer and the whole bunch!

Gleefully, then, Charlie hopped off the train at Riverport that night and trotted up Harbor View Street to the small home where awaited him Clara Maude, Charles William, Junior, and the certainty of a good dinner.

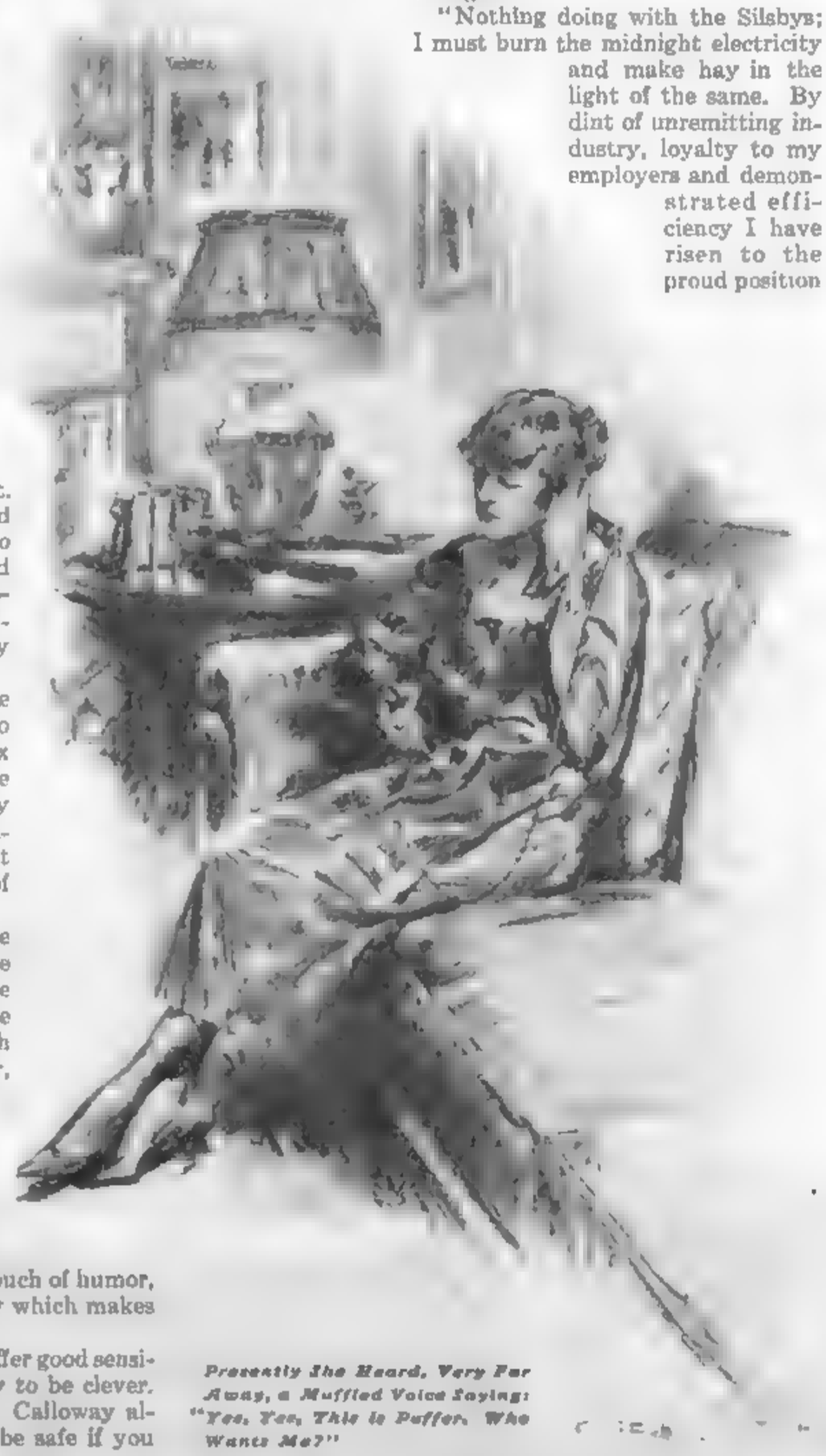
"Be it ever so humble," said Charlie, kissing Clara Maude impolitely on the tip of a very adorable nose, "there's no place like a building-and-loan dovecot. 'M I right?"

"What," demanded Clara Maude, escaping from a bear-like hug by the simple expedient of poking her thumbs into her husband's ribs, "have you in that large bundle under your arm?"

"Diamonds," said Charlie. "You quit tickling me! Diamonds and limousines and twenty-five-cent cigars and a mansion with four butlers; count 'em."

"Looks like work to me," suspected Clara Maude, pouting a little. "Didn't you know we were going to call on the Silsbys to-night?"

"Nothing doing with the Silsbys; I must burn the midnight electricity and make hay in the light of the same. By dint of unremitting industry, loyalty to my employers and demonstrated efficiency I have risen to the proud position



Presently She Heard, Very Far Away, a Muffled Voice Saying: "Yes, Yes, This Is Puffer. Who Wants Me?"

of an account executive. It is up to me to mold the future of Fibretex."

"Did they raise your pay?" asked Clara Maude practically.

"Sordid little thing! Of course not! Fibretex advertising is its own reward."

"I always wondered why it had that anæmic look," said Clara Maude spitefully. "I hope you can get some ginger into it. If the advertising were only half as good as the fabrics ——"

"You say sooth, wife of my bosom. But watch my dust. Meanwhile, to do a Brodie from the sublime to the mundane, what and when do we eat?"

"Roast-beef hash browned in the pan, and snow pudding. It's all ready to put on."

"Hoo-ray! Lead me to it. How's the justly famous infant?"

"He's been asleep an hour; and oh, honey, he's the sweetest thing! I had him out in his carriage three whole hours to-day."

II

TO MISS FERGUSON, his secretary, Mr. Rodney Puffer, president of Fibretex Mills, made sullen complaint as follows: "Calloway's left Hargrave, and they're sending young Grell out to see us. Probably full of froth and conceit. Too bad they couldn't have kept someone we could rely on."

"But, Mr. Puffer, Mr. Grell has helped Mr. Calloway on Fibretex for a long time. I should think you could rely on him perfectly."

Miss Ferguson was one of the few persons who dared to speak up to Puffer.

"Too young! He'll be springing a lot of new, untried notions on us. I don't want to spend this company's money monkeying with experiments. Calloway was conservative, careful, sensible ——"

"—— and dull. I can't think of anything more uninteresting than our advertising."

"Now see here, young woman, I want you to understand Fibretex has some traditions to be upheld. We can't go to splurging round in the magazines with chromos and high-sounding talk. It wouldn't be dignified. Our public wouldn't stand for it."

"The Cottosilk people don't seem to feel that way. Everyone is talking about their advertising."

"Hm! All nonsense! I'm not prepared to spend a fortune on art work. Our trade is different. They don't expect it of us. Good sensible everyday copy without any artistic do-dads—that's my idea."

Miss Ferguson shrugged her shoulders and continued to thump her typewriter. It wasn't any use arguing with Puffer.

"Just the same," she said as a parting shot, "I'd like to see a little pep in Fibretex advertising."

"'Pep'!" snorted Puffer. "'Pep'! That's the one thing I don't want. Let that young upstart try any 'pep' on me and see what he gets."

It will be inferred, then, that Charles William Grell was up against a cold proposition. Not that it discouraged him however—far from it. It was just a situation in which salesmanship was needed, salesmanship that Calloway had entirely omitted from his dealings with Puffer.

"Darned if I'm going out to Fibretex and 'yes' that old fossil whether I agree with him or not," thought the advertising man.

He was getting ready for his initial interview with his client and considering carefully the strategy of his attack. Young, enthusiastic, confident, Charlie's faith in the power of salesmanship had something of the character of the barbarian's veneration for his gods. Salesmanship was a charm, a talisman, a master key that would open the iron-strapped gates of commerce for its lucky possessor. The books said so, and Charlie Grell had read them all.

With a large flat package of material under his arm he presented himself at the office of Fibretex Mills, and was told by Miss Ferguson that Mr. Puffer would see him in a few minutes. Charlie liked Miss Ferguson, who had dimples and round frank brown eyes and a rather large mouth with even white teeth that she was not ashamed to show.

"She has sense," he thought. "I bet I could sell her, all right. Hope she sticks round when I talk to his nibs."

His nibs, who happened to be more than usually irritable, kept Charlie waiting three-quarters of an hour while he dictated a lot of letters that could have been just as well postponed until after the interview. In the outer office Grell sat and turned the situation over and over in his mind, meanwhile appraising a trifle cynically the furniture, the equipment and the clerks who served Fibretex. On the wall hung, where it had hung for a number of years, a framed enlargement of one of the first advertisements of Fibretex Fabrics. It showed a lady of ravishing beauty in full evening dress and elaborate coiffure washing in a large tub some Fibretex garment. Below the picture in immense Gothic capitals you were informed that Fibretex Fabrics were Fashion's Favorite.

"Shades of B. Franklin!" murmured Charlie. "Them was the calcium days!"

Admitted at last to the inner office the young man found a frosty welcome.

"Well, sir," demanded Puffer, "what's on your mind to-day?"

"Fibretex Fabrics principally," replied Charlie.

"Quite a formidable bundle, that. Think you can get through in an hour or so? I've a directors' meeting shortly."

Puffer looked at his watch in an evident attempt to disconcert his visitor as much as possible.

"I'll do my best, Mr. Puffer. An hour hardly seems a very long time to give to a whole season's campaign."

Charlie was picking at the knots that secured his package.

"It'll be plenty," growled Puffer, "if you've brought what we want. And if you haven't it'll be too much."

"The work I'm going to show you," said the representative of the Hargrave Advertising Agency, "is along a good deal the same lines as last season's. I felt that Mr. Calloway had fairly well established your policy ——"

Across the expressive face of Miss Ferguson, unobtrusively busy at her desk in the corner, passed a shade of

disappointment. She had expected something more of young Grell, and it seemed to her that he had now got off on the wrong foot, for Puffer scowled. Too bad, she thought.

"Oh, you did, did you?" demanded Puffer, interrupting. "What put that into your head? I fail to see why you should assume that there isn't to be any improvement or change in our advertising from season to season."

Charlie said oh, well, he didn't mean that the same old copy was to be used. Of course there were changes. For instance——

Very briskly he produced his exhibits and placed them about the office where they would get good light. Miss Ferguson looked at them with the old disgust. Dull, stodgy commonplace—the big ugly Fibretex trade-mark stuck round in different positions—now in one corner, now at the bottom, now in the exact optical center. Borders of plain rule, with dreary type ornaments to relieve the corners; text in thick blackface letters, brief sentences of banal recommendation, reiterated superlatives, ostentatious claims of house prestige behind the goods, a conspicuous leaning upon the achievements of the past. Pencil sketches there were, not after all so very far removed from the aristocrat of the washtub in the outer office—innocuous-looking ladies in artificial poses, their faces expressionless, their anatomy of an attenuated sort that would have qualified them in real life for undying fame in museum or sideshow.

"Gee!" thought Miss Ferguson. "Isn't it a crime!"

Puffer was glowering at the collection savagely.

"Just the sort of thing your public is used to and expects," Grell went on. "The atmosphere of dignity——"

"Oh, hell!" said Puffer.

Inside, Grell suppressed an explosive chuckle. A tumult among the keys of Miss Ferguson's typewriter betrayed that young woman's agitation or amusement. Charlie wondered.

"Seems funny you fellows couldn't show a little initiative," complained the president bitterly. "Now there's the Cottosilk people. They've been attracting a good deal of attention lately. They show enterprise, aggressiveness."

"Yes," assented Grell, "that's true. Some of their advertisements have been very striking. Of course they appeal to a different class of trade. And then there's the art expense. Those things cost money."

"Money? Well, who the devil ever said anything about money? I guess we can afford to pay for what we want. And say, Grell, don't give me that old gag about a 'different class of trade.' I guess all magazine readers are human, aren't they? Judy O'Grady's dollar's just as good as the Colonel's Lady's."

"But your public ——"

"Our public is everybody that reads the magazines, young fellow, and don't you forget it! And when you show me something with vigor in it—you know, pep—you needn't worry about the expense."

At this moment Charlie Grell happened to glance at Miss Ferguson, who suddenly became guiltily busy with the papers on her desk. Furtively the brown eyes and mobile mouth were registering unmistakable amusement.

"Oh, of course, Mr. Puffer," said Grell, "there isn't any reason why you should stick to the old policy if you want to change. The Hargrave Agency isn't a one-idea organization by any means. In fact I've brought along a few suggestions with a new thought back of them that you might like to look over."

"Well, great Scott! Why didn't you say so? What's the use of showing me a lot of stale old chestnuts that the public is probably fed up with? I guess you've got something to learn about salesmanship, if you'll permit me to say so."

"Obstinate old clam!" thought Charlie, drawing again upon the resources of his big package. Then aloud: "I brought along some rather interesting layouts ——"

"Well, for heaven's sake, let's see 'em!" said Puffer grumpily.

In his perverse and fault-finding humor he saw he had played rather stupidly into the hands of this sunny-faced young man, who refused to be disconcerted.

Grell glanced again toward the girl at the desk, who made no further effort to disguise her eagerness to be included in the conference. Her eyes were sparkling with anticipation.

"These will at least serve as a basis for discussion," went on Charlie, deliberately unwrapping some large drawings. Immediately Miss Ferguson felt that this remark was intended partly for her; so she rose and left her desk, taking her station a little way in the rear of her employer's chair, where she could command a good view of the exhibits.

"Mr. Fielding, our art director, has taken a great deal of personal interest in these drawings," said Grell. "I laid out the first rough sketches, and after Fielding and I had studied them he took hold and made this series. He's one of the best men in New York. I honestly think we have a first-rate thought back of the work."

"Oh, you do, do you?" grumbled Puffer. "They'll stand a lot of explaining."

"Oh, of course. Here's one, done in pen and ink. That's how they'll all look when they're finished; and of course the girls will be treated photographically. The reason I haven't actual photographic prints to show is that I knew you expected to hear from us at once, and we hadn't time to select and photograph just the right models."

He went on, explaining carefully the selling message the advertisements were designed to convey. Each picture bore an apt title. Each showed in pencil a girl or group of girls—dainty, graceful, very human, very beautiful. The entire series breathed delicacy, refinement, class.

"And here's some of the text—tentative, of course, but written in harmony with the illustrations and decorations. No doubt you'll find it quite a shock to depart so radically from your old policy ——"

"Shock! Don't worry. Trouble with you folks is, you're afraid of your life if you stray off the beaten path."

Puffer adjusted his glasses and sat glumly reading the copy. Again Grell sought the eyes of Miss Ferguson, and across the president's shoulders she sent the advertising man a message that said many things, principal among which was: "Doesn't it beat all? I pass him up!"

This eye eloquence she emphasized with a tiny shrug of the shoulders and a deprecatory turning outward of the palms. Then her employer startled her by asking suddenly: "Well, Miss Ferguson, what do you think?"

"I think they're splendid—that is, if the photographs come out as you want them."

"Exactly!" cried Puffer, eagerly fastening upon this handy pretext for continued opposition. "That's the very thing. How the dickens can anyone tell? I doubt if it's ever been done. You can't depend on photographs not to look artificial and posed."

"I'd like to work out the series as I have planned," said Charlie. "I'd very soon convince you ——"

"Well, I'm not going to O. K. a lot of pencil sketches. Your idea seems to be all right. I can't tell. But you can't spend our money on experiments. I'm willing to be shown, but Hargrave'll have to do the speculating. Furthermore, young man, you haven't such a lot of time. I hope you realize you'll be putting a considerable number of eggs in one basket—and if you drop the basket—— Well, in the last month three different agencies have approached us, and at least one has made rather a favorable impression. So under the circumstances you can do what you think best."

"There's only one thing to do," replied Charlie. "I'll be back in two weeks."

III

THE advertisements prepared in the Hargrave Agency under the direction of Charles William Grell, with the hearty cooperation of Sam Fielding, art director, and a certain photographer of national reputation, were things of sumptuous beauty. In a fortnight they were ready to submit.

"Oh, boy!" cried Fielding. "Aren't they wonders!"

He and Grell fairly hugged each other with joy as they viewed the series, thumb-tacked on the big exhibit board in the art department.

"Some girls!" Fielding continued to exult. "Finest collection I ever saw. If they don't knock old Puff's eye out you'll never suit him with anything short of cherubim—that is, provided this is the sort of thing he wants."

"Wants? Why, Sam, he's starved for it. If Calloway'd used a little salesmanship he'd have sold him two years ago."

"Maybe," half agreed Fielding. "Still, Charlie, you've got to remember Cal's no one's fool. Very long-headed bird, that same old Cal. Seems funny to me, if Puffer'd stand for this rich stuff, Calloway didn't discover it. He wasn't in the habit of overlooking bets."

"He sure overlooked one that time," said Charlie.

An hour later he was on the train en route to Middledale.

A strange young woman led him into the presence of President Puffer, who rather to his surprise welcomed him with a cordial handshake and a fat brown cigar.

"Glad to see you. Glad to see you, young man. Sorry Miss Ferguson isn't here. Touch of tonsilitis. I like to have her opinion in these matters. However, I guess we can decide. Suppose you've got something pretty fine, eh? I've been hoping your plan would work out."

This change of attitude was startling, and Grell immediately took to himself the pleasing unction of having sold Puffer more effectively than he had realized. He expressed due regret at Miss Ferguson's absence; and this was sincere. Somehow he had rather counted on her support.

Now without loss of time he removed the heavy paper wrappings and set up the finished advertisements about the rooms. He did not look at Puffer, preferring to deny himself that pleasure until he had given him time to recover from the shock of so much beauty all at once. In his mind's eye he could see Puffer's usually wooden countenance alive with interest. Placing the last drawing, with its appropriate photograph mounted carefully in the border, he turned toward his client.

(Continued on Page 121)

Reluctantly She Had to Admit That the Best of Wifely Intentions Do Not Always Compensate For Lack of Professional Skill

CHOMAGE—By Alonzo Englebert Taylor

THE word "chomage" originally signified merely unemployment, but later came to mean involuntary unemployment. Recently, through war experience, it has acquired in the vernacular the special meaning of wage for the unemployed. What is thus understood is payment by the state of a definite benefit per day to men and women out of work. The official English expression is "out-of-work donation." Unemployment insurance, pay-on-leave and continuation of salary while engaged in military or other governmental work are not included.

The first wage thus established for the unemployed was in Belgium in 1915. The industries of Belgium were largely suspended; the Germans had stripped many factories in order to secure certain metals; they had transported machinery and equipment from Belgium to Germany; and there were no raw materials for the factories that had been left intact. The Belgian Government established a rate of three francs a day, which, with the subsistence program of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, was supposed to cover living expenses. The morale of the transaction lay in the fact that the man was not to blame for his unemployment; but an added motive was to prevent men from working for the Germans. If the workmen were left without income they would sooner or later have been compelled to accept employment by the Germans, which would likely have been of direct or indirect military advantage to the oppressor.

Conditions in England and in Germany

THE Germans recognized that the payment of wage for chomage was inimical to their interests and attempted to oppose the practice, but in vain. Since Belgium was evacuated the unemployed receive four to six francs a day, but only for proved involuntary unemployment. Benefits to the unemployed were established at different times, though to but small extent, in Denmark, Holland and Switzerland for the alleviation of hardship in particular lines of industry that had been directly paralyzed as the result of war and blockade. In the autumn of 1917, following the disastrous campaign on the plains of Northern Italy, some 600,000 refugees, who had retreated southward from the country that had been captured by the Central Powers, were without shelter and occupation. These were distributed and housed in various parts of Italy, and for their material support were placed upon a stipend of one lira a day, a minimum figure that was raised later to different extent in different sections.

With the signing of the armistice widespread unemployment was instantly provoked on a large scale and in most countries. The demobilization of war industries set free large numbers of men and women. Pending the reorganization of ocean transportation raw materials could not be brought in, so that resumption of the manufacture of commodities for civilian use could not be promptly accomplished, and indeed has not yet been attained in Europe to any notable extent. Demobilization of the armies set free a third large group of men.

In England the necessities of the situation were recognized in November by the establishment of a stipend of twenty-five shillings a week to men who could not secure employment. Under the British system the donations go to two classes—civil workers and demobilized soldiers. The scheme for civil workers operates for six months from November 26, 1918, and applies to the individual for not more than thirteen weeks; it operates for the demobilized soldier for one year, and applies to the individual for not to exceed twenty-six weeks. The weekly donations are at present: 29s. for men and 25s. for women; 6s. for the first dependent child under 15 years and 3s. for each additional dependent child; 14s. 6d. for boys 15 to 18 years, and 12s. 6d. for girls of the same age. On January 31, 1919, the numbers receiving donations were 625,149 civilians and 149,324 demobilized soldiers. Systematic chomage has not been recognized in either France or Italy.

It is in the enemy countries that the system of chomage has been most highly developed. The collapse of industry was much more profound in the Central Powers than in the Entente nations. The Entente have tapered off in their operation of military industries; the Central Powers ceased theirs almost instantly. In the Entente countries raw materials were available; the Central Powers are almost devoid of raw materials. The demobilization of the armies of the United Kingdom, France and Italy has proceeded slowly. Demobilization in the Central Powers was accomplished within a few weeks, and millions of men were thrown precipitately upon their unprepared communities. Not merely the need for chomage, but also the extent, was very much greater in the Central Powers than in any opposing nations.

The industrial situation and the actual extent of unemployment in the enemy countries justified an extensive system of chomage; political conditions expanded it. Following the revolutions in Germany and Austria-Hungary the governmental functions were for a time exercised by soldiers and workmen's committees. Nothing was more natural than for these committees to vote stipends to their fellow combatants. The governments that have since been organized are all of a more or less socialistic nature and under them the systems of donations to the unemployed have been still further increased, partly with the view to political preference. As a matter of fact no government can exist for a day in Germany or in any one of the subdivided parts of Austria-Hungary that does not pay chomage. The idle men would riot if they were not paid, and no police or military authority exists to cope with their public demonstrations. It is useless to say that the men would seek work if they were starving; that would not be the result in their present psychology.

The peoples of the defeated countries suffer from a definite war psychosis. They insist this is the result of undernourishment. But certainly the shock of defeat and disillusionment must have gone to the very marrow of the Teutons' bones.

The extent of chomage has become veritably appalling. In Budapest in the second week of January more than 56,000 men and 6000 women were drawing pay from the city without performing any work. The stipend for men was 14 crowns, for women 10 crowns. In the last week in January the number of unemployed receiving pay in Berlin was 238,000; 78,000 in Hamburg; 32,000 in Leipsic and 38,000 in Munich. The total figure in February was at least 900,000. The rate in Germany varies from 6 to 10 marks a day. Chomage is not computed to the man only. For example, in Berlin the unemployed man receives 10 marks, his wife a mark and a half, and each minor child one mark a day.

Naturally the only method of maintaining these payments is through the operation of the printing press of the mint, and chomage is one of the factors that every day increase the public debts of the Central Powers. The authorities have attempted to erect a system of control, to make the man prove that he can obtain no work and to place a time limit, in order to compel him to seek work. In the middle of January in Munich the announcement was made that after four weeks the chomage wage would be reduced from 8 to 6 marks and that every case would be investigated and payment discontinued if the unemployment was found to be voluntary. As a matter of fact this announcement could not be carried out. The governments are unable to resist the pressure, and though employment bureaus are established in all the cities they accomplish nothing.

In front of these bureaus are long queues of men and women who after entering pass by a desk, state that they can secure no employment, and the officials stamp their papers as rapidly as possible in order to serve the thousands who pass every day. It is not possible to investigate the conditions properly, and control is a farce.

The Premium on Idleness

NATURALLY the system is abused. If the chomage is low, political pressure and riot force up the figure. If the figure is high enough to approximate the cost of living, there is no motive to work. A man with a wife and three children can secure in different parts of Germany from 12 to 15 marks a day. If he be an unskilled laborer this is all he ever earned. And if he be a skilled worker, in the present frame of mind of the working classes the man says: "Why should I work for 20 marks when I can remain idle for 15?"

So little food and commodities are for sale that a higher wage holds little attraction—for the same reason that when the wages of some Americans were quadrupled they reduced their work days per week because they could not spend the money.

In the third week of February the lists of unemployed in the principal Bavarian cities contained more than 75,000 names, while the lists of vacancies which employers found themselves unable to fill contained more than 24,000. In other words, one-third of the idle could have been employed, but declined employment. In Berlin in January, at a time when nearly 240,000 men were unemployed, only a few hundred responded to an urgent appeal of the city authorities for aid in cleaning the streets. With each week the voluntary unemployment becomes exaggerated as contrasted with the involuntary unemployment.

One class stands outside of chomage: the large class of petty officials, civil or industrial—mail carriers, bookkeepers, bureau clerks—a very large class in Germany. These men were unfitted for military service. They cling to positions that pay less than unemployment, motivated by a mixture of loyalty and timidity. The idle men in Germany are to a notable extent skilled workmen. Of the 625,149 civilians in Great Britain out of work the last of January more than two-thirds were women. In Germany four-fifths are men.

On the part of the employers it is conceded that they make little effort to rouse interest in work or to make work attractive. No employer now wishes to expand. He is not in a position to take chances. The future does not look bright. There is little raw material. No man knows what taxes are to be placed upon him. Traders cannot trust the market for the sale of their commodities. All recognize that the struggle between labor and capital in the Teutonic nations has not been solved but only defined by the revolution. The result is that

(Concluded on Page 186)

German Women Serving Hot Drinks to Government Troops on Guard in Berlin Against Spartacan Rioters

THE FAITH CURE

By William J. Neidig

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

"THE men are pretty bad," said Sam. "One of them keeps praying to the Virgin Mary to send him a cold piece of ice for his face, and the other wants his priest."

"What are they down with?"

"Leprosy." He glanced at me out of the tail of his eye to see how I took the information, adding hastily: "I guess the leprosy part is moral leprosy, maybe."

"Why do you think I can help you?"

"I'm needing the pretense of a doctor. If you could give me the advantage ——"

"I can't. I'm not a doctor."

"All you'd have to do would be to talk in doctor language to them a few sentences. I'll get them to the train. I'll see they have tickets to last them for five or six hours of fast riding after that. Tell them they're farmers and to keep their blankets on."

"Is it merely that they imagine they're ill?"

"They know they are. They've known it ever since we sewed them up."

"In blankets?"

"That's it. Some five-pound gray ones that Jenny tried to wash one day."

"They let you sew them up?"

"They wanted us to. They knew heat was good for them. Will you look at them?"

"I know nothing about moral leprosy, Sam."

"You don't want them to die on me, do you?"

"Where are they?"

"In the salt house."

"Must be frightfully hot in the salt house, this weather."

"All of that," said Sam; "and getting worse."

"I'll look at them on one condition, which is that you'll tell me what you have done to them that they asked to be sewed up in shrunken blankets a day like this. After that I shall talk to them as I see fit—and to you also," I added.

"I can't tell you that," said Sam. "But I don't know but I'd just as lieve tell you what they did to themselves, especially if you'd change your chair outside under the shade of the house, this being a very hot afternoon, and Sunday."

"Anything you know," I replied, following him.

"They came two weeks ago last Thursday; so I'll take you back to them." Whereupon Sam Blaine, foreman at Brule's and master of so much of the Sand Hills as lay in sight, tipped back his chair shoulder and shoulder with mine and began telling me this story of the three sick men, of whom one was well and two were sewed up in blankets in the salt-house oven, and after a while I forgot about the leaping thermometer. I give the story in my own words:

The Sand Hills are never witheringly hot except now and then during July and August. At such times the sun's rays upon the sand, protected though it is beneath bunches of blue and black grama, sand burs, dropseed, bluestem and needle grass, heat it almost to redness; so that even the relief of the wind drifting across the superheated ranges becomes like the breath of a torch.

As the men descended from the stage the seared hills looked cool under the white inflorescence of cinquefoil, the bright blue spikes of shoestring and larkspur and blazing star, and the silvery foliage of psoralea; yet the day was one of the hottest of burning summer. The Sand Hills are like that. The sun's rays were tongues of furnace flame; yet the bluejoint and quitch grass and black bent, at their juiciest this hot day, only grew the faster; the shining leaves of poison ivy, not esteemed of men, still bore the glazes of April; the lakes were in the placid possession of chattering grebes, coots, mallards and teal, young and old; and coveys of chickens would have been found wallowing as usual in the shelter of clustered cudweed and redroot.

"What have we here?" said Simon Brule to his foreman. "White faces, and fingers stained yellow?"

"All I see is clothes," replied Sam.

"I asked them Lincoln men for somebody to cut hay, not cards. These boys look citified; Lincoln, or Omaha, or Chicago maybe, or London. They look like they wouldn't know valley hay from rock salt. They look like they've never tasted the flavor of the soil."

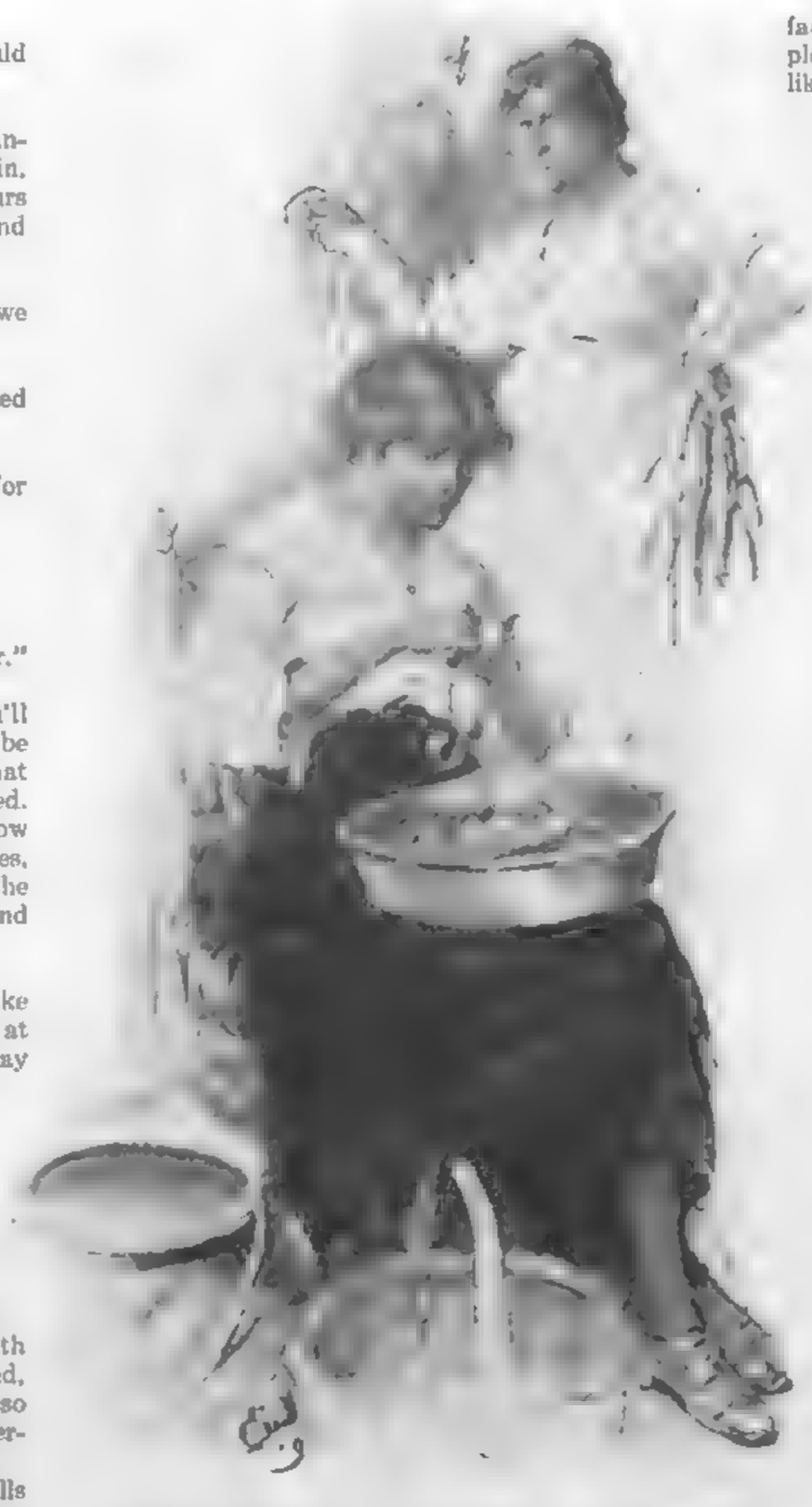
"Maybe they were raised on the lots," said Sam. "Maybe they have tasted it."

"Round second base a little, maybe."

"But them clothes this hot weather! Them clothes!"

By this time the new men had disentangled their too smart hand baggage from behind the seat and were approaching the door. The smaller of the two, who seemed also to be the older, was in advance; it was he who had taken the initiative in descending, and it was he who now acted as spokesman.

"Is dis w'ere wese woiks?" he asked, his cigarette still in its position of honor.



Tilly Was Understood to be Engaged to a Kincaider in the Neighborhood Named Larson, or More Intimately, Jan

Simon regarded him thoughtfully, his weedy mustache hiding the full expression of his mouth, his eyes grave.

"I was wondering," he said. "Is youse my new hays woikers?"

"Me name's Dill," replied the other, untouched, at the same time fishing about in his pockets until he found a soiled printed form containing writing.

"Dill. Dill what?"

"Dat's me moniker. Just Dill."

"I thought youse was maybe Dill the Blood."

Dill looked at him suspiciously; then seeing nothing amiss he handed him the paper of introduction.

"Dis'll tell youse me name. Me side-kick here is Jerry."

"Not Jerry the Frame?"

"Gwan. Youse kiddin' me. Jerry Bremer."

"Haymakers is right," said Simon after reading the paper. "Sam, this young man is Dill, and this other is Jerry. Show them to our hotel. Our cutters all have front rooms with bath. If you boys hustle you can get dressed in time for dinner."

"Dressed? W'at's dat?"

"You're going right to work, ain't you? You can't work in them grand-stand frills, can you? Your work clothes, like us Sand Hillers work in."

"Nuttin' doin'. Dese rags is me clothes, see?"

"Run through their baggage, Sam, and find what they've got."

But Dill with eyes blazing swung his suitcase behind him and squared off.

"Gwan! Chuse guys t'ink it!"

"He means they haven't any work clothes," said Sam. "You'll have to advance them some of them ninety-five-cent cottonade denim overalls and fifty-nine-cent blue chambray shirts."

"Fit them out after dinner," replied Simon, turning away.

Dill was a slender, dark-haired young man with an oldish face. As Simon Brule had so instantly noticed, his complexion was of the whiteness of writing paper, bleached out like celery by a life protected from the sun, and his fingers were stained yellow by cigarettes. He looked far from happy; the heat and powdered sand of the stage ride had not acted as a demulcent upon his temper, any more than had the prospect of stacking dehydrated sword grass.

His companion, though four or five years younger, was slippery elm peeled off the same tree. He was taller, heavier, stronger; in a way he looked to be athletic; but his face was white, his hands soft, and he too had a cigarette in his mouth. Like Dill's, his clothing was conspicuously exotic.

The dress that struck Sam as unusual was not really so; it was such as might be purchased anywhere on State Street, and worn anywhere on Madison. Full skeleton sack coats with patch pockets that button shut are common enough, like sidewalks; but not at Brule's.

The suit worn by Dill was of the coarse weave known to the trade as homespun, the pattern being an especially large herringbone, resembling, as Sam pointed out later, convict stripes that had got wrinkled; his trousers disregarded government regulations by showing cuffs and tunnel loops; he wore white socks, protected by button boots with calf vamps and buff box-cloth uppers; his cross-stripe lounge shirt was surmounted by a low pointed collar to match, and further ornamented by an art—or artificial—silk four-in-hand tie, held by a diagonal-bar art-gold pin set with art rubies; and resting on his ears was an over-size straw hat, sennit weave, of the type known as the boater in England, but as the yacht or sailor in America, upon which he had wound a colored rah-rah band. Jerry's outfit differed only in the details of pattern and arrangement.

After they had eaten their dinner and the crew had gone back to the fields Sam fitted them out from Simon's stock of work garments. Then leading them into the open behind the barn he proceeded to learn what they could do. This did not take him long. Dill showed very quickly that the only hay he had ever made was in another civilization. As Sam expressed it he could tell a farmer from Halsted Street to the bridge, but he thought a farm was the ground you sit down on when you're tired. He didn't know the traces from the lines; he hadn't noticed which way a horse points when he walks; and when he had climbed into his seat he kept looking for the trolley.

As for Jerry, Sam gave him a fork and dispatched him to the stacks to color his meerschaum under big Mike.

Dill may have known very little about country troubles; but Sam, who had been born within sound of a mower, knew quite as little about city ones. He thought that any dub, wild or tame—using his own phrase—could lay down valley hay.

"I'm going to start you on a small machine," he began; "this little four-and-a-half-foot Balder. What you need most in this world is self-confidence. If you think you can do a thing you can do it. If you think you can't you can't. That's why people get sick; they think they're sick, and that makes them sick. If they thought they were well they'd be well. Get that?"

"I got confidence to boin, cuddy."

"Show me."

Sam would have been nearer right about self-confidence if he had not been mostly wrong about Dill. Haymaking in the Sand Hills, as none knew better, is a craft to be learned through experience. Even the stroil and Indian grass and big bluestem of the broad meadows require intelligence to handle, though not in the same degree as the grasses found along the edges of marshes or in the pockets and isolated valleys among the hills, which must be cut as they occur. For Simon did not swathe-circle his fields for his cutters in advance. An inexperienced man can easily leave early hay until too late, or cut late hay too early, or waste his time on lean grasses, or even run his knives into concealed fire stumps and wreck his machine.

Sam's mistake was that he thought Dill lacked self-confidence rather more than he lacked knowledge.

The afternoon was blisteringly hot, but Sam was without mercy. He drilled his man by gee and by haw, showed

him how to raise and lower his floating bar, and had him drive round the barn until he had got rid of his steering-wheel habits. Then he started him for the field, intending to have him cut inside of Pete Blarcom, with old Pat following, out on the open bottoms.

"After you get so you can run this baby mower without burning the grass I'll give you a man's size."

What you believe is true is true. If you think you can do a thing you can do it. On the way out Dill, sunburned and sore, his tender cheeks smarting, his eyes strained, his head in a whirl, saw a baling-wire gate on the ground. He tried to remember what to do. Then remembering that he must cultivate self-confidence, but forgetting that his floating bar was already raised, he boldly changed its position, running his knives through three levels of none too tender twisted iron.

Whereupon the little mower was led off to the dentist to have its teeth repaired, and its driver to a dump rake, which is fool-proof, for his practice.

The troubles of Dill did not end with sunset; not even on this first hot day did they. Simon's regular men, already aloof because of the herringbone clothes at dinner, became openly hostile at supper when the new man began addressing facetious city remarks to the elderly waitress.

"A boid on toast fer me, sister, wid a cold quart and de trimmin's."

"We got corn'-beef hash," said Jenny, "and that's what you'll get."

"W'at's dat dish, sister?"

"It's corn' beef chopped up fine with potatoes, and I'm not your sister."

"Never hoid of it."

Or a little later, after he had been served with corned-beef hash, potatoes and gravy, like his silent companions:

"Lukkut, sister! It won't boin. W'ere's de t'ree-I sauce fer dis mixture?"

"Everything's on the table that's going to be. What's good enough for others is good enough for you."

Or a little later still, after he had assuaged his burning thirst:

"Repeat on de Java, sister! Have a heart!"

"You can have all the coffee you want if you'll ask for it proper."

"T'anks."

"You're welcome."

Or later still: "Did youse say ice cream, sister?"

"I didn't."

"W'at did youse say?"

"I didn't say nothing, but I will in a minute."

"Make it two," said Dill.

"I'll make it a half; that's what I'll do."

The men did not like such manners. They themselves never spoke to Jenny, nor, for that matter, to each other, during their meals. For a newcomer to say so much seemed especially improper, and they resented it.

They were consequently in an antagonistic mood when Dill after supper began making bunk-house pleasantries about the bed he was to sleep in, its height from the floor, the blankets that covered it this hot night, and the mosquitoes that had crawled through the meshes of the screen when young and now enjoyed the unearned increment. Even a dago wouldn't sleep in such quarters in Chicago; wouldn't be asked to.

"Youse guys is easy," he said.

"Oh, dry up and go to bed!"

"Who's yer friend?" he asked the man at his elbow. "Who's de big noise?"

The man addressed, who happened to be big Mike, paused from his work of rolling a shoe-string end into an aglet and looked him over.

"You from Chicago?"

"Dat's me boig."

"What did you do back there that you had to leave?"

"Rats! Nuttin'."

"Then why are you here?"

"Me? Dey tells me dis was a good climate fer me healt'." Dill's mouth curled into a sneer. "Dey doesn't say a woid about de rubes—not a woid."

"Rubes, you little snipe?"

"Oh, dry up!"

"Did you hear what this grocery clerk was saying?"

"Grocery clerk—nix!"

"Dry up, both of you!"

"Gwan!" said Dill.

But, nevertheless, he subsided, as did the other man also; and after a little the last man in put out the light.

Mike had expressed his dislike in speech. Some of the other men, silent in the bunk house, felt even more strongly hostile to the Chicago man; so the next day Simon received hints from several sources that "them city clerks don't mix at all with our red-necks, any more than flies with butter." Sam also was informed of the storm that threatened.

The men, according to themselves, had become angered chiefly by Dill's talkativeness; but they disliked also his surly manners, his strangeness, "the taste of him, if you know what I mean, like old cheese that has been smoked with sulphur"; something that remained almost like a physical sensation in the mouth after he had passed on. Sam took this to mean Dill's crooked way of talking with his mouth twisted; his cigarette habit, perhaps; or the roll of his shoulders as if he carried a chip on them, the out set of his under jaw, and the irritating droop of his insolent eyelids when he listened.

The River Was Four Miles Away and the Night Was Very Hot. However, They Reached the Bridge in an Incredibly Short Time

Sam was for cutting the knot with a knife; but Simon had paid their railroad fare from Lincoln, because he needed men, and would not hear of this. He admitted that Dill's manner, his look, his walk, his way of speaking "like he had bit into soda" stimulated opposition. Or perhaps it was his affectation of toughness, and the men felt his presence as they would that of chopped scouring rush in the bean pot; though any of them could and did swear in circles round him. But they would get over that. A strange dog always has to fight before becoming acquainted.

However, as long as the men felt so, Dill and Jerry had better be moved out of the bunk house. Let the two spurge dodgers live with the mice for a while until the lions of the main show were in better humor. The salt house was almost empty; why not bed them down in there?

That night after supper he told them.

"I'm going to change you boys to a better room," he said. "You boys come with me."

II

THE arrival of Dill and Jerry, dressed in full skeleton patch pockets, waistcoats, ties, button shoes and the rest of it, "like mallard drakes, as if they was no doubt the ducks and us others only hell-divers," had given Simon's honest haying crew an emotional shock.

It had also given one other member of Simon's household an emotional shock—a girl named Tilly Linstrom, who acted as Jenny's assistant in the kitchen.

Tilly was understood to be engaged to a Kincaider in the neighborhood named Larson, or more intimately, Jan. Though Jan like his fellow homesteaders had spent himself penniless upon buildings and fences, he owned a few head of Herefords and his wealth was increasing. At present he was putting up hay for himself, but during the year he worked out occasionally for other men. He was looking forward to a home.

Tilly was young and strong; she had a clear complexion and the pretty hair and eyes of her healthy race. Had she been unattached she would have been a belle. But everyone knew her as Jan's girl, so that she was placed, and no hearts broken. None would have been broken anyhow; she was not a girl to experiment upon the range of her charms.

She saw Dill first that Thursday noon through the kitchen window—hat, suit and shoes. She saw him again as he came to dinner, and as he left, and at night as he came and went, and the next day, and thereafter often. And she heard his voice as he showed himself off before Jenny, noon, night and morning.

Tilly had never seen a man like Dill; he belonged to a new race; and being Tilly, of Scandinavian ancestry, she heard in his odd idiom not at all what a Dearborn Street native would have heard, but only poetry and charm. It is not the familiar that is the irresistible, but the strange; unless indeed the familiar through blindness has become the strange. She was unconscious that she had been attracted by him, but thereafter she watched for his white face through the window—it very soon became rubescent from sunburn—and listened through the open door for his quaint alkaline speech at table. And sometimes she looked through the door at the back of his head.

But Dill did not see Tilly until Jan drove up for her Sunday afternoon.

The men were loafing in the shade of the bunk house, smoking and telling stories; even the presence of Dill and Jerry failed to darken their spirits.

"Pipe de skoit!" said Dill. "Blow me off to de jane, one of youse."

"Drop it, Pickles. That's Jan's girl."

"Dat hayseed? Rats!"

"Rats is right."

"Lukkut! Glimpse de speed of de mick! Dat boid is some classy bushes! Rats!"

"You ain't got no say coming, kid."

"Yah, rats! Hoises!"

"Oh, very well."

"Woims! Youse gives me de spasms!"

"Where does it hurt you worst, Pickles?"

"W'at does youse know about dames? W'y, rats! Nuttin' mixed in a glass wit' air."

"Making a glassful more than you know about Tilly," said Pete. "A glassful of air more."

"Youse talks like mice on ice. Rats!"

"Slamming her cooking."

"Chuse guys t'ink it, see?"

"Dry up! Dry up!"

"Dry up?" asked old Henry Waters sarcastically. "Them boys? What are you saying? Them boys can't dry up. Them boys is marshland."

"Them boys is like my grandmother's cat's sister's nephew. They knows so much they talks in their sleep."

"Sure! They're from Lincoln. Can't you see the stripes?"

"Yah, rats!"

But Dill had the girl's name; the contempt of Brule's mixed sandsters was to him as rain against the window. He made no further effort to reply to the gibes, and during the remainder of the session sat back listening, his eye held by the distance. He was thinking of pretty Tilly of the kitchen, Jan's girl.

The hot weather continued, broken only by a shower on Thursday; the haying was carried on with difficulty; even the horses suffered. The two city men became badly sunburned, but otherwise they stood the work very well.

"Them boys surprised me with their muscles," said Simon Sunday night. "They didn't get sore hardly at all. Yet their hands were soft as bread dough."

"Boxing don't harden the hands none inside."

"Boxing, eh?"

"Fighters, both of them."

"What's the matter between Tilly and Jan? Tilly wouldn't go driving with him. Didn't much want to see him."

"Nothing as I know of."

"She don't go with none of our men, does she?"

"Haven't seen her with none."

"Not that it's any of my business," said Simon, "but I'm interested in Tilly. She's a good girl."

"She's only a kid, and Jan savvies."

The weather continued hot, with no relief in sight, through Monday and Tuesday; but on Wednesday the sun went down on a fringe of wind clouds in the southwest, with a play of heat lightning. These became so threatening after supper that Sam sat down against the foot of the windmill, still pumping languidly, so as to keep it running within reach in case the storm broke. There was no moon; the night was densely dark; the flashes of lightning in the southwest were not vivid enough to lighten the surface blackness; he was tired and hot.

He became aware of voices when the wind still further died down and the mill came to a stop with a squeak. One of the speakers he instantly recognized as Tilly, the other as his sunburned hay raker, Dill.

"Dat's old Chi," Dill was saying. "Youse t'inks de boig is quits and it's nuttin hit youse but rain. W'at's dat? W'y, just a splash from washin' windows! Nuttin, but just a splash! Youse t'inks it's de Chicago River, and it's a guy's sponge!"

"But you do like the Sand Hills?" asked Tilly. "They are very beautiful, I think."

"Dis bushes? Nah!"

"You'd rather live in the city?"

"Suttinly. Chi's a good old town. Some class to dat boig. Dis bushes is just cow feed."

"Is it the country itself you don't like; or is it the people?"

"Me for de sidewalks and de white lights."

"Then it's the country."

"De whole woiks. Everyt'ing. Dese guys all t'inks dey's money in de bank, but all dey is is green peanuts. Just peanuts. W'y, put dem in a pool palace and how much does dey know? Dey don't know de forty-one game from pyramid. W'y, dey don't even know how many pockets dey is on a pool table. Some of dese guys never even seen a pool table."

"I have not been in Chicago, but Simon Brule, he has. He ships to Chicago. He has said it is very wonderful."

"W'at does a hayseed like dat guy know? Just blowin' in overnight and shootin' his roll and blowin' out again?"

"You mean, he does not know where to go?"

"W'y, suttinly. Youse got to live in de boig."

"It must be very wonderful."

"Nuttin like dese bushes towns."

"I've never been in Lincoln, either; or in Omaha. I've always wanted to go to Lincoln. To work, I mean. I think maybe Lincoln sounds pretty small to a man like you that has been all over in cities."

"Bushes, dat's w'at it is. Just bushes."

"I've always lived out here in the Sand Hills. You wouldn't understand—you couldn't. I don't even get to go to Welton very often. My father is Norwegian—he don't want me to work in town. He's afraid of cities."

"Old Chi is easy."

"I know how you must feel about a city you've lived in so long; you feel as if you knew it. I feel like that about the Sand Hills sometimes. Early in May I was working over west, and one day when I was out walking with a girl we found a nest of eggs. I said they were widgeon's eggs, because of the nest and because they were so nearly white, but the girl I was with she said she knew they were gadwall's eggs. So we took four of them with us and hatched them under a hen, and they were widgeon's eggs."

"Widgeon—w'at's dat?"

"Don't you know? It's a duck; some folks call it the baldpate. The drake has green patches on its head with sand color between them on top and makes a funny call like 'Whew, whew!' The gadwall has a call like a mallard, only more soprano, and its head isn't light at all on top, but dark. You can tell them by the way they fly."

"De lobster rest'rants keeps dem in Chicago."

"They buy them, don't they?"

"Youse can buy anyt'ing in dat boig."

"I don't like that."

"Youse can buy ice in a deep glass we'n it's hot. Youse can buy ice to skate on in a cold basement."

"I think I'll have to go back now," said Tilly after a little pause.

"Dis is early. W'y, in Chicago ——"

"Late for the Sand Hills," she said.

"Aw, come."

But Tilly, for all her Sand Hills simplicity, was not to be caught napping; Sam heard her low laugh, and the sound of tripping footsteps, followed by other, clumsier ones.

"Good night," she called from the distance.

Then he heard the closing of a door, and except for the uneasy movement of horses in their hot stalls and the stirring about of pigs still at their late supper, nothing more.

Tilly knew what she wanted, in Sam's view; if she found she liked Dill better than Jan, that was her affair. Simon proved to be of the same mind.

"We could fire them boys, but what's the use? I don't like the way they grunt at their words. Tilly maybe does. All right. She can marry Pickles if she wants to. As long as it's all straight and open we got no bread burning."

"I don't trust him."

"Tilly can look out for herself."

"It's her funeral; Jan's a good man."

After greasing the light wagon Sam went to the salt house for a strong sack for oats.

The time was Friday morning. The haying crew, including Dill and Jerry, had driven away to their fields; the women were washing dishes in the kitchen "with their hands all wet yet"; Simon was off looking at a fence; Sam had been getting ready a team for later in the morning.

Now the salt house, that Simon had turned into a dormitory for the use of the Chicago pepper pods, contained among other supplies eight or ten sacks of beans and rice, one or two unopened barrels of sugar, and forty or fifty cases of canned peaches, peas and tomatoes. These were piled against the west end of the room away from the window. And over in the farther corner stood a three-foot stack of empty jute sacks.

The jute sacks were far from new; some of them had been in use since cobs came with corn. No one not a foreman can quite picture the holes a burlap sack will develop merely from leaning against its neighbors in the fall and kneeling on the floor in the spring. As Sam said, all of them had worn through both high and low, and some in between from sitting down too much. The only strong sacks he found were two at the bottom, and even these showed mouse holes.

Taking these sacks to the window he looked them over in the better light. What he saw aroused his completest interest. The holes had not been made by mice, but had been cut through with a knife; freshly cut at that, for the excised pieces fell to the floor under the brushing of his hand. Each sack had three of these knife-trimmed holes in it, two smaller and one larger, and each at the same place, in the flat side near the bottom, about the same distance apart—about the distance of a man's two eyes and his mouth.

"Queer thing, this," muttered Sam, instinctively shaking the sack to see if anything else would fall away.

Something else did. As he reversed the sack a piece of white paper, concealed inside the lips, fluttered off, landing on the floor against the bed. The paper proved to be a fragment torn from the margin of the last Canby Herald, written across in lead pencil.

"Honey kid tonite for always like youse promised. Till twelve oclock kiddo."

From what he had heard at the windmill Sam knew that Dill was the writer and that Tilly was the girl. Dill must have left the note to be called for by Tilly.

If the note was for Tilly the problem of Dill had suddenly become both grave and delicate. And what did the cut sacks signify? Swearing softly at the entire race of patch pockets he began putting back what he had torn down. He laid the two bottom sacks on the floor as he had found them, with the cut-out pieces on top; then replacing the note he piled the others above them as they had been. He worked swiftly; for he knew that the owner of the note would be impatient to call for it. And he did not tarry after he was through.

As he slipped out, closing the door softly behind him, and whipped round the corner of the barn he was very glad that the salt house could not be seen from the kitchen.

He was warmly, sweatingly, breathlessly glad; yet at the same time he regretted that he had not stayed to look through Dill's handsome suitcase. Simon, he remembered, had suggested his doing this the day of Dill's arrival; the man's quick resentment, and especially the way in which he had swung the suitcase behind him and squared off to protect it, had interested him even then.

Tilly came for her note almost before he had climbed to the hayloft. She had a little pan with her, as if on an errand after rice. In a few minutes he saw her trip back to the house, treading on air, "as innocent as jelled custard," but with the rice held tightly against her bosom, as if it were the pan and not the letter inside her dress she was afraid of losing.

So much for the note. Crossing to the west side of the

(Continued on Page 173)

"Lukkut! Glimpse de Speed of de Mick! Dat Boid is Some Classy Bushes!"

BELOW PAR FOR A DAY

By Henry Irving Dodge

BEFORE you go, E. J.," said Mrs. Gray; but Grace broke in mischievously: "Dad-ee, have you changed your shirt?"

"What's the use changing it if you can't tell by looking at it?" Gray jerked out. He eyed the brown-eyed, long-legged girl humorously for a moment. "Besides, I've held my cuffs up with elastics all the week. People can't tell if I've got any on or not. And my collar's clean. Only a little bit of my shirt showa anyhow."

"You'll have to pull your cuffs down to-night, dad-ee, 'cause you're going to speak, and I know you'll wave your hands. If you don't show any cuffs they'll think you're an anarchist and they'll throw you out."

"Perhaps they will anyhow."

"For goodness' sake, E. J., be careful what you do say to-night!" the anxious Minnie admonished.

"I'll try to. But remember, a hungry man's an angry man." Gray rose. "I suppose I'll have to change it just to please you," he grunted.

As Gray went upstairs he sighed; as Minnie went downstairs she sighed; and as Grace was left alone she also sighed. And it was all about Gray's shirt.

For a long time Gray had worn neutral-tinted shirts with small black dots—something that wouldn't show the dirt. That he should do so was part of Minnie's scheme of retrenchment against the high cost of living. Indulgence in loud bright-colored shirts, something he'd always loved, was now denied him. To Gray bright colors suggested sportiness, and sportiness suggested sprightliness, and sprightliness suggested youth. And in his innermost heart Gray cherished the ambition never to grow old. So he had often damned the excessive thrift that prompted his wife to buy all his shirts of the same pattern, that she might cut strips from the tail of one and make neat little patches for the holes the points of his collar had worn, or new cuffs.

Minnie had repeated this operation so often on the tail of one particular garment that Gray was compelled to wear his waistcoat in the office lest the discrepancy be apparent to impertinent eyes, which would never have done, for Gray was chief clerk of the great house of Drake & Drake, machine builders.

How Gray hated the combination of neutral tint and small black dots—infallible dirt-proof proposition—that had seemed to relegate him to a drab, a colorless existence. And how he cursed the man who had invented the design. Whenever he saw Minnie engaged in her continuous, her prehistoric performance of amputating a slice from the tail of one of his shirts Gray felt like a dog thrust suddenly into the presence of a natural antagonist with the hair rising on the back of his neck. At such a moment he always wanted to go out and fight anybody, everybody—particularly Old Drake.

To the Gray family that neutral-tinted shirt with the small black dots was a symbol of humility—non-success. It symbolized more than anything else the privations the gentle little family had endured ever since the cost of living had started on its precipitously upward course. Each knew that the other made fun of the shirt to disguise the sigh in his own heart, to brace the other up; yet with the innate good breeding that obtains in families of gentle blood they refrained from any let-up in the simulation of indifference or levity.

Grace never let on that the shirt reminded her that she was denied the harmonious garments that her beauty called for; that she must forgo week-end visits with fashionable suburban friends because she didn't have an outfit that her pride would stand for.

To Minnie the shirt conjured a grimmer specter. She had begun by curtailing the finer cuts of beef and steaks until they had reached the vanishing point, almost. She had then undergone the humiliation of buying larger portions, but of inferior quality. And now she was compelled to diminish the size of these even in exact proportion as prices went up—for Gray's income stood still. That was the one particular thing that didn't move during strenuous times. And the price of vegetables was like unto that of meat. Eggs? The less said the better. And the mere suggestion of good fruit was ironical.

To Gray, the hitherto fastidious, the wearing of a cheap shirt meant much more than the beginning of a level, drab existence. It meant the turning in the road that led downward and ended in debt. As the tide of high prices had moved up and up his slender bank account had gone down and down. If it should touch the zero point, he had often reflected, what then? Beyond that was debt. But he couldn't go into debt. Nobody would trust him—that is, for long. And if they should, what would he have to pay with?

True to heart and to custom Grace met her father at the door as he was about to leave for Excelsior Hall. He put his arm round her shoulder and hugged her close, and she laid her cheek against his for a moment; then, giving him a quick little squeeze: "Dad-ee, don't you mind about what mamma said. Just you give 'em blazes down there, dad-ee."

On his way to the meeting, called to promote the interests of the clerical forces and retail salesmen of Madgeburg, Gray picked up Cephas Jones, cashier for Darlington & Blake. Lighting cigarettes the two swung along down the street at a lively clip with heads erect. Gray and Jones were very independent, very individual, when together or anywhere in their own set. But they left their independence and their individuality behind them when they entered the office doors of their respective employers and merged with other independences collectively known as the office force.

In the same office with Gray were Mr. Hamilton De Quincey Marbury, known as A to K, because he presided over the books from A to K inclusive; and Mr. Wilkinson Rathburne, who was called L to Z for similar reasons. Whenever the head of the concern or his son and partner, who shall hereinafter be denominated Old Drake and Young Drake, wished to know a fact or a figure he didn't send with his compliments to Mr. Hamilton De Quincey Marbury or Mr. Wilkinson Rathburne and request that gentleman's presence. Instead he touched a push button marked "One" or "Two"; and one or the other of the persons of aristocratic antecedents responded with mechanical suddenness.

The two aristocratic servitors to a plebeian, Mr. Hamilton De Quincey Marbury and Mr. Wilkinson Rathburne, were college men. Each had been a famous football player, a star. Each had been, and still was exploited in the society columns of the local papers of Madgeburg. Each was the shining light of his own particular little coterie. Yet every morning when these gentlemen passed the institutionalized portals of Drake & Drake they left their individualities and their splendid cognomens behind with their umbrellas, and became parts of the great machine -marked for identification, A to K and L to Z.

Gray and Jones found Excelsior Hall packed with the élite workingmen of Madgeburg. The meeting opened with the regular tiresome preliminaries—the droning of the secretary's report of the previous meeting and the motion for its adoption, which was seconded and carried unanimously, without anybody caring what he was saying "Aye" to, for or about.

Then Chairman Walter E. Phillips, cashier for Ely & Riggs, made the mildly interesting announcement: "Gentlemen, we have with us to-night as new recruits—late, but none the less welcome—Mr. Hamilton De Quincey Marbury and Mr. Wilkinson Rathburne."

"That establishes our respectability," grunted Trimble, chief bookkeeper for Maynard & Keene, a thickset man with a heavy jaw, who sat three seats to the left of Gray. And A to K and L to Z, who had been sitting together over at the right, being good sports, rose as one and bowed their thanks, amid much merriment and hand-clapping.

"Now we'll hear remarks pertinent to the purpose of this meeting," said Phillips.

A big heavy man, whom Gray recognized as bookkeeper for Fiske & Brooks, steel castings, started the ball rolling by lumbering to his feet and wheezing out: "Here we've been standing a bulwark between the boss and labor, a splendid bulwark, and what do we get?" He raised his right arm ponderously. "We——"

"Aw, bulwark," cut in Sandy Robinson, cashier for Williams & Brinkhall, who always had a chip on his shoulder—"I'm tired of being called a bulwark. Do you know what a bulwark is, Hadley? Well, I'll tell you. It's an inert mass, very dependable—for the boss—but it don't get anywhere for itself. Don't let's put that kind of a thought on ourselves or we'll never accomplish anything."

"Good scout," piped a little wee voice from a remote corner, and Gray noted that said voice emerged from a large head with a disordered shock of iron-gray hair. Nothing more inconsistent could have been imagined. "We've only been advanced ten per cent while the fellows in the shops, who haven't got half

"I Was Beginning to Wonder Whether There Was Something Wrong With You Folks Out There or Something Wrong With Me"

our brains, are making big pay," the little wee voice piped on.

"What I want to know is, Why don't we get some of the bulge in wages that's been going round, touching 'em here and there and everywhere but us?" growled Gruff Smithers, so-called because of a congenital deep-bass hoarseness that made him the terror of all messenger boys and underlings, whereas as a matter of fact he was the kindest-hearted man in the whole outfit, if they only knew it.

"We have to stand for the bulge in the cost of living, I notice," grunted heavy-jawed Trimble.

A general "Hear!" "Hear!"

Gray noticed a natty-looking man standing at the left, waiting for an opportunity to speak, and recognized Waterman Fitch, of the haberdashery department of Rogers & Flynn.

"I want to say," said Fitch, "that the salesmen in the stores are in the same fix as the office men, only worse. We get less pay, as a rule. And if we protest the answer is: 'Rents have gone up, and so have wholesale prices.'"

"Yow! Yow!" cried the little wee voice. "Perhaps retail prices haven't gone up too! Yow! Yow!"

"I don't agree with you, Lakey," said Sandy Robinson, rising and turning to the leonine-headed man with the little wee voice. "I don't agree with you that the men in the shops haven't got brains. They know how to do one thing and do it well, which is indispensable"

"Isn't keeping accounts and writing business letters just as indispensable as laying bricks or handling a paint brush or running a lathe? And don't we have to go through longer training to do it?" broke in E. C. Wetmore, head bookkeeper for Hall & Lindsay, the concrete men.

"Yes, yes," affirmed a thin big-eared man, paymaster for Randolph, Smith & Co., machine builders, who wore by day a striped alpaca symbol of servitude. "They think because a cogwheel is little it don't amount to so much as the big cog," he went on, in terms of his business. "But take it out of the machine and where will you be at?"

Bald Billings, Steinberg's cashier, was on his feet now.

"We're a lot of suppliants, we are," he began in a whining tone; "after working for the boss for years and knowing our departments better than he can possibly know 'em." He raised his fists and his voice shook. "But those bricklayers and those carpenters—they can go to the boss and get anything they want. Why? Because they've got the most powerful organization in the world behind 'em. But we've got no organization. Why, there are millions of us cashiers and bookkeepers and clerks in the country, and every one of us stands alone. The boss can fire any one of us without any comeback. We're a lot of dubs."

Evidently being called dubs did not add to the amiability of the meeting. It brought Jones to his feet with a jerk.

"I hate the word 'dubs,' but we are dubs if we haven't got wits enough to compel the bosses to give us our share in this bulge of earnings that is benefiting everybody but the clerical forces and the salesmen in the big stores, and men of that class."

"Bravo!" cried the little wee voice. "That's the talk! Compel them!"

There was a general chorus of "Compel them! Compel them!" with clapping of hands and stamping.

Phillips pounded the desk with his gavel for half a minute before order was restored. "Don't be turbulent, gentlemen. Don't be turbulent," he admonished.

"Aw, to hell to you and your 'don't be turbulent'!" growled Trimble, *sotto voce*, to his Gaelic neighbor. "We've got to show some spirit or we'll never get anywhere."

"Don't be sacrilegious, Trimble," Sandy admonished; "applying profanity to His Worship there."

Trimble rose impressively. He always rose impressively.

"It's all very well to talk about compelling, but how are you going to do it? Not by spreading your energies all over the place—that's not good business. We must attack, not the weak spots, but the spot that's going to show results. What I mean is this." He turned and looked at A to K and L to Z, and then let his eye search the audience till it rested on Gray. "There's one man in this community—I'm not mentionin' names, 'cause I don't want to make any dissension in this meetin', but everybody knows who I mean. He's the most obstinate old cuss in Madgeburg, the hardest boss. And I'm sorry to say he's the keystone to the arch of capitalism in this town. I admit it would take a miracle to make that particular, obstinate, unreasonin', old keystone see the light. But if we only could, they'd all fall," he wound up, hopelessly mixing his metaphors.

Old Drake Had Been the Boss So Long That the Spirit of Domination Was Woven Into His Very Fiber. He Could Think Only One Way

"Yow! Yow!" cried the little wee voice. "That's the stuff!"

Trimble gave the alphabetical twins and Gray another challenging look and sat down, breathing heavily. The allusion was unmistakable. Several persons turned and looked at Gray; and Jones nudged him in the ribs.

Gray having determined to speak at the meeting had been suffering hot and cold spots of decision and indecision, commonly called stage fright, from the start. He had been timorously postponing his effort and prolonged his misery. But now the gong had sounded metaphorically. This was, above all others, his particular moment. It was incumbent on him to speak. He looked at A to K and found that gentleman looking at him expectantly, and got a significant and approving nod from L to Z. He clutched the back of the seat in front with icy fingers and stood up.

"Gentlemen"—in his eagerness to overcome his cowardice he pitched his voice a little too high—"gentlemen, I protest against anybody disrespectfully alluding to my employer, by innuendo or otherwise."

"Good old scout, loyal old scout! Yow! Yow!" yelped the little wee voice; and the alphabetical twins applauded vigorously.

"He called your allusion innuendo," chuckled Sandy, nudging Trimble, who grunted surly indifference.

"Mr. Drake may have certain traits to which some may object," Gray went on, "but he is a business man of the first water. Everybody knows that. Otherwise he wouldn't hold the position that he does hold in the business world, not of Madgeburg alone, but of the whole United States."

"Right-o!" shouted the thin big-eared man.

"I don't want to scold," cried Gray, emphasizing with his right hand, "but what I want to say is this: We've spouted a lot of hot air—we've harangued against the bosses in these meetings—but we haven't got anywhere."

"Ain't that your fault as well as ours?" shouted the little wee voice.

"Yes; why don't you get us somewhere?" growled Trimble.

Gray was not disturbed by the interruption. "We're always harping about how much we are worth to the boss. Now how much are we worth actually? Just as much as we have intelligence enough to convince the boss we are worth. We have been making a business of using our wits to promote the boss' interests. We're like a fellow who writes a book on How to Make Money, and goes broke doing it. Now we must make it a business of using our wits to promote our own interests."

"Oh, chestnuts," cried Sandy. "Be concrete, Gray! Be concrete!"

"We must go about this thing intelligently," Gray went on.

"Thank you," sneered Lakey, *sotto voce*.

"We must remember that a man who's been a boss all his life doesn't understand us any more than we understand him."

"I guess he does or he wouldn't be boss," piped the little wee voice.

A general laugh.

"The boss has his troubles too," Gray went on. "And let me remind you of one thing: No matter how great those troubles are, no matter how much he has to scheme and contrive to finance through bad weather—the ghost always walks for us."

"We all know that," snarled Bald Billings. "But what are you going to do about it?"

"Yes, yes, Gray, be concrete!" insisted the big-eared man.

"Let me alone a minute and I will. In the first place we've got to change the boss' attitude toward us before we get anywhere."

"Yow! Yow!" derided the little wee voice. "But how?"

"By force!" shouted Sandy.

"No," said Gray sternly. "You're on the wrong track, Robinson. We can't do the way the unions do. Labor and capital have occupied two camps for years. But we've always lived in the tents of capital. Our position is confidential. We are familiar with the bosses' most intimate business relations."

"You bet we are!" cried Harvey Little. "I've been the boss' private secretary so long that I've got to be as much a part of his household as the grand piano or the family Bible or the wax flowers under the glass case in that old-fashioned spare room of his"

Gray raised his voice: "We don't want any family rows. What we do must be amicable. It must leave no rancor in the boss' mind or in ours."

Gray paused for a moment and Sandy jumped to his feet. "I've been listenin' to your remarks, Mr. Gray, and while they're very well put, and you yourself have done a little scolding on the side, which we all deserve, no doubt, you don't seem to have got anywhere either"

"Yes, I have!" cried Gray. "I've got a scheme that will open the bosses' eyes, will make them see the justice of our claim." He hesitated.

There was a chorus of: "Out with it."

"I'm prepared to submit it to the executive committee."

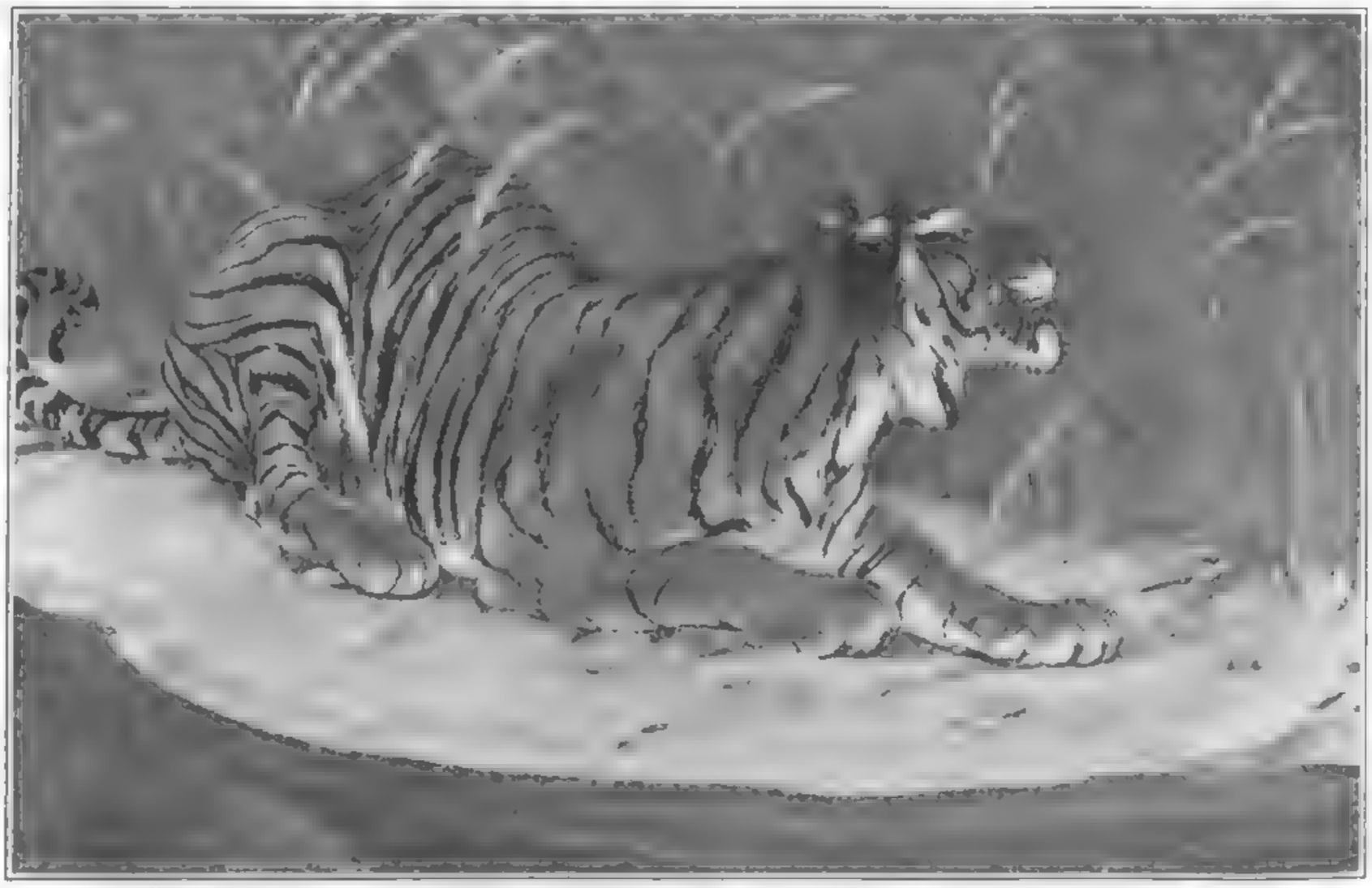
"No star-chamber proceedings here," growled Fletcher & Bryce's paymaster, a prominent pessimist, and for that reason left off the executive committee.

(Continued on Page 105)

THE MONKEY GLEN

By Will Levington Comfort and Zamin Ki Dost

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL



"I Had Not Meant to Tell You Now, But a Tiger Was Lying Down on the River Margin as We Talked"

THIS is the story of Skag's losing his good gray nerve and finding it again at the sound of a certain cough in the Jungle. It has to do with the priests of Hanuman and the monkey people—not to mention the part of Carlin; which is not a part at all, since it consumes everything.

Cadman Sahib had told Skag of the priests of Hanuman during their roundabout journey to Hurda; but it was not until they reached the open Jungle round the ancient unwalled city and passed two of those strange silent men going in that Skag found an altogether new and enlarged place in his mind for everything about them. These priests serve the monkey people; to this purpose they are a separate priesthood. Abandoning possessions and loves and hates of their kind, they live lives of austerity, mingling with the monkey people in their own jungles, eating and drinking with them, sleeping near, playing and mourning with them—in every possible way giving expression to good will. All this they do very seriously, very earnestly, with reverence mingled with pity.

The masses of people in India may say the priests worship the monkeys—which is not true. Most Europeans will tell you that the order of Hanuman is energized by rank superstition—equally far-off. Skag had now actually seen two of the priests of Hanuman. Their faces did not leave his mind. They were dark clean faces, grooved by much patient endurance, strong with self-mastery and those fainter lines that have light in them and only come from years of service for others.

Cadman had no scorn for these men. He had passed days and nights with their kind in one of the lower sections. His tone was slow and gentle when he spoke of that period. It wasn't that Cadman actually spoke words of pathos and endearment. Indeed, he might have said more, except that two white men are cruelly repressed from each other in fear of being sentimental. They are almost as willing to show fear as an emotion of delicacy or tenderness.

"The more you know, the more you appreciate these forest men," Cadman remarked after the priests had vanished into the deeper growth. He laughed softly at the sudden interest in Skag's face and added: "I understand, my son. You want to go into the Jungle with these masters of the monkey craft. You want to read their lives—far in, deep in yonder. Maybe they'll let you. They were singularly good to me. . . . It may be they will see that thing in your face which knocks upon their souls."

"What is that?"

Cadman laughed again.

"In the West they know little of these things; but the fact is, the more a man overcomes himself, the more powers he puts on for outside work. And when a man is in charge of himself all through he has a look in his eye that commands—yes, even finds fellowship with the priests of Hanuman."

"Would these priests see such a look?"

"Of course!"

"But why?"

"Because they have it themselves. It's as evident as sun tan to the seers, who are what they are because they rule themselves. It is just as your old Alec Binz used to teach. You handle wild animals in cages or afield just in proportion as you handle yourself. Those who command themselves see self-command when it lives in the eye of another. . . . They called me—those priests did—years ago. I almost wanted to live with them for a while; but it was too hard."

"How was that?"

"They said I must forsake all other things in life to serve the monkey people; that I must stay years with them, winning their faith, before I could be of value; that all life in the world must be forgotten." Cadman laughed wistfully. "I wasn't big enough," he added, "or mad enough—as you like. Perhaps they'll know you at once; or it might take labor and patience to convince them you have not an unkind thought in you toward any of their monkey friends and no scorn of them because they serve in such service."

The out-and-out staring fact of the whole matter, Skag realized, was that these priests believed the monkeys to be a race of men far gone in degeneration; that they were going back instead of coming. They gave their lives to stay this descent. The order of Hanuman had endured for many generations. The value of their work was hardly appreciable from any standpoint outside; they counted little the years of a man's life; they were trained in patience to a degree hardly conceivable by a Western mind.

"Of course they work in the dark," Cadman said. "The natives try to obey in these matters; but the foreigners are hard to manage from any but their own laws. One young European with a rifle can undo a whole lot of their devoted labor among the tree people. You see, the priests work with care and kindness, following, ministering, accustoming the monkeys to them; never betraying them in the slightest."

Skag nodded, keenly attentive. He knew well from his experience as a show trainer what it means to get the confidence of the big cats; and how months of careful work could be ruined in a moment by an ignorant hand. Deep, steady, inextinguishable kindness was the thing.

"Yes; to be kind and square," Cadman resumed. "And one of the strangest and most remarkable things that ever came to me in the shape of a sentence was from one of these priests. He was an old man, gray pallor stealing in under the weathered brown of his face. He had that look in his eye which has nothing to do with years, but means that a man is so sufficient unto himself that he can forget himself utterly. . . . He spoke of the degenerate condition of the tree folk, of the incommunicable sorrow of these soul remnants—as if it were his own destiny. The one sentence of his hard to forget—in English—would be like this:

"'After a man has lived with these monkey people for a long time and has always been kind, one of them may come and stand before him and let tears roll down his hairy face. And this is all the confession of sorrow he can make!'"

Skag caught the deep thing that had stirred Cadman. The latter added, with a touch of scorn:

"Once I told this thing, as I have told you, to a group of men in a steamer's smoking room. And two of them laughed—thought I was telling a funny story! . . . These priests are apt to be very bitter toward one who wrongs one of their tree friends. They believe that it is a just and good thing to make a man pay with his life for taking the life of a monkey and thus impeding the difficult upward progress of a degenerate. . . . One way to look at it!"

Skag had been in and out of the Jungle for many days while Cadman Sahib was occupied with a prolonged fit of writing. Closer and closer he drew to the deep sweet earthiness and the mysteries carried on outside the ken of most men. One dawn, from a distance, he watched an old sambar buck pause on the brow of a hill. He shook his mane and lifted up his nose and sniffed the dawn of day. The smell of it was good to him. Skag knew that and sensed how the beast's gray nostrils quivered wide, drinking deep drafts of cool moist air. The grasses were rested; the trees seemed enamored of the deep shadows of night. The river gurgled talk from the jagged rocks of her mid-current to the overleaning branches of her borders.

This was the Nerbudda, fed from Vindhya mountain springs. Already Skag shared with the natives the attitude of devotion to the river. It was sacred to the people and to every creature good, for her gift was like the gift of mothers. When all the world was parched and full of deep cracks, yawning beneath a heaven white and cloudless, and rain forsook the land, and every leaf was gray and dust-laden; when heat and thirst and famine all increased until creatures crept forth from their hot lairs at evening and moved in company who would have been enemies but for sore suffering—then only Nerbudda would yield up her pure tides to satisfy their utmost craving.

Skag lived deep through that dawning. The rose-and-amber radiance fell into the hearts of all the birds; wordless songs came pulsing up from roots of growing things. The sambar lifted high his head again and spread the fan of one ear toward the wind while one breathed twice. Then there fell a sudden rustling on the branches; and swift along the river's brim came the sharp plaintive cry of monkeys, beating down through all the startled stillness of the morning with their wailing voices. Some turned, hurrying away in one direction with fearless leaps and clinging hands and ceaseless chattering. The near plaintive cries at intervals brought answers, until all the air was a din of monkeys leaping along the highways of the trees.

Women of the villages, children tending goats, laborers among the driftings of the hills and on the open slopes, holy men and every man who toiled at any craft, heard the shrill calls along the margins of the Jungle and knew that some evil had fallen on a leader of his kind among the monkey people.

Then Skag saw two priests of Hanuman rising up from the denser shadows where the river was lost in the Jungle. Quickly girding themselves, they followed the multitudes. Skag didn't miss their stern faces or the instant pause as they dipped their brown feet, with a prayer, into the river. He dared to follow. The priests turned upon him, silent, their faces frowning; but he was not sent back!

Skag recalled Cadman's words; but also that he was known among the natives as one white man who was not an animal killer. This word about him had traveled with mysterious rapidity. Skag had found to his amazement that the people of Hurda knew something of the story of the tiger pit and his part in delivering the people of the nameless Grass Jungle town from the toils and tributes of a great boa constrictor. Certainly he was not sent back!

For a long time—until the forenoon was half spent—the three marched silently. One halted at length to pick up from the leaves a white silk kerchief bearing in one corner two English letters wrought in needlework. This was lifted by the elder of the priests and folded in the thick windings of his loin cloth. Deeper and deeper into the Jungle they traveled, never far from the river.

Suddenly the branches parted; the path ceased; a smooth perfect carpet of tender green grass spread out before them and reached and clung to the lip of a deep clear pool, which seemed to have been beaten out through the ages by the weight of the stream falling on a lower ledge of rock from the brow of a massive bowlder. The mighty trees of the forest stretched their huge arms over this spot as if to keep it secret, so that even the fierce sunshine was mellowed before it touched the earth.

In the midst of rich grass, at last, and in the shadow of a rock, a wounded monkey lay stretched at full length upon fresh leaves. The two priests knelt at once in ministration, while the branches of all the surrounding trees bent beneath the weight of monkeys finding place.

Here and there a local chattering broke the silence for a moment when some dry branch snapped, refusing to bear its burden; but mainly the tree folk were quiet.

For many minutes the two worked together over the wounded one; then the elder priest who had the kerchief drew it forth. Skag did not fully understand the words spoken just now, but he fancied what was meant—that this cloth was a token which should disclose the hand that had caused the wound "and seal it unto torment." The second priest's lips moved, apparently with the same covenant. The elder then turned back toward the city, signifying that it would be well for Skag to follow.

After they had walked for some time the old priest halted and drew forth the kerchief again. He examined the monogram woven with a fine needle into the corner. To him the shape of the first English letter was like a plowshare, crossed by an arrow; and the second was like the form in which certain large birds fly in company over

The Forest Seemed to Quiver With a Suffocating Interest, Monkeys Ever Pressing Nearer

the heights of the hill country. The priest looked long; then hid the kerchief once more. And they hurried on.

Near the unwalled city at length the priest sat down before the Pundit, Ratna Ram, whose seat was under the kadamba tree by the temple of Maha Dev. Ratna Ram was learned in the signs of different languages and could write them with a reed so those who had knowledge could decipher his writing, even after many days and at a great distance—Ratna Ram, to whom the gods had given the greatest of all kinds of wisdom, whereby he could secretly hold any knowledge and not speak of it, till the thing should be accomplished. The scribe was well known to Skag, who had studied Hindustani before him for an hour or more on certain days.

Taking the reed from the Pundit, the old priest carefully reproduced the letters he had memorized—A. V. and told the scribe he had found a kerchief, doubtless plucked by a thorn from some foreigner's pocket as he walked deep in the Jungle. He wished to know the identity of the owner.

For a while Ratna Ram sat silent. The priest waited patiently, for he knew the scribe's wisdom was working in him and that he was considering the matter. Then Ratna Ram spoke to the priest:

"O Covenanted, you are learned in many things and I am ignorant; but I am in the midst of the herd and I know the smell of kine. Knowledge of some things has pierced to my understanding like a sharp sword. Consider, O Covenanted, the British Government, who is lord over all this land, over the Mussulman and over us also, over our lands and over all our possessions, in whose hand is the protection of our lives and the safety of our cattle. This foreigner has no honor to the life of any creature of the Jungle, neither in his heart nor in his understanding nor in his laws. But know this and understand it: to the foreigner the life of one human is heavier to hold in the hand than all the lives of all your tribes of the people of Hanuman.

"This is a good and wise thing to remember at this time, for there is no safe place to hide from the foreigner in all this land—no, not even in the rocks if he be searching for those who have taken one of his lives; and there is no force to bring before him to meet his force; and there is no holding the life from him that he will take in punishment; and if many lives have taken his one life he will have them all. Consider these sayings."

When Ratna Ram had ceased speaking the priest sat without answering him for a short space; then he inquired: "Has the foreigner force enough to put between, that we should not accomplish to take the owner of this alive?"

He pointed to the paper of the two letters.

"No. None of his armies are here; but it would not be many days before they would reach this place."

"Not before our purpose could be fulfilled?"

"It may be—not before; but soon after."

"That is well. We fear not death. Shall we not surely die? What matters it? Our Covenant stands."

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All the Air Was a Din of Monkeys, Leaping Along the Highways of the Trees

De Luxe From Paris to Vienna

By ELEANOR FRANKLIN EGAN

THE first first-class train between Paris and Bukharest went through Vienna in mid-February, and created as much of a sensation as though it had been the result of some great new invention marking an epoch in the history of human progress. Everybody was excited about it. A train with sleeping cars and dining cars through from Paris to Bukharest, with Vienna and Budapest on the way!

I rather envied the people who traveled on this train, because to get where I am now I had to follow a devious route and make the best of conditions on the lines of communication when conditions were at their worst.

It is not important perhaps that my preparations included a necessary trip from Paris to London, back again to Paris and then to Rome; encounters with more officials than have any right to exist, and the accumulation of more formidable documents than would have been needed in wartime to carry one all the way into No Man's Land. But it is interesting that the cessation of hostilities resulted in a tightening up rather than in a relaxation of the regulations governing the movements of mere citizens. And I am told it is improbable that these regulations will be abandoned when the Peace Conference has finished redrawing the maps. The world has fastened upon itself a habit of vigilance that will be difficult to break, and for a long time the traveling public will probably be hampered by restrictions that would have resulted before the war in international embitterments.

This applies, however, only to the Allied peoples; our enemies are so glad to see us that they care very little whether we have passports or not. We come with bread, and bread is the thing they are interested in.

I traveled from Rome up to Venice and there caught the train for Triest. The train—there is only one—leaves Venice at nine o'clock in the morning. At least that was what they told me at the hotel, and when I asked the concierge what time I should get to Triest he smiled and answered: "Oh, it oughtn't to take more than five or six hours."

An Easy Way to Lose Trunks

ONE travels nowadays with hand baggage only. It may be due to a disinclination on the part of railway employees to trouble themselves about articles that are merely checked and have no tips attached to them, or it may be due to the general shortage of coal and the elimination for the sake of economy of baggage coaches, but it is a fact that the traveler who starts out with an idea that he is going to be accompanied by a trunk is due to learn something of interest to himself. He is more than likely to get detached from it on the first lap of his journey; then he must give up everything else and spend the rest of his life looking for it.

The hotel baggage porter in Venice told me he had a pocketful of checks that were anywhere from two weeks to two months old; that there was baggage scattered all over Italy which had been booked straight through from Rome to Venice; that he kept away from the hotel as much as he could because a dozen guests or more were always after him about their lost trunks that he had no hope of ever finding; and that if I really cared for my belongings it would be better for me to take them all with me into the carriage. That was when I had some idea of checking a large bag to Triest.

The porter was being very leisurely about it all, and I was getting nervous. On my way through the many winding canals between the hotel and the station my gondoliers had refused to accelerate their rhythmic motions by so much as an extra stroke of their oars, and when I arrived my margin of time in which to catch that nine-o'clock train was about five minutes. I remonstrated with the porter to get him to hurry, and then I fairly ran down the platform and clambered up into a carriage, all out of breath. Whereupon the train stayed right where it was for exactly three hours and ten minutes!

The car I was in was third class promoted to first, the only indications of its bettered fortune being the fare one paid and a careless change of the lettering on its dingy sides. Though it was a bleak, windy January day there was no heat of any kind, and one suffered. The train was already crowded when I arrived and nobody dared to move for fear we might start at any moment. There was no way of getting any information. Nobody knew anything.

Within an hour or so the clammy atmosphere was thick with human odors and cigarette smoke and I saw where I was in for a day of unmitigated discomfort. When I say simply that the car was filthy I am omitting details that cannot be mentioned. Snappy service!

At ten minutes past twelve we pulled out in a snaily way and snailed a way during the afternoon across the dreary, Alp-flanked plain of Venetia. We went up through Udine and Gorizia, and these fought-over places would have been interesting if one could have seen them, but it was quite dark before we crossed the Tagliamento. Then from Gorizia we went down through Monfalcone—which also would have been interesting—and arrived at Triest about half past eight. One hundred and forty miles in eleven and a half hours on the worst train, without exception, that I have ever seen in all my wanderings round the earth.

Italian Troops in Triest

I hardly expected to find Triest a cheerful place, but I was not prepared for quite the degree of unpleasantness in the atmosphere that I encountered. The impression instantly made upon one is that nobody cares whether he does anything or not. The place is filled with Italian officers and troops, and a large part of the population is Italian. But the people of the serving class at least are Austrian and Slav, and they exhibit a dull sort of antipathy toward the stranger, which expresses itself in an indefinite reluctance toward any kind of association with him. They look browbeaten and dispirited and act as though they anticipated a rebuff at every turn.

Prices High and Money Cheap

THERE are a few rickety old horse cabs left in the city—and one taxi!—and the cabmen seem to feel that they might just as well refuse their services, because it is inevitable that any sensible passenger will object to the fantastic fares they are compelled to demand. Before the war two kronen would have been an ample fare for transportation from the station to the near-by Excelsior Hotel, so when my cabman—dripping wet from a cold, wind-driven rain that was making the night hideous—asked for twenty kronen he did it in a manner which implied that he had his guard up and was prepared to defend himself. He was a young Jugoslav.

I asked a wily old Austrian concierge at the desk just inside the hotel entrance if the demand was just, and he said it was. So, having no kronen, I handed the man a ten-lire note, one of a new series that the Italians have issued for arbitrary exchange at two and a half for one.

The concierge took it gently from the cabman's hand and dived into his own pocket for kronen. Whereupon I took it gently from the hand of the concierge and gave it back to the cabman. The concierge looked hurt and hastened to explain that he thought I wanted change; but he really was thinking that because I had just arrived I was ignorant of the value of the new lire, and he was about to rob the cabman of five kronen under my very eyes. The cabman looked at me gratefully enough and made a curious grimace, only to be shoved out through the door by a muttering concierge. I thought to myself: "My! what a happy family!"

And an impression began then which grew upon me thenceforth that every man's hand is against every other man and that kindness and courtesy have departed from among the peoples of this region of the earth.

I had come to this particular hotel because I knew all the representatives of the American Red Cross and Food Administration were living there. In charge of the reception bureau there was a very casual young Austrian—the room clerk, we would call him—who could not give me a room under any circumstances because he had no rooms. The hotel was already overcrowded. But he could put me in a bathroom with a cot bed for the night, and to-morrow maybe —— You would think, perhaps, that I might have made a reservation in advance, but there was no such thing as telegraphic communication for civilians, and one simply had to take one's chances. There is wireless from our naval headquarters at Venice across to the American ships stationed at Triest and I might have taken advantage of that, but truth is I forgot all about it.

And there I was, trying to choose between the alternatives of sleeping in a bathroom and faring forth into the wet wintry night in search of another hotel. I was about to decide in favor of the bathroom when along came Lieutenant Drain. This middle-aged young American is a farmer from Monmouth, Illinois. I did not learn this until later, but I saw at once that he had worked out methods of his own for getting along in furrin parts. He was in Triest as aid to Colonel McIntosh, also of Illinois, the officer sent by Mr. Hoover to superintend

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A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS

By Pelham Grenville Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

III

GEORGE hid her. He did it, too, without wasting precious time by asking questions. In a situation which might well have thrown the quickest witted of men off his balance he acted with promptitude, intelligence and dispatch. The fact is, George had for years been an assiduous golfer; and there is no finer school for teaching concentration and a strict attention to the matter in hand. Few crises, however unexpected, have the power to disturb a man who has so conquered the weakness of the flesh as to have trained himself to bend his left knee, raise his left heel, swing his arms well out from the body, twist himself into the shape of a corkscrew, and use the muscles of the wrist, at the same time keeping his head still and his eye on the ball. It is estimated that there are twenty-three important points to be borne in mind simultaneously while making a drive at golf; and to the man who has mastered the art of remembering them all the task of hiding girls in taxicabs is mere child's play. To pull down the blinds on the side of the vehicle nearest the curb was with George the work of a moment. Then he leaned out of the center window in such a manner as completely to screen the interior of the cab from public view.

We All of Us Have Our Achilles Heel, and in the Case of the Stout Young Man That Heel Was His Hat

"Thank you so much," murmured a voice behind him. It seemed to come from the floor.

"Not at all," said George, trying a sort of vocal chip-shot out of the corner of his mouth, designed to loft his voice backward and lay it dead inside the cab.

He gazed upon Piccadilly with eyes from which the scales had fallen. Reason told him that he was still in Piccadilly. Otherwise it would have seemed incredible to him that this could be the same street which a moment before he had passed judgment upon and found flat and uninteresting. True, in its salient features it had altered little. The same number of stodgy-looking people moved up and down. The buildings retained their air of not having had a bath since the days of the Tudors. The east wind still blew. But, though superficially the same, in reality Piccadilly had altered completely. Before it had been just Piccadilly. Now it was a golden street in the City of Romance, a main thoroughfare of Bagdad, one of the principal arteries of the capital of Fairyland. A rose-colored mist swam before George's eyes. His spirits, so low but a few moments back, soared like a good niblick shot out of the bunker of gloom. The years fell away from him, till in an instant, from being a rather poorly preserved, liverish graybeard of sixty-five or so, he became a sprightly lad of twenty-one in a world of springtime and flowers and laughing brooks. In other words, taking it by and large, George felt pretty good. The impossible had happened; heaven had sent him an adventure; and he didn't care if it snowed.

It was possibly the rose-colored mist before his eyes that prevented him from observing the hurried approach of a faultlessly attired young man, aged about twenty-one, who during George's preparations for insuring privacy in his cab had been galloping in pursuit in a resolute manner that suggested a well-dressed bloodhound somewhat overfed and out of condition. Only when this person stopped and began to pant within a few inches of his face did he become aware of his existence.

"You, sir!" said the bloodhound, removing a gleaming silk hat, mopping a pink forehead, and replacing the luminous superstructure once more in position. "You, sir!"

Whatever may be said of the possibility of love at first sight, in which theory George was now a confirmed believer, there can be no doubt that an exactly opposite phenomenon is of frequent occurrence. After one look at some people even friendship is impossible. Such a one, in George's opinion, was this gurgling excrescence underneath the silk hat. He comprised in his single person practically all the qualities which George disliked most. He was, for a young man, extraordinarily obese. Already a second edition of his chin had been published, and the perfectly cut morning coat which incased his upper section bulged out in an opulent semicircle. He wore a little mustache, which to George's prejudiced eye seemed more a complaint than a mustache. His face was red, his manner dictatorial and he was touched in the wind. Take him for all in all, he looked like a bit of bad news.

George had been educated at Lawrenceville and Harvard, and had subsequently had the privilege of mixing socially with many of New York's most prominent theatrical managers; so he knew how to behave himself. No Vere de Vere could have exhibited greater repose of manner.

"And what," he inquired suavely, leaning a little farther out of the cab, "is eating you, Bill?"

A messenger boy, two shabby men engaged in non-essential industries, and a shopgirl paused to observe the scene. Time was not of the essence to these confirmed sightseers. The shopgirl was late already, so it didn't matter if she was any later; the messenger boy had nothing on hand except a message marked "Important: Rush"; and as for the two shabby men, their only immediate plans consisted of a vague intention of getting to some public house and leaning against the wall; so George's time was their time. One of the pair put his head on one side and said "What ho!"; the other picked up a cigar stub from the gutter and began to smoke.

"A young lady just got into your cab," said the stout young man.

"Surely not," said George.

"What the devil do you mean?"

"I've been in the cab all the time, and I should have noticed it."

At this juncture the block in the traffic was relieved and the cab bowled smartly on for some fifty yards, when it was again halted. George, protruding from the window like a snail, was entertained by the spectacle of the pursuit. The hunt was up. Short of throwing his head up and baying, the stout young man behaved exactly as a bloodhound in similar circumstances would have conducted itself. He broke into a jerky gallop, attended by his self-appointed associates; and, considering that the young man was so stout, that the messenger boy considered it unprofessional to hurry, that the shopgirl had doubts as to whether sprinting was quite ladylike, and that the two Bohemians were moving at a quicker gait than a shuffle for the first occasion in eleven years, the cavalcade made good time. The cab was still stationary when they arrived in a body.

"Here he is, guv'nor," said the messenger boy, removing a bead of perspiration with the rush message.

"Here he is, guv'nor," said the nonsmoking Bohemian. "What ho!"

"Here I am!" agreed George affably. "And what can I do for you?"

The smoker spat appreciatively at a passing dog. The point seemed to him well taken. Not for many a day had he so enjoyed himself. In an arid world containing too few goes of gin and too many policemen, a world in which the poor were oppressed and could seldom enjoy even a quiet cigar without having their fingers trodden upon, he found himself for the moment contented, happy and expectant. This looked like a row between toffs, and of all things which most intrigued him a row between toffs ranked highest.

"R!" he said approvingly. "Now you're torkin'!"

The shopgirl had espied an acquaintance in the crowd. She gave tongue:

"Mordee! Cummere! Cummere quick! Sumfin' happ'nin'!"

Maudie, accompanied by perhaps a dozen more of London's millions, added herself to the audience. These all belonged to the class which will gather round and watch silently while a motorist mends a tire. They are not impatient. They do not call for rapid and continuous action. A mere hole in the ground, which of all sights is perhaps the least vivid and dramatic, is enough to grip their attention for hours at a time. They stared at George and George's cab with unblinking gaze. They did not know what would happen or when it would happen, but they intended to wait till something did happen. It might be for years or it might be forever, but they meant to be there when things began to occur.

Speculations became audible.

"Wot is it? 'Naccident?"

"Nah! Gent 'ad 'is pocket picked!"

"Two toffs 'ad a scrap!"

"Feller bilked the cabman!"

A skeptic made a cynical suggestion.

"They're doin' of it for the pictures."

The idea gained instant popularity.

"'Jear that? It's a fillum!"

"Wot o', Charlie?"

"The kemerer's 'idden in the keb."

"Wot'll they be up to next?"

A red-nosed spectator, with a tray of collar studs harnessed to his stomach, started another school of thought. He spoke with decision, as one having authority.

"Nothin' of the blinkin' kind! The fat un's bin 'avin' one or two round the corner, and it's gorn and got into 'is 'ead!"

The driver of the cab, who till now had been ostentatiously unaware that there was any sort of disturbance among the lower orders, suddenly became humanly inquisitive.

"What's it all about?" he asked, swinging round and addressing George's head.

"Exactly what I want to know," said George. He indicated the collar-stud merchant. "The gentleman over there with the portable bargain counter seems to me to have the best theory."

The stout young man, whose peculiar behavior had drawn all this flattering attention from the many-headed and who appeared considerably ruffled by the publicity, had been puffing noisily during the foregoing conversation. Now, having recovered sufficient breath to resume the attack, he addressed himself to George once more:

"Damn it, sir, will you let me look inside that cab?"

"Leave me," said George; "I would be alone."

"There is a young lady in that cab. I saw her get in, and I have been watching ever since and she has not got out, so she is there now." George nodded approval of this close reasoning.

"Your argument seems to be without a flaw. But what then? We applaud the Man of Logic, but what of the Man of Action? What are you going to do about it?"

"Get out of my way!"

"I won't."

"Then I'll force my way in!"

"If you try it I shall infallibly bust you one on the jaw."

The stout young man drew back a pace.

"You can't do that sort of thing, you know."

"I know I can't," said George, "but I shall. In this life, my dear sir, we must be prepared for every emergency. We must distinguish between the unusual and the impossible. It would be unusual for a comparative stranger to lean out of a cab window and soak you one, but you appear to have laid your plans on the assumption that it would be impossible. Let this be a lesson to you!"

"I tell you what it is ——"

"The advice I give to every young man starting life is 'Never confuse the unusual with the impossible!' Take the present case, for instance. If you had only realized the possibility of somebody some day busting you on the jaw when you tried to get into a cab, you might have thought out dozens of crafty schemes for dealing with the matter. As it is you are unprepared. The thing comes on you as a surprise. The whisper flies round the clubs: 'Poor old What's-His-Name has been taken unawares. He cannot cope with the situation!'"

The man with the collar studs made another diagnosis. He was seeing clearer and clearer into the thing every minute.

"Looney!" he decided. "This 'ere one's bin moppin' of it up, and the one in the keb's orf 'is bloomin' onion. That's why 'e's standin' up instead of settin'. 'E won't set down 'cept you bring 'im a bit o' toast, 'cos he thinks 'e's a poached egg."

George beamed upon the intelligent fellow.

"Your reasoning is admirable, but ——"

He broke off here, not because he had not more to say but for the reason that the stout young man, now in quite a berserk frame of mind, made a sudden spring at the cab door and clutched the handle, which he was about to wrench when George acted with all the promptitude and decision which had marked his behavior from the start.

It was a situation which called for the nicest judgment. To allow the assailant free play with the handle, or even to wrestle with him for its possession, entailed the risk that the door might open and reveal the girl. To bust the young man on the jaw as promised, on the other hand, was not in George's eyes a practical policy. Excellent a deterrent as the threat of such a proceeding might be, its actual accomplishment was not to be thought of. Jails yawn and actions for assault lie in wait for those who go about the place busting their fellows on the jaw. No; something swift, something decided was indicated, but something that stopped short of technical battery.

George brought his hand round with a sweep and knocked the stout young man's silk hat off.

The effect was magical. We all of us have our Achilles heel, and—paradoxically enough—in the case of the stout young man that heel was his hat. Superbly built by the only hatter in London who can construct a silk hat that is a silk hat, and freshly ironed by loving hands but a brief hour before at the only shaving-parlor in London where ironing is ironing and not a brutal attack, it was his pride and joy. To lose it was like losing his trousers. It made him feel insufficiently clad. With a passionate cry like that of some wild creature deprived of its young, the erstwhile berserk released the handle and sprang in pursuit. At the same moment the traffic moved on again.

The last George saw was a group scene with the stout young man in the middle of it. The hat had been popped up into the infield, where it had been caught by the messenger boy. The stout young man was bending over it and stroking it with soothing fingers. It was too far off for anything to be audible, but he seemed to George to be murmuring words of endearment to it. Then, placing it on his head, he darted out into the road and George saw him no more.

The audience remained motionless, staring at the spot where the incident had happened. They would continue to do this till the next policeman came along and moved them on.

With a pleasant wave of farewell, in case any of them might be glancing in his direction, George drew in his body and sat down.

The girl in brown had risen from the floor, if she had ever been there, and was now seated composedly at the farther end of the cab.

Albert, the Page Boy, Had Been Courting Earache by Listening at the Keyhole

IV

"WELL, that's that!" said George

"I'm so much obliged," said the girl.

"It was a pleasure," said George.

He was enabled now to get a closer, more leisurely, and much more satisfactory view of this distressed damsel than had been his good fortune up to the present. Small details which, when he had first caught sight of her, distance had hidden from his view, now presented themselves. Her eyes, he discovered, which he had supposed brown, were only brown in their general color scheme. They were shot with attractive little flecks of gold, matching perfectly the little streaks of gold which the sun, coming out again on one of his flying visits and now shining benignantly once more on the world, revealed in her hair. Her chin was square and determined, but its resoluteness was contradicted by a dimple and by the pleasant good humor of the mouth; and a further softening of the face was effected by the nose, which seemed to have started out with the intention of being dignified and aristocratic, but had defeated its purpose by tilting very slightly at the tip. This was a girl who would take chances, but would take them with a smile and laugh when she lost.

George was but an amateur physiognomist, but he could read what was obvious in the faces he encountered; and the more he looked at this girl the less was he able to understand the scene which had just occurred. The thing mystified him completely. For all her good humor, there was an air, a manner, a something capable and defensive about this girl with which he could not imagine any man venturing to take liberties. The gold-brown eyes, as they met his now, were friendly and smiling, but he could imagine them freezing into a stare baleful enough and haughty enough to quell such a person as the silk-hatted young man with a single glance. Why then had that superfatted individual been able to demoralize her to the extent of flying to the shelter of strange cabs? She was composed enough now, it was true, but it had been quite plain that at the moment when she entered the taxi her nerve had momentarily forsaken her. There were mysteries here beyond George.

The girl looked steadily at George and George looked steadily at her for the space of perhaps ten seconds. She seemed to George to be summing him up, weighing him. That the inspection proved satisfactory was shown by the fact that at the end of this period she smiled. Then she laughed, a clear, pealing laugh which to George was far more musical than the most popular song hit he had ever written.

"I suppose you are wondering what it's all about?" she said. This was precisely what George was wondering most consumedly.

"No, no," he said, "not at all. It's not my business."

"And of course you're much too well bred to be inquisitive about other people's business?"

"Of course I am. What was it all about?"

"I'm afraid I can't tell you."

"But what am I to say to the cabman?"

"I don't know. What do men usually say to cabmen?"

"I mean, he will feel very hurt if I don't give him a full explanation of all this. He stooped from his pedestal to make inquiries just now. Condescension like that surely deserves some recognition."

"Give him a nice big tip."

George was reminded of his reason for being in the cab.

"I ought to have asked you before," he said. "Where can I drive you?"

"Oh, I mustn't steal your cab. Where were you going?"

"I was going back to my hotel. I came out without any money, so I shall have to go there first to get some."

The girl started.

"What's the matter?" asked George.

"I've lost my purse!"

"Good Lord! Had it much in it?"

"Not very much. But enough to buy a ticket home."

"Any use my asking where that is?"

"None, I'm afraid."

"I wasn't going to, of course."

"Of course not. That's what I admire so much in you. You aren't inquisitive." George reflected.

"There's only one thing to be done: You will have to wait in the cab at the hotel while I go and get some money. Then, if you'll let me, I can lend you what you require."

"It's much too kind of you. Could you manage eleven shillings?"

"Easily. I've just had a legacy."

"Of course, if you think I ought to be economical I'll go third class. That would be only five shillings. Ten and six is the first-class fare. So you see the place I want to get to is two hours from London."

"Well, that's something to know."

"But not much, is it?"

"I think I had better lend you a sovereign. Then you'll be able to buy a lunch basket."

"You think of everything. And you're perfectly right. I shall be starving. But how do you know you will get the money back?"

"I'll risk it."

"Well, then, I shall have to be inquisitive and ask your name. Otherwise I shan't know where to send the money."

"Oh, there's no mystery about me. I'm an open book."

"You needn't be horrid about it. I can't help being mysterious."

"I didn't mean that."

"It sounded as if you did. Well, who is my benefactor?"

"My name is George Bevan. I am staying at the Carlton at present."

"I'll remember."

The taxi moved slowly down the Haymarket. The girl laughed.

"Yes?" said George.

"I was only thinking of back there. You know, I haven't thanked you nearly enough for all you did. You were wonderful!"

"I'm very glad I was able to be of any help."

"What did happen? You must remember I couldn't see a thing except your back, and I could only hear indistinctly."

"Well, it started by a man galloping up and insisting that you had got into the cab. He was a fellow with the appearance of a before-using advertisement of an antifat medicine and the manners of a ring-tailed chimpanzee."

The girl nodded.

"Then it was Percy! I knew I wasn't mistaken."

"Percy?"

"That is his name."

"It would be! I could have bet on it."

"What happened then?"

"I reasoned with the man, but didn't seem to soothe him, and finally he made a grab for the door handle, so I knocked off his hat, and while he was retrieving it we moved on and escaped."

The girl gave another silver peal of laughter.

"Oh, what a shame I couldn't see it! But how resourceful of you! How did you happen to think of it?"

"It just came to me," said George modestly.

A serious look came into the girl's face. The smile died out of her eyes. She shivered. "When I think how some men might have behaved in your place!"

"Oh, no. Any man would have done just what I did. Surely, knocking off Percy's hat was an act of simple courtesy which anyone would have performed automatically!"

"You might have been some awful bounder! Or, what would have been almost worse, a slow-witted idiot who would have stopped to ask questions before doing anything! To think I should have had the luck to pick you out of all London!"

"I've been looking on it as a piece of luck—but entirely from my viewpoint."

She put a small hand on his arm and spoke earnestly:

"Mr. Bevan, you mustn't think that because I've been laughing a good deal and have seemed to treat all this as a joke you haven't saved me from real trouble. If you hadn't been there and hadn't acted with such presence of mind, it would have been terrible!"

"But surely, if that fellow was annoying you you could have called a policeman?"

"Oh, it wasn't anything like that. It was much, much worse. But I mustn't go on like this. It isn't fair to you." Her eyes lit up again with the old shining smile. "I know you have no curiosity about me, but still there's no knowing whether I might not arouse some if I went on piling up the mystery. And the silly part is that really there's no mystery at all. It's just that I can't tell anyone about it."

"That very fact seems to me to constitute the makings of a pretty fair mystery."

"Well, what I mean is, I'm not a princess in disguise trying to escape from anarchists, or anything like those things you read about in books. I'm just in a perfectly simple piece of trouble. You would be bored to death if I told you about it."

"Try me!"

She shook her head.

"No! Besides, here we are." The cab had stopped at the hotel, and a commissionaire was already opening the door. "Now, if you haven't repented of your rash offer and really are going to be so awfully kind as to let me have that money, would you mind rushing off and getting it, because I must hurry. I can just catch a good train, and it's hours to the next."

"Will you wait here? I'll be back in a moment."

"Very well."

The last George saw of her was another of those exhilarating smiles of hers. It was literally the last he saw of her, for when he returned not more than two minutes later, the cab had gone, the girl had gone, and the world was empty.

To him, gaping at this wholly unforeseen calamity, the commissionaire vouchsafed information.

"The young lady took the cab on, sir."

"Took the cab on?"

"Almost immediately after you had gone, sir, she got in again and told the man to drive to Waterloo."

George could make nothing of it. He stood there in silent perplexity, and might have continued to stand indefinitely, had not his mind been distracted by a dictatorial voice at his elbow.

"You, sir!"

A second taxicab had pulled up, and from it a stout, scarlet-faced young man had sprung. One glance told George all. The hunt was up once more. The bloodhound had picked up the trail. Percy was in again!

For the first time since he had become aware of her flight, George was thankful that the girl had disappeared. He perceived that he had too quickly eliminated Percy from the list of the Things That Matter. Engrossed with his own affairs, and having regarded their late skirmish as a decisive battle from which there would be no rallying, he had overlooked the possibility of this annoying and unnecessary person following them in another cab, a task which, in the congested, slow-moving traffic, must have been a perfectly simple one. Well, here he was, his soul manifestly all stirred up and his blood pressure at a far higher figure than his doctor would have approved of, and the matter would have to be opened all over again.

"Now then!" said the stout young man.

George regarded him with a critical and unfriendly eye. He disliked this fatty degeneration excessively. Looking him up and down he could find no point about him that gave him the least pleasure, with the single exception of the state of his hat, in the side of which he was rejoiced to perceive there was a large and unshapely dent.

"You thought you had shaken me off! You thought you'd given me the slip! Well, you're wrong!"

George eyed him coldly.

"I know what's the matter with you," he said. "Someone's been feeding you meat!"

The young man bubbled with fury. His face turned a deeper scarlet. He gesticulated.

"You blackguard! Where's my sister?"

At this extraordinary remark the world rocked about George dizzily. The words upset his entire diagnosis of the situation. Until that moment he had looked upon this man as a Lothario, a pursuer of damsels. That the other could possibly have any right on his side had never occurred to him. He felt unmanned by the shock. It seemed to cut the ground from under his feet.

"Your sister!"

"You heard what I said! Where is she?"

George was still endeavoring to adjust his scattered faculties. He felt foolish and apologetic. He had imagined himself unassailably in the right, and it now appeared that he was in the wrong.

For a moment he was about to become conciliatory. Then the recollection of the girl's panic and her hints at some trouble which threatened her—presumably through the medium of this man, brother or no brother—checked him. He did not know what it was all about, but the one thing that did stand out clearly in the welter of confused happenings was the girl's need for his assistance. Whatever might be the rights of the case, he was her accomplice and must behave as such.

"I don't know what you're talking about," he said.

The young man shook a large gloved fist in his face.

"You blackguard!"

A rich, deep, soft, soothing voice slid into the heated scene. "What's all this?"

A vast policeman had materialized from nowhere. He stood beside them, a living statue of vigilant authority. One thumb rested easily in his broad belt. The fingers of the other hand caressed lightly a mustache that had caused more heartburnings among the gentler sex than any other two mustaches in the C Division. The eyes above the mustache were stern and questioning.

(Continued on Page 89)

"'Stone Walls Do Not a Prison Make Nor Iron Bars a Cage,'" Maud Said Softly. "I Love Him and I Always Shall Love Him. Nothing Is Going to Stop Me"

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 17, 1919

What Government Might Do

IN THE first three months of this year new corporations chartered by the several states in which corporation organizing is most active had a total capitalization of one billion one hundred and twenty-three million dollars. Those are the figures on paper, but what they mean in fact nobody knows. Some of the states, as a lawyer playfully remarked, will charter a company to do anything except commit murder. Others have stricter ideas, but a company chartered in one state can usually do business in any state.

We are as much opposed as any reasonable person can be to unnecessary or meddlesome interference by government in private business. But there is no question of government interference here. Men voluntarily go to the Government for a charter under its seal because they find an advantage in it. The Government has not only a clear right but a duty to see that its seal and the powers which it grants are legitimately used. Formerly many states handed out charters as a matter of course to anybody who applied. For two dollars you could get the state's license to do anything you pleased short of homicide. A few states still have that free-and-easy attitude. All these fake stock swindlers can show a state charter for their bogus companies.

A corporation's charter ought to mean something. A corporation's capitalization ought to mean something. If five men form a partnership and put in ten thousand dollars apiece they do not write their capital down on the books at a hundred thousand dollars.

There would be no point in that unless they meant to deceive their creditors. Overstating a corporation's capital is merely deceit. Finally, that is the motive for it. No state ought to sanction it.

There ought to be a Federal incorporation law for every concern doing an interstate business, with sharp penalties for false statements.

Would it Pay?

STEEL, above all other commodities, was the metal with which the war was fought. The annual report of the United States Steel Corporation says: "It is believed the efforts of the Government were never to an important extent lessened or delayed by lack of a proper supply of steel."

Also: "Except for the existence of highly integrated units, with large capacity for the production and transportation of steel products, and their perfection of organization, system, improvements and methods, the military necessities of the United States and its associates in the war could not have been adequately provided."

The Steel Corporation alone produced twenty million tons of steel ingots in 1918, or double the total production of the United States the year before the corporation was organized.

The report also shows that net profits for the year were two hundred and eight million dollars, out of which capital received one hundred and twenty-seven million dollars in interest and dividends, while eighty-one millions were set aside for depreciation, sinking funds and surplus. And the pay roll for the year was four hundred and fifty-two million dollars.

On the face of the returns, therefore, if the corporation had been Bolsheviked, its entire capital confiscated and the total net product—including not only interest and dividends but depreciation and sinking fund charges and surplus—distributed among the working force, labor would have received forty-six per cent more than it did receive, and the average pay of each of the two hundred and sixty-eight thousand men would have been raised from sixteen hundred and eighty-five dollars for the year to twenty-four hundred and sixty dollars, the increase being sixty-five dollars a month.

Provided, however, that the Bolsheviked corporation had been managed with the same skill and ability, which is an excessively improbable assumption. The net profit of two hundred and odd million dollars is less than one-eighth of the corporation's gross business for the year. If the Bolshevik management had been one-eighth less efficient labor would have received no more though capital received nothing.

All the Bolshevik managements we know of are less efficient by several eighths.

In 1914 the average earnings of each employee were nine hundred and five dollars, and in 1918 sixteen hundred and eighty-five dollars.

This increase of eighty-six per cent is considerably more than the increase in cost of living. Wages were raised three times during 1918—in April, August and October—so for the last month of the year the average earnings of each employee were at the rate of nineteen hundred and fifty dollars a year, an increase of one hundred and fifteen per cent as compared with 1914.

This increase, we submit, is decidedly more than labor would actually have got if the corporation had been Bolsheviked, and its capital confiscated, back in 1914.

As between a Bolsheviked nation, without any riots, rapine or disorder, and a nation under the régime of private capital, a five-year test will show industrial wage labor getting much more in solid returns in the latter than in the former, to say nothing of the effect upon any other members of society.

Time to Get Started

FOR many years the people of Pittsburgh and that region have been much interested in control and improvement of waterways. They have had a flood problem, a navigation problem, a water-power problem. They did not want the Monongahela and Allegheny Rivers periodically in their cellars. They wanted to get their coal down to Ohio and lower Mississippi points by a cheap natural carrier.

They were no long distance from the Great Lakes, with a natural water channel most of the way.

A good deal of local work has been done; but their water problem runs into the Ohio and that runs into the Mississippi, naturally linking up with the big tributaries of those streams and spreading itself in its various ramifications over a great section of the continent. It has various aspects. Every now and then an ocean of water rolls down the valleys, not only uselessly but playing havoc with everything in its reach. A few months later in some of the channels down which the flood swept there is not water enough to float a skiff or turn a wheel.

Then there is the question of navigation and of power development. Pittsburgh or Pennsylvania or any other one state cannot possibly deal adequately with the problem. No possible local or district dealing with it can be adequate. Nearly everywhere waterway problems are on that pattern. They run out of local bounds and spread into various technical fields.

An amendment to the River and Harbor Law of 1917 authorizes the President to appoint a permanent national waterways commission that can enlist proper expert talent and study this waterway question broadly, nationally, as it should be studied, mapping the foundations of a national scheme of waterway improvement. The exigencies of war presumably have kept the President from acting on this authorization. It is time we got started. For years energy has been expended and time lost on a great many local or district schemes as to the feasibility of which there has been endless controversy. We want to know authoritatively where and in what manner waterway improvement will probably prove profitable. We want a national authority, a national scheme.

Coal and Wages

COAL was long an important item in British foreign trade. It was a good business getter. The only important raw material that England sent out in bulk, it played a part in trade strategy. A ship that brought a cargo to the British Isles could count on a cargo of coal outbound. War of course radically interfered. From 1913 to 1918 production of coal fell off one-fifth and exports declined considerably more than half. Recently England has been disturbed by our inroads into her coal trade. In 1917 British exports of coal to South America were only eleven per cent of what they were in 1913, and in the same time American exports of coal to the same ports increased nearly fivefold.

British miners now demand a further increase of two shillings a day in wages, a six-hour workday and nationalization of the mines, or government ownership. By decreasing the output and increasing the cost, that would most likely stop exports of coal altogether. The price to domestic consumers could be raised or a deficit on the operation of the mines could be paid out of the national treasury.

But England must import many things—the larger part of her food, and raw materials for her factories. Before the war she partly paid for the imports by exporting coal. She is paying for imports now with I O U's—which cannot last indefinitely. Finally she can pay only by producing goods at a price that foreign markets will pay. One or two particular industries—the railroads or the coal mines—might be operated indefinitely by the government at a deficit to be covered by taxation, but with many industries in that position England would have nothing with which to buy foreign food. Theorizing socialism recognizes no limit beyond which shorter hours and higher wages cannot go; but the limit is there.

The Record in Spending

ACTUAL warfare ended when only four months of this fiscal year had elapsed. Representative Good, chairman of the Appropriations Committee of the next House, estimates that appropriations for the fiscal year will slightly exceed ten billion dollars, which would make the total amount appropriated by Congress during the war and to the end of this fiscal year, June thirtieth next, a little more than forty-seven billion dollars—an amount that the ordinary mortal mind simply has to give up.

To meet this expenditure Congress levied taxes amounting to nearly seventeen billion dollars and borrowed or authorized the borrowing of about twenty-five billions, leaving a balance in red ink still to be made up. The Congress that did these prodigious things was very ill-equipped for doing them, badly organized and operating under archaic, wasteful methods. How much of that prodigious sum might have been saved to the people of the United States if their Government managed its affairs as competently as any private concern that remains solvent must, may be a subject of painful academic speculation, but it has no practical relevancy now. Among our war achievements not the least conspicuous is the fact that we spent money in a way to make Croesus dizzy.

Congressman Good also calculates that in the next fiscal year, beginning eight months after actual fighting stopped and ending June 30, 1920, the Government will spend about three billion eight hundred million dollars. Such estimates have a disagreeable way of proving under rather than over the mark.

That is a subject of more than academic interest. The appropriations have not been made yet; or the money spent. There is time to insist, effectually, that the appropriations shall be made on an intelligent system and the spending done with reasonable approximation to sound economy.

Watch this new Congress. It must make good its promises of budget reform. The executive departments still need efficiency engineering. Customary government waste, when we are spending billions, is a drain the country cannot afford.

The New Charity

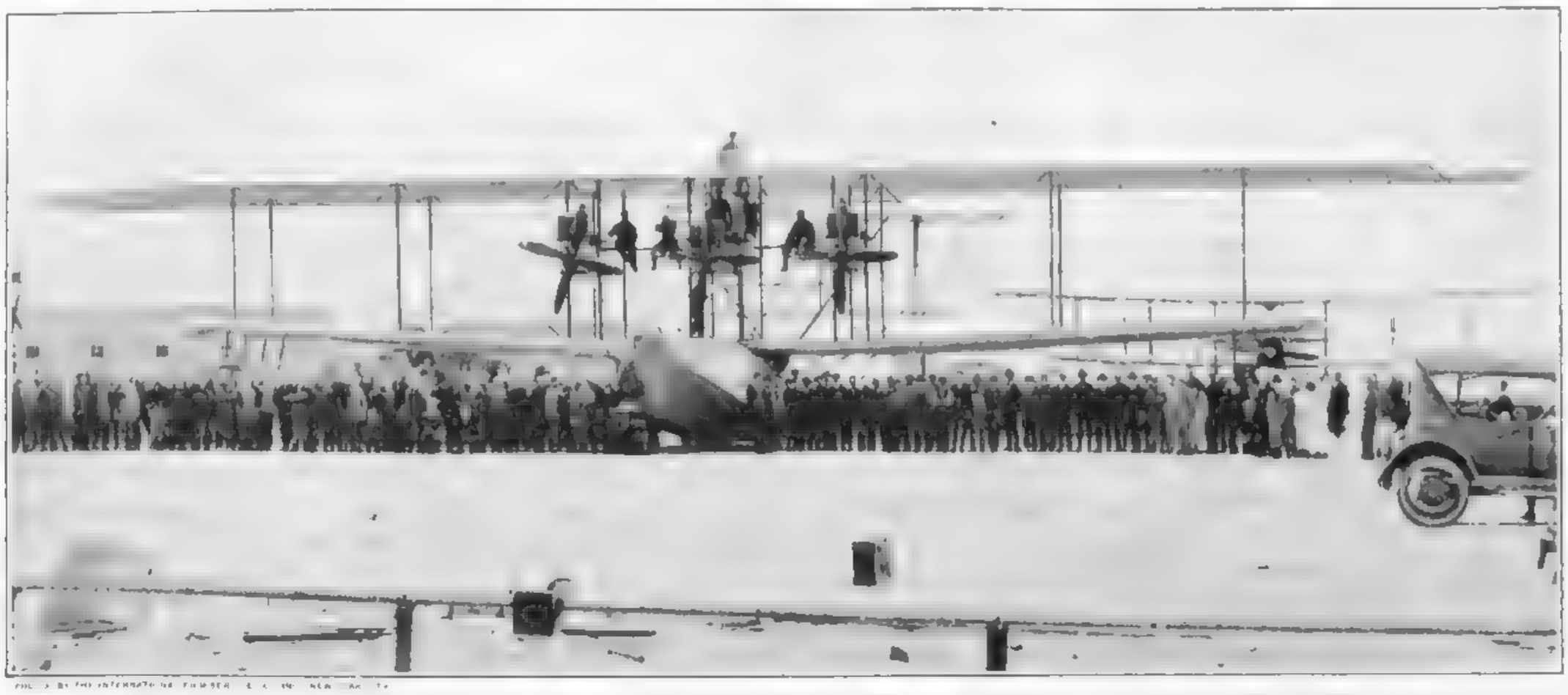
TWO and a half billion dollars to farmers for this year's wheat crop, under the government guaranteed base price of two-twenty-six a bushel, is what the Department of Agriculture's forecast pleasantly indicates. We know that railroad wages have been increased by about a billion dollars a year. What has happened to other wages is indicated by the Steel Corporation's report that the average pay of its employees, except those in the administrative and selling departments, rose from two dollars and eighty-eight cents a day in 1914 to six dollars and twenty-three cents a day in December, 1918.

On the other hand a person with an income of one hundred thousand dollars a year pays thirty-five thousand of it to the Government in income tax; one with an income of five hundred thousand pays three hundred and twenty-odd thousand income tax; one with an income of a million pays more than seven hundred thousand income tax.

That is a fact picture of our ruthless plutocracy at work. That is the way the country is actually writhing under the iron hand of Wall Street.

If Mr. Davison is about through managing the Red Cross we suggest that he organize the Double Cross to collect dollars from charitable workmen and farmers in order to buy bread and shoes for Wall Street.

IN 1920?—By F. Britten Austin



The Huge Naval Flying Boat N-C-1, in Which an Attempt Will be Made to Cross the Ocean, Ready For a Trial Spin at Rockaway Beach, N. Y.

OLD Sir Henry Winthrop looked up in sharp annoyance from behind his vast writing table in the chastely palatial inner sanctum of Winthrops', Limited, London head offices. The frown did not abate even when the quick gray eyes under those pouched and heavy lids had recognized Jackson, the general manager, faultlessly adequate in appearance and reality to his five thousand pounds a year, in the intruder. After all not even Jackson had the right to enter without knocking! The liberty was so unusual that the alert brain in that massive old head suspended condemnation in a swift apprehension of reason for the abnormality—though the door unclosed behind the sacrilegist added a fresh count to the impeachment.

The annoyance lasted merely for the fraction of a second in which Jackson progressed halfway across the carpet—and Jackson moved with the swiftness of high excitement. The perception of an evening newspaper in his general manager's hand called up a quick misgiving which permitted only an acute suspense. Before he could utter his query Jackson had spoken, unable to wait for near approach.

"Look, sir!" he cried, holding out the newspaper while yet remote from the table. "Read that!"

He thrust the sheet under his chief's eyes, pointed an eager finger at a small paragraph.

"What—what's the matter?" said the old man, fumbling for his pince-nez and adjusting them with a deliberation which was a victory over secret nervousness. "What's the excitement?"

"Read, sir!" reiterated Jackson.

The old man frowned myopically and read:

"Lord Rogerholm was among the passengers on the Hispania, which left Liverpool for New York this afternoon. It is understood that he represents a combination which includes several of the most important British engineering firms ——"

"By Jove!" cried the old man, staring blankly at the sheet. Then recovering himself he said in a tone of assertion which was evidently merely a refused recognition of the fact: "No! It's impossible! I saw him only yesterday afternoon. He didn't even hint at it. He wouldn't dare! Surely, he wouldn't dare!"

He frowned for a moment, then he snatched up the receiver of the telephone on his desk.

"Hello! Westminster 95380! Quickly! . . . Hello! Is that Rogerholm & Sons? . . . Put me through to Lord Rogerholm—Sir Henry Winthrop speaking! . . . What? . . . Put me through to his secretary, then! . . . Hello! Sir Henry Winthrop; I want to speak to Lord Rogerholm. . . . Out of town? Will he be back to-morrow? . . . But surely he gave a date! . . . No address?" His voice rose in incredulity. "Oh, I see—complete rest. . . . Yes; all right." The old man's eyes flashed as he suavely concurred in this detected mendacity. "All right!"

He put back the receiver and looked up to his general manager.

"The old scoundrel has beaten us, Jackson! I ought never to have trusted him." He brought down his hand in a heavy crash upon the table. "There goes the biggest job of the century—and a cool million! By Jove, Jackson, at my time of life—by old Rogerholm—to be tricked out of a million!" His voice was bitter.

"A million, uncle! That's depressing, just when I want you to cash my check for a hundred!"

Jackson's switch round and the old man's start of surprise were simultaneous. The tall young man who had entered unobserved through the unclosed door nodded familiarly and uttered a short laugh which was the vocal expression of his frank smile.

"Sorry, uncle. I didn't mean to intrude. I was late for the bank—and I thought you would be good enough to act as my cashier. It's rather urgent."

An expression of kindliness flitted momentarily into old Sir Henry's eyes as they rested on the young man.

"All right, Jimmy. We'll see what we can do." He glanced abeyance of the matter in hand to Jackson, who stood fuming under apparent impassivity. "How's journalism?"

"Booming!" The young man's face lit up, his voice came on a note of enthusiasm. "I'm on a first-class stunt right now! That's why I want that hundred in a hurry. The biggest 'exclusive' since Noah's dove!"

The old man nodded in appreciation of success.

"You wouldn't be a Winthrop if you didn't make good, Jimmy," he said, looking a little wistfully at youth so radiantly confident of itself. He paused for a moment, sat with his fist pressed against his mouth, a look as of far-off reminiscence in his old eyes. "Well, I've had a good innings, Jimmy, and I can't complain, I suppose—but I never thought you would catch your old uncle at this moment. Jimmy, my boy, I've just been beaten on the post by a man I've distanced all my life—though he did buy a title." He smiled grimly. "There's a confession for the head of the family to make!"

"The million, uncle?" queried Jimmy cheerfully. "Well, you can afford it!"

"Oh—afford it!" agreed the old man contemptuously. "It isn't that. It's being beaten that gets me. And I'm fairly done—done, by Jove, by a common confidence trick!"

Jimmy sat down with the air of one taking his seat at a play.

"Uncle," he observed with perfect solemnity, "this is a historic moment. I must imbibe its full significance. You will forgive me if I scrutinize you somewhat narrowly? I feel I want to put out my hand and touch you. A confidence trick! No, it can't be real—this is illusion—a delicious illusion!"

The old man met his eyes and laughed.

"No," he said. "It's real enough. You may as well hear the story." He ignored the warning frown that flitted over Jackson's face. "It is ancient history now—and there can be no harm in telling you. Take it as a lesson, my boy. Always be sure of yourself—but never cocksure." The old eyes looked into the young ones in emphasis of the point. Jimmy smiled dutifully. Old Sir Henry nodded and resumed:

"I'd got the biggest scheme of the century, Jimmy. I'd been working it out for more than a year in all its details. I don't mind confessing that I thought myself a bit of a Napoleon as I thought it out. It was so big that I couldn't possibly undertake it alone. It's a thing that requires the combined efforts of not only the big British firms but the big American ones as well. A thing that must be bitten off in a big mouthful. The resuscitation of the war-devastated manufacturing area which is so terribly embarrassing the French Government—there you have it. Everything was worked out—clearances, rebuildings, power supply, transport facilities—costs and profits. Nothing left to chance, nothing unforeseen. The biggest thing of my life, Jimmy!"

He passed his hand over the square brow that bulked over the shrewd eyes, and Jimmy thought suddenly of the big things that brain had conceived and carried into execution.

"I should have made a well-earned million in five years for my share—and no one would have grudged it to me. Well, I had to trust someone, so I trusted Rogerholm. He's the next biggest. I gave him all the plans and invited him in. Then I proposed to go to America. We couldn't do it alone—and I knew old Whittaker, the head of the American combine, had imagination enough to recognize a big thing when he saw it, and power enough to bring all the necessary firms into line. But so far I had said nothing to Whittaker. I was waiting for Rogerholm's decision. Well, Jimmy, Rogerholm has made a private arrangement with some other British firms, and he has gone off to America with my plans. I'm cut out—cut out!"

He finished in a spasm of anger that swelled the veins upon the big forehead and flushed his scalp pink under the gray hair.

"He's gone off with the whole bag of tricks! Turned me inside out, confound him! And left me on the beach!"

"When did he leave, uncle?"

"This afternoon, by the Hispania."

Jimmy jumped to his feet with something like a shout:

"By the Lord, uncle! You can beat him yet!"

The old man stared.

"Don't talk nonsense, Jimmy. The Hispania is the fastest thing on the Atlantic." He glanced at the calendar on his desk. "To-day is May the twenty-second. By midday of the twenty-eighth Rogerholm will be sitting in

Whittaker's office in New York and passing off my plans as his own, confound him!"

"Cable to Whittaker for an appointment at noon of the twenty-fifth!"

Jackson swung round in a sudden doubt of the young man's sanity.

"And get there first!"

Old Sir Henry frowned irritably. A joke was a joke, but this was going too far.

"My dear boy, there isn't another boat for two days."

"Boat! Who wants a boat? To-morrow is the inaugural trip of the aëro mail to New York. Have you forgotten? I'm going by it, the only journalist. That's the exclusive stunt I spoke of. You're going too! By Jove, this is the biggest thing yet! What a story! Here, let me use your telephone!"

He sprang to the desk, lifted the receiver and shouted a number. Then while he waited for the connection he turned and spoke over his shoulder to the old man:

"They are scheduled to do it in sixty hours—government contract—and you can bet your life they'll be up to time. Start six o'clock to-morrow morning."

"But—Jimmy," expostulated the old man, rising nervously to his feet, "I can't ——"

"Hello! Hello!" called Jimmy, suddenly imperturbable, into the telephone. "Is that the Transatlantic Aërial Company? . . . Right—put me through to the general manager. . . . Yes, Mr. Goldingham—at once, please—urgent. . . . Hello. That you, Goldingham? . . . This is Winthrop, of the Daily Radio. I say, you've got to make room for another passenger to-morrow. . . . What? Oh, it's got to be possible! . . . Throw someone out! . . . This is the biggest thing ever! I'm going to give you an advertisement that will thrill two continents. Trust me! I want you to take Sir Henry Winthrop with us—you know, the big engineer—the millionaire man! Another millionaire has skedaddled across to New York with a stolen scheme—started to-day in the Hispania. It's old Sir Henry's scheme and he swears he'll get there first—there's a million at stake. . . . What! . . . My dear chap, you don't know Sir Henry. He's never been beaten in his life! He's going by the aëro mail to-morrow if he has to buy up your company, lock, stock and barrel, to-night to do it. And every newspaper in two continents is going to headline the race. . . . What? . . . Look here, Goldingham, one representative of your company is enough for the first trip, and Sir Henry offers you a thousand pounds down for your place. . . . Yes—right, that's a deal!"

He hung up the receiver and turned to Sir Henry. "And cheap at the price, uncle!"

"But, my dear Jimmy ——"

"Excuse me, uncle," replied the imperturbable Jimmy, picking up the receiver again; "I can't allow sentiment in business hours. Thank me later. You'd like old Rogerholm made a public ass, I suppose?"

"I'd give a fortune for it!" responded the old man fervently. "But really I'm not going to ——"

"Hello! Hello!" said Jimmy into the telephone. He gave a number, waited.

"Jimmy," cried the old man, "this is ridiculous madness! I haven't even thought it out! You are going altogether too fast!"

"Not half so fast as we shall go to-morrow, uncle!" was the cheerful rejoinder. He turned his attention to the telephone: "Hello! Is that the Radio? . . . Put me through to the News Editor. . . . Hello! That you, Dick? . . . Jimmy Winthrop speaking. I say, old man, I want another column to-morrow. Greatest story in the world! Headline it Romance of Modern Business! Millionaires race, aëroplane against liner, across the Atlantic! The nineteenth century versus the twentieth! A million at stake! How's that? . . . Righto, I'll come along to the office and give you the story. Make arrangements for it to be radioed out to the Atlantic shipping. With you in ten minutes!" He put down the instrument and turned once more to Sir Henry, who stood regarding him with a speechless stare.

"That will spoil old Rogerholm's breakfast to-morrow morning, uncle! He'll read that you've started—and he'd give his fortune to be able to fly off the ship!"

"But, my dear Jimmy," expostulated the old man, "I've never told you ——"

"There's no need for compliments between us, uncle," said Jimmy cheerfully. "We understand each other without words. Now pack up your specifications—and I'll pick you up with the car at five A. M. to-morrow. Don't forget to cable to Whittaker and make that appointment. Noon on the twenty-fifth in his office. Here's that check of mine. You can give me the cash in the morning. I've got enough till then. Excuse my rushing off, uncle; I want to get that story in."

He waved his hand and vanished. A moment later they heard him ringing furiously at the elevator bell.

Old Sir Henry mopped his forehead with a voluminous handkerchief.

"What do you think of that, Jackson?" he asked with unwonted feebleness.

"It's our only chance, sir," replied Jackson with a calm impassivity which earned him the momentary detestation of his chief. "I'll get those specifications out of the safe."

He also went out, with what Sir Henry felt to be a heartless briskness.

The old man sat down and fingered the calendar thoughtfully for some moments. Then on a sudden impulse he wrote out a cablegram for New York.

An extremely alive portion of old Sir Henry's soul, long comfortable in regular habits of the body which housed it, contemplated with bewilderment and some alarm that body wrapped in the vastest of fur coats being whirled along the empty London streets at the unholy hour of five-five A. M. That soul had no taste for physical adventure and disliked extremely what it felt to be an imminent possibility of being rendered homeless. It had objected all night long. And it had marveled at the insanity of another part of itself when old Sir Henry had impulsively escaped from hopeless insomnia by jumping from his bed at four A. M. and ringing for his astonished valet.

And there he was, the attaché case of precious specifications on his knee, a small suitcase of necessaries next to the driver on the front seat, listening speechlessly to Jimmy's excited chatter as the car bore him swiftly eastward to the Transatlantic Aërial Company's starting point at Tilbury. Of course it was madness, but another part of him—the part that had fought through many a close battle in the past—thought of old Lord Rogerholm reading the wireless bulletin over his breakfast in the stateroom on the Hispania—and smiled grimly.

At last with a little inner shock of confronted destiny he saw the new red-brick gateway inscribed with the staring white entitlement of the company which his timorous indwelling soul felt assured had been formed by Fate for the sure accomplishment of his doom. A little knot of curious sightseers clustered round a cinematograph man at the entrance. A motor mail van preceding them swung into the gateway.

"We're in good time, uncle—don't worry!" said Jimmy cheerfully. "That's the mail for New York."

The part of Sir Henry which kept up appearances was constrained to nod and to speak in a normal voice.

"Special postage rate, I suppose?" he heard it say, and was pleased with its casual tone. No one would suspect how his soul abhorred the whole business.

"Rather! Half crown the ounce. But it pays. Think! A plain-message letter of a couple of thousand words—how much would that cost by deferred cable rates? Pounds sterling! These people deliver it for half a crown, and very nearly as quickly. Post at midnight in London on the twenty-second—delivered in New York by the evening of the twenty-fifth at the latest. And they are going to do it every day. But of course we have got used to the quick transmission of messages. The wonderful thing is to shift human beings across the world at this pace. Think of yourself having dinner with old Whittaker in New York day after to-morrow! It doesn't seem possible, does it?"

"It doesn't!" agreed the old man emphatically.

He called up the possibility and failed to visualize it. He saw only that waste of deep blue, running, lifting waves he had so often contemplated from the promenade deck of a liner—and thought how cold they would be to fall into.

The car swerved round to the façade of a new building which fronted the river. Other motor cars were drawn up in a bunch by the central doorway.

"Here we are, uncle!" cried the ever cheerful Jimmy. "The other passengers have got there first—but we're in time."

"How many of them?" queried the old man, with a sudden vision of recklessly overcrowded enthusiasts, all intoxicated with the prospect of immolation in this modern Juggernaut of the air.

"Twenty, normally," said Jimmy. "Fare, one hundred pounds each. That makes two thousand per trip, exclusive of the mail contract, for the company. Of course to-day is a special day—and no one minds what he pays. You got in dirt cheap at a thousand, uncle!"

"Yes, I suppose so," agreed Sir Henry, surrendering himself to complete unveracity.

After all, it might be the last money he ever spent, and the extravagance befitted the madness of this end.

Jimmy leaped from the car as it slowed to a standstill and ran to greet a tall sharp-faced man in a soft hat and tweeds, who was at that moment comparing his watch with the clock on the front of the company's offices.

"All right, Goldingham!" he cried. "We're up to time. It wants five minutes to six. Let me introduce Sir Henry Winthrop." He turned to the burly old figure which followed him heavily in its fur coat. The two men shook hands. "My uncle's tremendously grateful to you for giving up your place, Goldingham—but it's great business, isn't it?" He laughed with youthful excitement. "The gods arranged it for you, my boy." He clapped the manager on the shoulder. "Two millionaires racing for a million! The Radio has headlined it right across the page. You couldn't have stage-managed such an ad for any money!"

Sir Henry, with the inner feeling of one who dies with dignity upon the field of honor, was gravely tearing a check from the counterfoil. He handed it to Goldingham, who stuffed it carelessly into his vest pocket. The manager's eyes rested on him in a full second of unabashed scrutiny.

"It's a deal," he observed sententiously in an American accent. "I'd been kicking myself for selling out—but you're a live man, Sir Henry."

Sir Henry smiled at what he felt to be a subtle irony. A mighty, deep-toned, reverberating roar, breaking in upon them from somewhere out of sight, prevented his reply.

"Come along!" shouted Goldingham. "They're starting up!"

At a run he led them past a building on the quay to an open view of the river. Out there on the gray water a covey of large seaplanes, with wings folded back, floated on the oily surface like a group of monstrous waterfowl resting after a flight. Beyond them another, with dark wings outspread to an enormous span, triple-tiered on either side of a boatlike hull, rocked slightly on the petty waves which lapped her. From the blurred disks of her five whirling propellers came the swelling, thrumming roar which had stimulated their haste. Behind their revolutions the water fled in quick flattened waves streaked with white. In front of her was a dark lane of river kept clear by swiftly flitting craft which hooted impudently to the old-fashioned freighters lumbering up and down the stream.

A motor boat in a smother of bow-flung spray was racing out to the seaplane. It swung round and hid under her wing.

"The mails!" cried Goldingham, pointing to it. "Get aboard! Here you are!"

Another motor boat was waiting at the quay side. Jimmy dropped into it, caught the precious attaché case flung to him from above, assisted the ponderous form of his uncle down a perilous perpendicular ladder slotted in the quay wall. An impatient steersman twirled over his diminutive wheel in the fine fraction of a second at which they were both aboard; they collided and bumped down into the stern sheets under the sudden vigorous forward impulse of the little craft.

A moment later and they, too, were racing across the open water. A bitterly cold wind cut through them. Jimmy glanced up to the sky and then to the weather horizon. A dark ragged bank of cloud, gilded on the edges of its torn rifts, stretched up to them from the river mouth.

"Wind north-northeast—northeast five thousand feet up!" shouted Jimmy, with the assurance of a newspaper man imparting knowledge, however recently acquired. "The wind always shifts round clockwise every five thousand feet. Northeast five thousand feet—east at ten thousand. We shall go the southern route—by the Azores!"

Old Sir Henry nodded speechlessly, his eyes fixed on the enormous machine they were fast approaching. He dared only one short glance up at that threatening sky, and shuddered.

The roar of the engines stopped suddenly. Their cessation seemed to plunge the world into an uncannily profound peace, where the sirens of the passing freighters sounded a diminutive note. As their craft shot under the lee of the wide-stretched towering wing they noticed men in small boats busy by the buoys to which the giant seaplane was moored, ready to cast her off for her ambitious flight. She lay patiently awaiting her freedom.

Men's faces appeared over high bulwarks of the graceful boat-shaped hull, shouting in voices that sounded strange after the deep-toned, ear-filling roar that had so recently ceased. A ladder hung down from an open gap. They swung round to it with a swirling sidewash, clutched at hanging ropes.

Sir Henry felt himself hoisted up, his senses, slow to adjust themselves to the novel circumstances of this adventure, swimming in the bewildering unreality of a dream. He was scarcely conscious of how he arrived upon a small square, grating-floored deck, behind chin-high bulwarks, where he was jostled by the little throng of men overcrowding the limited space. Forward of him the hull was turtle-decked level with his chin until at the bluntly tapering nose it was broken by another square opening, from which a man's head and shoulders protruded in gesticulation and shouts to the attendants at the buoys. A whistle shrilled and was answered as each mooring was cast loose.

There was a second of silence—and then in one exact synchronization the quintuple roar started in a sudden shock of overwhelming sound which faltered not in its continuance but swelled and broadened and deepened in its intensity until the deafened ear failed to follow its development beyond one featureless bellow of colossal power at full effort. Everything shook to its atoms. The bodies of those standing upon that grating-floored deck caught up its vibrations, repeated them in a quiver which jarred the nerves. Sir Henry, staring at a factory chimney on the shore like a hypnagogist at a *point de repère* in the moment when the engines started, saw that chimney flit suddenly backward, a panorama of wharves and quays race suddenly past his vision.

(Continued on Page 157)

"I'll give this 'If' a jolly good biff
It stands for trouble and doubt
A big little word and the meanest I've heard
Just watch me flatten it out!"

This is our regular job—

To help you flatten out the big "ifs" in your daily food program. "*If* food-prices were not so fearfully high or *if* the income was higher! *If* good help was not so scarce! *If* a nourishing and properly-balanced meal did not involve so much marketing, labor, fuel-expense and unavoidable waste!"

Here is where you find such a prize in

Campbell's Tomato Soup

It is a tempting appetizer and a nourishing, economical food—both at once. It supplies valuable tonic elements which strengthen digestion and regulate the body processes. It renders the whole meal more tasty and more sustaining.

It is high food-value for your money. Every can gives you two cans of satisfying soup that is all pure nutriment, without cooking-cost, without waste.

It gives you an inviting meal-course all ready for your table in three minutes, with no trouble and the least expense.

Keep a supply of this wholesome soup on your pantry shelf and see how it simplifies your daily problem.

21 kinds **12c a can**

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Beef	Consommé	Printanier
Bouillon	Julienne	Tomato
Celery	Mock Turtle	Tomato-Okra
Chicken	Mulligatawny	Vegetable
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mutton	Vegetable-Beef
Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

OPERATIC ACTING

By KATHLEEN HOWARD

"SPRING has come!" shrieked the soprano at the top of her voice. A Sunday-night concert was in progress at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. A blizzard was raging outside; but this did not daunt the lady, who had learned this song in English especially for this occasion, and was not to be balked by a mere blizzard. As she sang, her extremely low décolleté gown slipped farther and farther down her shoulders, leaving a large and healthy expanse of white neck. The top gallery howled with delight; it was too much for them, as, with each ecstatic yell, the straps slipped lower and lower, while the howling of the wind outside penetrated even those thick walls. Next day the critics made merry over the poor lady, "stripped to the waist," as one put it, trying to drown the laughter of the gods with the despairing though powerful cry that spring had come.

The lady was never heard of again—the opera house knew her no more. On such slight occurrences does success or failure hang. The profession of the opera singer is such a difficult one, the first requisites being a voice, a figure, good health, dramatic talent, brains and a certain amount of money. The voice you must be born with; the acting is usually acquired through painful years. The concert stage is flooded with those who have the voice but who failed to meet requirements in the dramatic tests.

Of course wild horses will never drag from them the real reason why they gave up the operatic career for the concert platform; but ten to one it was because they did not have the other half of a singing actor's equipment—the ability to act.

Acting in opera is very different from acting on the dramatic stage. I don't think this is generally taken into consideration by those who love the dramatic as well as the vocal side of opera.

It seems to me the difficulties or, rather, the unavoidable artificialities of acting in opera, provide a handicap very difficult to realize by one who has never attempted it.

We are much despised, I know, by the members of our sister profession; and some of us, no doubt, richly deserve it. But put a popular dramatic star into a house the size of the Metropolitan Opera House, give him a truly operatic part, regardless of whether he is physically fitted for it or not, and see whether he will shine more brightly than we do.

Of course there is a stereotyped school of operatic acting that is most trying—the type where the arms and legs are so many semaphores, to be used at stated intervals; which intervals and positions are learned by rote and never varied. This is not really acting, but acting acting; and it is what has given us such a bad name. It flourished in the last generation of singers and was forgiven.

The Power of Magnetism

ITS rules were simple. You wildly or gently sawed the air, as you were strong or merciful, and rushed down to the footlights as the scale ascended, so your highest note might be crammed down the throats of the helpless audience. If you were the chief hilarious figure in a drinking scene you zigzagged the air with an empty cup of painted tin in your hand, the tin showing through the aged coating of brown paint that some long since moribund props had given the cup. You never came within three inches of your lips with said cup; you just waved it wildly round your head and quaffed its brimming contents the moment after.

Now we are trying to get away from all this and be more natural; and we may eventually evolve something real from our efforts.

One being we have evolved, or, rather, she largely evolved herself, I think—Mary Garden. Put her in a small house and I know of no greater joy than to watch her work at its best. She should have her own theater and delight us annually with her creations, pointing the way to the dazed student of stereotyped stampings and pomposity mixed with prima-donna airs and mincings—which all go to make up the usual impression gained at an operatic performance.

Mary Garden's art throws over one that same still charm that Egyptian art exerts; that mysterious spell—not cold, not unwomanly—in which you feel infinite possibilities sleeping beneath the surface she presents to you; cool, poised, but smoldering. She is at her best in a small house, such as the Opéra Comique in Paris. Watch her hypnotize an audience in a theater of that size; she pulls her public to her. In a larger house much of this is lost, and the audience is more conscious of that curious stillness in her which attracts, to be sure, but does not magnetize to the same extent.

This magnetism is a strange quality, not to be abused. Some day, when repeating a successful rôle, you wish to outdo yourself; to triumph. You push your effects and your clutch on your audience is gone; they feel your effort.

An instance of this was afforded at our performance of Gianni Schicchi last winter. We get our biggest laugh when the candles round the bier of Buoso are snuffed out by a disappointed relative when he finds nothing has been left him in Buoso's will. One night the extraordinary artist who plays this part wanted to make the point even more telling, and departed from his original form of progression, which he had worked out at rehearsals. He made a hurried scurry across the stage to a more distant candle for his first puff, instead of turning to the nearest one as he had originally done. The result was, some other actor had a chance to move; the attention of the audience was distracted to this other character and the point was not so effective, as was instantly apparent in the laugh that followed.

In a big house an almost constant effort is obligatory. An urge and intensity must go out from you in waves, unless you have that curious bigness of presence possessed by some—notably Caruso, who, though not a great actor, can grip his audience and convey a largeness of interpretation in acting as well as in voice, though making small apparent effort. Magnetism has much to do with this.

Wagnerian Tradition

I HAVE seen the elder Coquelin conquer by his establishment of intimacy with his audience. You felt in touch with him, whatever he did or said. Schumann-Heink affects you in much the same way. A God-given something it is, and not the cerebral effort; that charms you just as much perhaps, but in a more chilly fashion. In Schumann-Heink's singing or Coquelin's acting very little is attained through the medium of posing; but in Garden's work, as in that of the Russian Ballet to a large extent, the sheer joy of beautiful exaggerated poses holds one enthralled, magnetizing—almost hypnotizing—the senses. Some people are more affected by one and some by the other.

Follow some noted critic's opinion. You will see that the Garden school leaves him untouched. Another, more sensitive perhaps, is tickled into columns of elaborate raving by the same subtle, possibly artificial, qualities.

The antithesis of all this, and hardly worthy of the name of acting, is the German school of Wagnerian interpretation. There one must run true to form before everything. Clothes must obliterate individuality to a great extent. The large Teuton fairness must predominate in the heroes and heroines, though the villains and heavies must be as black as night. Even Fricka has her own traditional jewelry—amber it must be to be correct; her certain shape of coronet; her braids bound to her head in a special way. Why, in Frankfort they were so used to seeing this type of large cowlike fairness that when I sang the rôle there they said I was much too slender; and I never was what you might call a shrinking figure on the stage.

All this tradition settles down on you when you begin to conceive a Wagnerian part for yourself; and this settling pall leaves but small scope for originality, which is even considered undesirable. True, Siegfried, The Wanderer and Brünnhilde are veritable mines in which may be sunk any amount of genius, making them bigger, truer, greater and more human; but it takes rare talent to draw on the stereotyped ideal the German people have of these rôles and add just enough illuminating thought to make your interpretation stand out from the thousands of others yearly presented. There is also a certain holiness connected with it all in the thought of the people, inspired by that clever business and artistic shrine, Bayreuth, which tends to veil one's clearness of view when approaching the study of one of the great characters.

Then, the physical effort of singing Siegfried or Brünnhilde is tremendous. Surely not even Hamlet can be so exhausting! Stalwart Siegfrieds have told me that by the beginning of the last act they could hardly stand on their feet, so great is the strain both vocally and physically. Greeted by an entirely fresh Brünnhilde; they feel the struggle to be unequal; but they must push doggedly on till the blessed curtain falls after that cruel duet.

Brünnhilde, as everyone knows, must awaken in a certain position; must rise, with a certain phrase, to a sitting posture; must at *Sonne* face the sun; must at *Licht* repeat her long-drawn-out gesture in a different position. I have seen Teutonic Brünnhildes so down-pressed by the thought of doing all this by rote that such comparatively small matters as the position of their feet escaped attention entirely; and those poor things were left in most awkward and uncouth attitudes.

Suppose an intrepid foreigner should try, in a first-class German theater, to rise to her feet at the first heavenly strain; should go out into the sunlight, or do anything to disturb the archaic *régie* of the drama. I can't imagine what the effect would be on the populace. She would probably be accused of either dense ignorance or great and intolerable pretension. Her ideas and her body must—*müssen*, that much-used, never-questioned word in Germany—be poured into the recognizable mold carved out by her singing ancestors.

Most singers are perhaps incapable of ever wanting to break their bonds, a striving to attain as good an imitation as possible of the well-known Wagnerian type being their highest ambition; but the one who has originality would fare badly at the hands of her colleagues if she attempted such audacity.

Siegmund and Sieglinde have to do one of the most difficult, almost impossible things in the second act of Walküre, when she must fall unconscious into his arms and he leads, or, rather, drags her to the rock behind him; where he must sit, with her head on his knee, gazing at her motionless form.

This may read well in the book of stage directions; but what actually happens is this: She staggers a bit; flops back against his shoulder if he is shorter than she—which often happens—curving herself so as to bring her head below his. He then half drags, half supports her to the rock, she taking jerky steps beneath her long white robe; which action she hopes will not be noticed by the audience, as an unconscious bride is not supposed to walk in her sleep.

The rock attained somehow, he lets her down gracefully on the hard floor, breaking the bump as much as possible. He seats himself, at the same time keeping her head on his knee and avoiding pulling off her long yellow wig. He may have miscalculated the distance from her resting place to his knee, and so must put his hands under her arms and haul her back with a heavy jerk or two, so her expressionless face may be upturned to his.

Endless Restrictions

THIS is actually done every time Walküre is played; and no one ever thinks of arranging a more graceful position for the two. Sieglinde is left wondering what to do with her arm, which he has left dangling aimlessly on the floor. She realizes that, being more or less dead, she may not move it, and so has to leave it in all its awkward lines. Little by little the thought of that arm fills her consciousness if she has a sense of line and beauty, till it feels as though it were the size of a sausage balloon; and she is sure every eye in the house is riveted on it. It becomes a nightmare.

Thus do portions of one's anatomy dominate one's thoughts at times on the stage and—at least in opera, with its long-drawn-out artificial pauses and poses—necessitate a second critical sense, which sits just in front of one and watches all the bad foot positions and protruding bits of one's body.

On the stage of the drama things usually move and shift rapidly, and one may alter an awkward position or never assume one; but in opera—say, as Carmen—José plumps you down on your chair to listen to his aria, willy-nilly, and you must rectify the position of the chair and yourself throughout his song at slow intervals, so he may fall on his knees and bury his head in your lap at the end.

The restrictions we must observe are endless. You may never wholly forget the man who holds the whole thing together—the man who is conducting the orchestra. From time to time, at least, you must throw a look his way to see whether your ear is not playing you false, and that you are in absolute accord with his beat. This is a most scientific accomplishment and may do much to make or mar your performance. Nothing is more disillusioning to an audience than to see a singer standing in a more or less strained position, both eyes glued on the conductor, waiting for his signal to come in.

And suppose—oh, horrible thought, too often realized!—he does not get the said signal? If he be not musical—poor wretch!—through no fault of his own, he makes a mental scramble and jump to catch up with the flying orchestra; for the greater the conductor the more inflexible he is as to adjusting his beat to the miserable singer.

The restrictions of tempo are particularly difficult to overcome. A phrase, simple in itself and needing no particular gesture, may be drawn out for a full page; and you must do something with your four long bones. A short quick gesture is out of the question, and you must fill in the page with some action, at the same time avoiding the swimming, sawing gestures embraced as a compromise by the old-fashioned prima donna in the good old days.

(Concluded on Page 34)

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(Concluded from Page 32)

Then tradition hampers you. Of course the actress meets with this also; but it is not her daily bread as it is ours. You are told that, in Carmen, Miss B., Miss C. or Miss D. always knelt "just here" for the card song, and you may not upset the grouping of the stage. I well remember the gloom that settled on me when, after spending years in studying Carmen and working out just what business I could do best, with a dash of originality to keep my spirits up, one by one my cherished details vanished before the stagnant routine of that particular opera house.

Of course I do not allude to the lucky great, who more or less boss the show and upset traditions when and as they will, while the stage manager and director pant impotently, but are unable to restrain the favorite's temperament.

This same stage manager is often a thorn in the flesh to the talented singer. He may be that rare individual who studies you, draws out your natural talent and aptitude for the stage, corrects your faults and lets you develop. Alas! He is more apt to have his hard-and-fast ideal of a part, to which you are made to conform. A very valuable trait in a stage manager is the trick of being able to suggest a character to a would-be interpreter, so he or she may have the imagination awakened and give the part some accent, or "characterize" it.

I have seen some funny little *régisseur*, quite unconscious of himself, run across the stage, turn and look back coquettishly, hand on hip, and throw a kiss, a perfect model for a prospective Carmen to follow; or turn himself into an unctuous low comedian and do a bit of horseplay with such clear lines that the most stupid brain retains some thought of what he has tried to convey. And at the performance a faint imitation of all this coaching is faithfully gone through.

If you have much talent and cannot imitate—that is, if your own brain must inspire what you do, and what you do follows naturally from what you say—all this is terribly upsetting; and you often have to carry out gestures and positions mechanically without inward conviction, just to keep peace in the family.

Then, in opera there is or should be—and, alas, "should be" often spells tragedy!—a constant give and take, or etiquette of the stage. The really good pal always lets you sing your good bits down stage and will carefully maneuver so that you may do the same for him. You occasionally, however—and I particularly, as a contralto—meet sopranos who consistently try to get up stage behind you, in order that all their points may carry, while yours must be made vaguely to the air in front of you, or you must sing up stage and know that your voice is not filling the house.

Big Theaters and Broad Gestures

IN A SMALL theater this is not so great a handicap, but in a large one it is most discouraging and dampening to one's spirits. Often, if I feel an ominous tendency in my partner to hover behind me—a situation that will make me a lay figure on which advantageous positions may be worked out for another's glory—I take refuge in ignoring the other singer, and make all my points straight to the house in a sort of third-rail style of acting, wholly artificial, but better than being swamped by the other's narrowness.

Of course all this is quite unnecessary; and you rarely meet it in the truly great, who are intelligent enough to know that their performance gains as much as yours does from a well-balanced give and take.

Then, too, the size of the theater makes a great difference. A big theater calls for much broader gestures, simple clear expressions of thought, and not so much reliance on facial expression. This, also, may be very hampering and false. For instance, you have a part to sing that calls for small eloquent gestures, quick turns of the head, lighting of the eyes—in short, an Yvette Guilbert interpretation. Put that interpretation in the Metropolitan and how much would the man in the top gallery get, a full city block distant from the stage?

Some day, when you are feeling extra foolish, just try standing on the corner of a street and carrying on a pantomimic flirtation of eye and hand with a person a block distant from you. You will find you cannot rely entirely on small subtle effects, such as you would use in a drawing-room comedy. It simply can't be done. A gesture that might be daintily clear and charming if made by the fingers or wrist must be amplified in a big house or it will merely give a fussy, nervous effect.

On the dramatic stage this would not be the case, as a theater is rarely too big for its subject, and you may do all the delicious suggestive things you will.

Added to all this we have a situation only rarely encountered by players—that of everlasting comparison. In rare revivals of Camille or Shakspere actors and actresses challenge the past also; but we are eternally following someone—or a long succession of someones. You seldom see a criticism of a revival of Faust or Figaro in which your forbears are not mentioned and lauded to the skies, perhaps quite justly. But, they being gone, who is to do the rôle? Or should it stay in the storehouse just because a particular tenor or barytone made a hit in it?

What a relief it would be to play Ortrud for the first and not the thousandth time! Your task is set in the narrowing hampering lines of an accepted stage picture—the chorus lumped there, the tenor and soprano prominent there, and so on. You must at one fell swoop lull the image of your predecessor in the spectator's mind and create a new living creature with the hackneyed material which everyone knows backward; and you feel that everything has been done a thousand times.

You are eternally challenging comparison, not only in your acting and costumes but in your singing of the part, your voice, your very figure. That poor unchanging body, which you try to cajole and humor into looking unlike itself a dozen times a season, is challenging the eyes of those who have seen and adored Miss B., and the way her figure fitted such and such a part. You must overcome this handicap and stamp your own imprint on your all too familiar rôles or run the risk of being a nonconvincing imitator.

A rather amusing illustration of this type of singer, who imitates without reasoning the gestures and positions some other artist has thought out, was afforded when I was at the Century Opera in New York. Usually I was given the first performance in a change of repertoire, and was followed by other singers to fill out the week's schedule.

The Genius of Chinese Actors

ONE day I happened in on a Carmen performance; and as I stood in the wings I was fascinated to see my business being caricatured by another Carmen. All the little bits I had worked out through years of singing the part, all the tricks of hand and facial expression, were being done by another with a sort of aimlessness that was subtly annoying to me. The shell was there, but not the spirit.

The reason of this I learned when one of the contraltos told my sister that she copied my business of gazing at my ring in Ortrud, of course. But just why did I do it and what did I mean by it? This was mere slavish imitation of outward forms, with no brains back of it; and therefore it failed entirely of its effect.

I don't mean that you cannot learn from others. It is heavenly to see some banal part vivified and crystallized by some genius; some lay figure turned into a living breathing image. You can't do better than steal all the inspiration you are able to get from that sort of person, provided your brain is back of your imitation. Observe all you can; train your observation—a most rare attribute.

As an example of its rarity, how many people, in doing a black-faced part, omit the red lips so generally accepted as a negro's? Look at real negroes' mouths. Rarely, if ever, are they red; and yet you could hardly persuade their impersonators to leave off that gash of red grease paint running into the black of their faces. And did you ever notice a negro's ears? They are usually exquisite; small, thin and close to the head—often in marked contrast to the haphazard ship-in-full-sail effect the white man's present.

A joy in the way of studies in observation is provided in the Chinese theater. I once saw a man dressed as a woman come out on a stage, kneel down in the corner beside a running brook and daintily do a large washing. He conveyed the minutest details of washing—got soapy water in his eye from a sudden squirt, daintily ran the lengths of the long tapes of a garment between his first and second fingers to get the water out; and all this with nothing but air to work with—no brook, no clothes, no water, no anything. It was fascinating.

He was interrupted by a lordly gentleman dashing up on horseback, dismounting with a swing and throwing his reins to an attendant—all without any horse, or reins, or anything but his own observation and gift of pantomime. Wonderful!

The audience, however, did not seem impressed in the least, for they sat and cracked nuts, talked and smoked and looked at anything but the stage. They had the air of knowing beforehand everything the actors might do—which perhaps was the case.

Chinese actors seem not to realize or largely to ignore the multitude of variety possible in the inflection of the speaking voice. This, one of the greatest assets of an actor, is denied a singer—that is, we must sing the notes as they are written at the speed indicated, and vary the loudness or softness of our tones as the composer has willed.

Often we are put to a tremendous strain in so doing. In the second act of Samson and Dalila, in the finale, Dalila must sing against the entire orchestra, going full tilt, and at the same time be heard above a raging thunderstorm. Two little vocal cords and a small stream of breath against this volume of sound!

I don't think an actor ever has such a handicap to overcome; he may have the storm, but he certainly does not have sixty ardent musicians to down.

The actor, too, can make eloquent pauses just where he wants them, focusing the audience's attention by a moment of silence just before a point he wants to make. We must come in with the beat—1—2 3—4; and you have to come in on 4 whether you want to or not.

David Warfield can wring your heart by the quality of his voice. Indeed, the story is told that, in the days before he was famous, Belasco heard him in a small rôle and was so struck by the quality of his voice and its extraordinarily sympathetic tone that he never forgot it. And years afterward he sought Warfield out on account of this impression.

A sob or break in the voice is a most telling weapon in the throat of a skilled actor. All these things are denied us, except in a few cases, like Caruso's famous Pagliacci sob.

The dramatic whisper is also impossible for the singer. Even your facial expression must be subservient to the singing position required to make your tone quality; you may not tighten your throat or facial muscles, as that will restrict your tone.

Didur as in Czar Boris

SUPPOSE you are singing a comic-character part in which you must get an occasional laugh. Contrast our difficulties of getting one in tempo, singing the notes as they are written, hampered by the action being too long-drawn-out or not sufficiently emphasized, with the ease with which a trained comedian may find a comic voice to use, or a matter-of-fact tone in which to drawl, or snap out his laugh-provoking phrase.

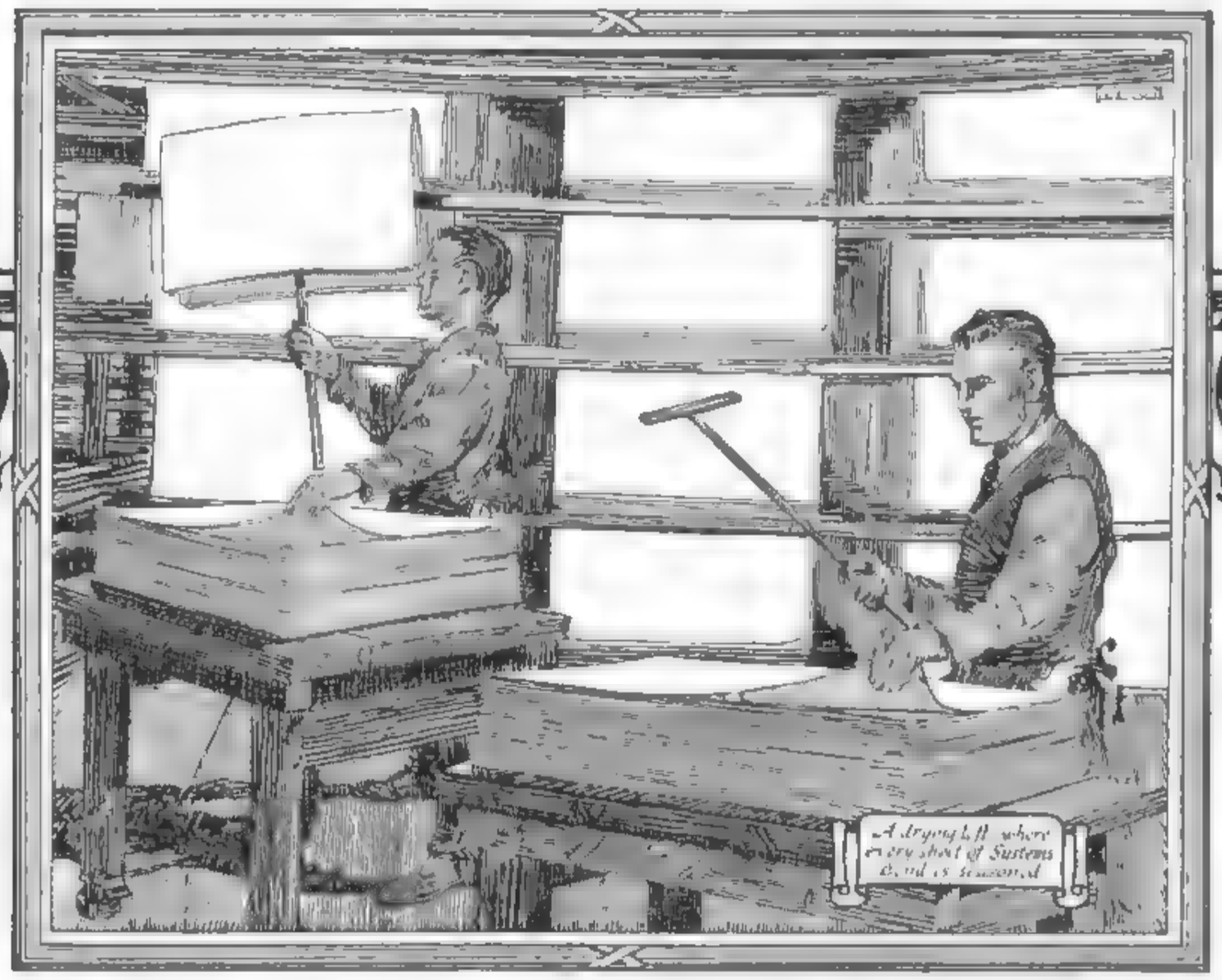
Otto Goritz, as Beckmesser in Meistersinger, was so particularly wonderful in this way because he was as utterly unhampered by the terrific difficulties of the score as though the music were being composed on the spot to suit his whim and fancy. He never exaggerated; even his make-up was not overemphasized. Nor was it of that horrible streakiness, visible across the street, which is popularly supposed to indicate a screamingly funny character. Only the overpointed nose was at all unnatural; and, though it undoubtedly helped him, it was by no means indispensable.

Pages might be written about make-up; but that is really quite another study. And even there I must come to the rescue of my kind, for two-thirds of our audiences are so far away from us that we must exaggerate to some degree; and the amount of that exaggeration must be gauged to a nicety in order not to be grotesque.

The horrible smears that are supposed to represent lines and hollows in a so-called character make-up are, I know, very difficult to bear; but usually they are considered marvelous by the nonobservant artist who has carefully rubbed them into his skin. He hides behind them quite happily; and you had better keep off the subject.

In opera we comparatively rarely have real characters to portray. On the dramatic stage a character must be four dimension or he is not convincing. Operatic characters, on the other hand, are often simply awful people, who stand about for whole hours ejaculating "I tremble!" or voicing highly tragic sentiments in waltz time, with coloratura frills.

A wonderfully real character, wonderfully portrayed, is that of the Czar Boris, in Boris Godunoff. Adamo Didur rises to great heights of tragic intensity in his interpretation of this haunted monarch. It is a real creation, and could not be surpassed, I believe, on the dramatic stage; and yet Didur is handicapped by every one of the limitations I have mentioned. So great is his art, however, that the scaffolding has disappeared and you see nothing but the finished structure.



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MUFTI—By Frederick Orin Bartlett

THE episode of the war interrupted at perhaps its most interesting point the career of Thomas Sears Marvin both on the New York curb and in the life of Peggy Dennison. Under the able tutelage of that astute promoter, Barney Graham, who had shown Marvin the folly of wasting his energy on the dull routine of a regular broker's office, his business affairs had begun to shape up in fine style, while, under the no less able tutelage of Peggy, he was finding it possible to thread the maze of Bohemia with considerably less danger of losing his head than at first, but without, however, relinquishing that feature as an ever-present piquant possibility. To preserve a delicate balance on the edge of the sentimental precipice was almost as fine an art with Peggy as the painting of miniatures on ivory.

Marvin had been gone two years, and now in his foreign-service uniform, with the gold chevrons on his sleeve and his official discharge as a first lieutenant safe in his pocket, he was speeding from the training camp to which he had been shunted upon his return from overseas toward the Grand Central Station. This building had always been associated in his mind with the several high points in his life. The memory of his arrival there three years ago, when fresh from college, stony broke and without friends he had set out upon the adventurous mission of making his fortune, had always remained clear in every detail. When a year later he had pulled out of here, after Plattsburg, on his first assignment as a second lieutenant, this building again stood like a dividing line between one section of his life and another. This held true when still later he passed through here on his way to France, and again a few months ago when he was returned to his starting point. To-day he was once more nearing it, this time with feelings akin to those he had first experienced.

Out of the car window Marvin watched the angular tenements slip by as the train hurried on past those numbers in the hundreds like a man rushing through insignificant details to important business. New York to Marvin, as to the train, all lay below the fifties save for the scantiest of delays at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth, where as far as he knew no one ever stopped except to get somewhere else. As the train began to plunge underground Marvin gathered his things together and made for the front of the car with all his old-time impatience. It certainly quickened a man to be again one of this crowd pressing forward to the doors like runners on their mark. He was the first man off and led the race for the taxicabs. He gave his address to the nearest man and jumped in. The door had scarcely closed before the driver was on his seat and speeding Marvin through the dear live streets. His business here this time was not official but personal. Uniforms no longer counted. The swirl and confusion about him had nothing to do with war but only with New York. The taxi turned down Forty-fourth and across Fifth Avenue with its delightful medley of machines and well-gowned pedestrians, then up Sixth to the bachelor apartments that were somewhat more pretentious than he had a right to occupy. But money had been coming easy in those days, with every prospect that in the months ahead it would come still easier. As Graham worked it, this getting of money was an amazingly simple proposition. And he was generous in his salaries when he liked a man.

Marvin found new faces at the Bristol. In place of Jimmy Hudson, the alert and ever smiling, there was a sallow-faced youth who did not know him.

"What's become of Jimmy?" demanded Marvin, after he had been obliged to introduce himself.

"Haven't you heard?" answered the newcomer. "Jimmy got his in the Argonne."

It sounded strange to hear the Argonne spoken of here. For a second it took Marvin back. And he had not heard about Jimmy. It was difficult to believe.

"He was killed?"

The sallow-faced youth pointed to a service flag back of the desk bearing a gold star.

Even that did not mean very much to Marvin. These service flags struck him as being distinctly negative. He went to the elevator, where in place of Billy Dugan there served a rather stout woman of thirty. He did not ask about Billy, but gave the number of his floor and went on a bit depressed. This was like getting into new quarters. It was hardly better when he reached his rooms and switched on the lights. The study smelled musty and looked dusty and his private telephone was not connected. He had wired ahead, too, but this new clerk did not know his tastes as Jimmy did. The latter would have had a fire burning in the grate and clean towels in the bathroom and everything fresh and waiting. And he was dead, this fellow had said—dead in the Argonne. The fact bothered Marvin all the time he was shaving and getting into evening dress, trying to shake the wrinkles out of the suit which had been waiting for him here for over a year. He had come back to New York to forget the Argonne and all the other French names which formerly he had only associated with cafés. And now this Jimmy, the alert and ever smiling, was buried over there as he himself might have been except for bull luck.

He hurried. The sooner he reached Peggy Dennison the better. He needed her bright blue eyes and her pretty smile and the touch of her teasing fingers. At that after he came downstairs he had to look up the number in the telephone book, but it was her old gay voice that answered him.

"Tommy dear, I didn't even know you were home," she exclaimed. "Why didn't you write me?"

"It would only have been an irritation until I was footfree," he answered. "I'm just back within an hour."

"I feel as though I were talking with France," she laughed.

"Well, you're not," he replied. "I want to get acquainted again with the old city to-night—and with you. You'll come?"

"If you had only let me know ——"

"Eh? You haven't anything on?"

"Only Charlie Eaton—you remember Charlie?"

"I do, but if you've arranged any party with him you can cancel it."

"It was dinner at the Brevoort."

"Then we'll dine uptown."

"But, Tommy ——"

"I'll be down for you within an hour, and you can plan to spend a large evening with me. I'm going to get seats for a show, and after that we'll dine again at the Roof Garden and dance. I'm back and I want to feel it."

"You're so impetuous!" she protested. "I must bring Charlie along."

"If you do I'll put a hand grenade under him."

"But, Tom ——"

"In an hour," he concluded.

He returned to the clerk to get a check cashed. The latter hesitated.

"It's against the rules, Mr. Marvin," he demurred.

"How long since? Why, Jimmy ——"

That name tripped him up once more. The little beggar would never cash any more checks for him. He was dead in the Argonne, and the Argonne was in France.

"Hang it, I've got to have a hundred dollars, and that's all there is to it," blurted out Marvin.

"Well, I'll be taking a chance ——"

"It's no more than the rest of us have been doing," cut in Marvin.

He secured his money and went out upon the street again with his cheeks flushed and his eyes alight, and mingled with the eager hurrying crowd. He crossed to Fifth and swung down the Avenue, enjoying all the thrill he had felt in those early days here, responding to the light in the limousines and taxis, responding to the glitter of the store windows, responding to the eyes of passing women. He even tingled with the pleasure of striding by majors and colonels and foreign uniforms without saluting. He could meet those fellows as man to man now, eye to eye and with the good-natured grin of the broader companionship of civilian life. He had a hundred dollars in his pocket, and that in his present mood seemed like a fortune. As he strode on he felt as though he were looking over the heads of most of the men he passed.

II

PEGGY DENNISON, at her studio apartment off Washington Square, waited for Marvin with a new expectancy. There had been a note of military brusqueness in his voice over the telephone that startled her. One of the most satisfactory features of her relation with Marvin was that, with one exception, she had always retained perfect control over him, which was but another way of saying that she had always retained perfect control over herself. The peculiar thing about this was that while in the case of her friendship with other men this was taken so much for granted as to be unworthy of comment, with Marvin she always felt a certain amount of self-conscious pride in the fact. For one thing, he was younger than most of the friends with whom she allowed herself any degree of intimacy. He had been twenty-one when she was twenty-three at the time she first met him, and that now made him twenty-four and her twenty-six. But this difference in age forced a certain responsibility upon her, and she did not like responsibility.

Inheriting a modest fortune from an uncle, she had left college against the advice of her parents and gone to Paris to study art. At twenty-two the war drove her back to America, and she had returned to New York to continue her independent existence and get the uttermost out of life in her own fashion. With an attractive personality, enough talent to rank a little better than an amateur, and money enough in spite of a good many extravagances to get along on, she had been fairly successful in her undertaking. But there had been moments at the beginning of her acquaintance with Marvin when he threatened to disrupt her plans. He, being young and not knowing any better, had proceeded almost at once to fall in love with her. An impartial jury would undoubtedly have declared that this on his part was a reasonable thing to do. She possessed at that time, as she did to a slightly lesser degree to-day, the alluring charm of a débutante with the piquant poise of one of the younger married set. Rather slight in figure, with soft, unfixed lines and a wondering face made up of girlish features, she seemed to call to a man for protection, only, the moment it was offered, to turn upon the offer with quizzical blue eyes and a smiling but firm mouth that gave her the air of a young mother.

She did not so much mind the fact that Marvin fell in love with her, because she was rather used to that, and in his case instead of making him foolish—except as he demanded that she accept it as a serious proposal—it intensified him. For a few gorgeous months she permitted the affair to run its course, and it was like beginning life all over again at eighteen. He made New York seem like those first years in Paris, a never-ending spring. At the close of very many days they dined together, and side by side watched the puppet world upon its stage as it sang and loved and laughed—singing and loving and laughing with them—and then many times they danced. Nestled in his strong arms and with the music making havoc of everything unrelated to the moment, she gave herself up to the sheer elemental emotions of youth. When flushed and dizzy he led her back among the palms, she often found it wise to close her eyes and shut him out. Doing so once, she felt the brush of his lips against hers and suffered it so for an instant. But the next evening she refused to see him.

Marvin had not understood. He had thought it only wounded modesty and cursed himself pitifully for the cad he felt he was. He wrote her honest, abject notes of apology that made her breathe fast when she read them. No, she had not felt hurt, though he never did learn that. She had felt frightened, frightened because she had not felt hurt. If she had followed her emotions—but she did not. The time had come to take a grip on herself, and she did. It was a matter of conservation. Love called for too much—for a great deal more than she was prepared to give. Love was a gourmand with youth, and it was because she had been tempted to play the gourmand that she had been threatened with the cost. That would not do. She meant to make her youth last over the years, and to do that she must manage her own life.

So when she finally allowed Marvin to call again she was quite straightened out. He tried to tell her once again that he loved her, because that was the only decent explanation of his conduct, but she placed her hand on his arm and checked him.

"Tom," she said, "I believe you think you do."

"If you'd only give me a chance," he blurted out, encouraged.

She shook her head vigorously.

"We're getting along so nicely as we are," she answered. "Anything more would only blunt the fine edge of our individual lives."

"I don't believe it."

"Of course you don't. You wouldn't be making this dangerous proposal to me if you did. I know it because I know myself—a great deal better than ever I want you to know me. And I mustn't confess any more. And we mustn't ever talk about this again." Her voice rose a little as she met his burning eyes. "Never," she added, "never."

That interview had taken place three years ago, and though it had required a few months for him to get readjusted, he had on the whole accomplished it very nicely. They swung into their old gay life again, perhaps a trifle more temperately, but with enough zest so that they never had a dull evening. Then he went off to war and she had missed him a good deal. Most all the other young men went off to war too. She was left in a world suddenly grown middle-aged. When she did venture out to dinner it was perforce with one of the older men like Eaton. With a shiver of fear she began to feel as though she had skipped fifteen years of her life and suddenly become forty. This was not pleasant. It even began to get on her nerves. But that period, now that it was all over, was something to forget as soon as possible, and perhaps nothing in the world would help her so much toward that end as the return of Marvin. She had been feeling forty as long as she dared. It was the realization of this which had finally induced her to make an awkward excuse over the telephone to Eaton. He really deserved better treatment, for he had been very decent to her this last year; but this was now almost a case of self-preservation. She recalled with

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WHEREVER there are hills, people habitually refer to the Hupmobile as a remarkable hill-climber.

The higher and harder the hills, the more widely, and the more favorably, *The Comfort Car* is known for its unusual high-gear ability.

This ability proves again that the Hupmobile's consistent development of the four-cylinder principle has produced really extraordinary performance.

Uncommon economy joins with this extraordinary performance to distinguish the Hupmobile not only among cars of like type, but among *all* types.

The Comfort Car

H

Hupmobile

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a shudder that she had of late actually allowed Eaton to become slightly sentimental.

When she heard Marvin's firm, buoyant steps on the stairs Peggy Dennison felt the blood rush to her cheeks, and smiled in relief. She had not experienced as spontaneous an emotion as this in many months. As she crossed the room over soft rugs to meet him she glanced in a mirror.

Once again she smiled in relief. She had dressed with some care in black—he had once declared she looked her best as a widow—but not until that moment was she certain he would not be disappointed in her.

She opened the door before he could knock and stood back almost shyly. Impetuously he entered, seized her hand and met her excited eyes.

"Lordy," he exclaimed, "but it's good to see you again!"

He had always seemed big enough physically, but he looked to her now as though he had grown bigger all over. Her white hand in his felt the new strength that comes of hard training. She thought for a moment that his face was more serious, particularly his eyes. But that was only what one might expect of a man who had traveled for a year and a half.

A bit nervously she withdrew her hand.

"You're looking well, Tom," she said.

"Never felt better in my life," he assured her.

He glanced round the comfortable living room and he smiled.

"Nothing changed!" he exclaimed. "That's good."

"What did you expect?"

"I've been gone a year and a half," he reminded her, "and I've been where things that had been standing for centuries changed overnight."

He crossed the room and stood with his back to the little coal fire in the open grate just as he used to do.

"You're going to tell me all about it?" she asked, as though it were well to have that over with.

She sank into an old-fashioned rocker with her knees crossed, revealing her slim ankles. She was conscious of the fact that he noticed the ankles, and with sudden shyness uncrossed her knees.

"Not on your life," he replied. "I'm going to forget it as soon as I can. It's over and I'm willing to let it go at that."

"Why not?" she nodded in relief. "Of course you know that we're all proud of you and grateful, but if the war is over we ought to let it be over, oughtn't we?"

"Right. From all I hear you must be about as well fed up on it as we. What about you in the last year and a half, Peggy?"

"That's over too," she smiled.

"Then nothing happened?"

"It's been very stupid."

"Eaton?"

Her cheeks grew hot. It was absurd.

"He's been both stupid and nice," she replied. "I oughtn't to have let you make me treat him as I did to-night."

"Nonsense. He can feel grateful I've stayed away so long. Done any painting?"

"Hardly any."

"Then what have you been doing?"

"Rolling bandages, miles of them."

"That must have been cheerful work."

"It wasn't very interesting. But ——" She shrugged her pretty shoulders.

"Even that's over now "

"It's been a queer mess," he mused. "I was half afraid I'd find New York different."

"I was half afraid I'd find you different, Tom."

"How?" he demanded.

"Old and very stern. As an officer—do you know, I've never seen you in uniform?"

That was right. The few brief furloughs granted him before he crossed he had passed with the families of his fellow officers. She had dropped out of his life with his civilian clothes just as Graham had. It seemed a bit odd, now that she called attention to it. There were some men who liked to strut about New York in leather puttees, but he had avoided the city. At Plattsburg they had drilled into him a good many facts about the obligations that went with the uniform, and he had taken the lectures seriously, more seriously than he would have thought possible. It seemed there was to war, from an officer's standpoint, something more than mere technic of drilling. There was something they called the code that involved adjustment to an entirely new set of standards. In civil life he had never had anyone but himself to consider, but in uniform he had been responsible for his men.

"This is the first time I've been out of khaki since the last time I was here," he said.

"It has always seemed to me you might have called long enough to let me see you," she scolded.

"You wouldn't have liked me," he excused himself awkwardly.

She frowned. "I'm not so sure."

"Anyway it's over," he concluded abruptly.

He found himself returning again and again to that phrase with an insistence that suggested it contained an element of weakness. If she would only keep away from the subject it would be easy enough to forget. He must get her out where she would have something else to think about.

"Put on your things," he ordered.

"Where are you going to take me?"

"To the Stuyvesant for dinner."

"It's frightfully expensive," she warned.

She had never before shown solicitude in this direction and he could not conceal his surprise. She smiled a little nervously. The war had cut down her income one-third, and this had forced her for the first time in her life to real economy.

"You've been away," she explained, "so I thought perhaps you didn't know."

"I don't want to know," he answered. "I've a whole pocketful of money and I haven't had a chance to spend any this way for months. But say, Peggy, it was mighty good of you to warn me."

"Oh, I've grown very canny of late," she laughed.

They went out and he helped her into the first taxi they came across, and with a little sigh of content she sank back into the cushions. She knew he had no business to indulge in any such luxury as this, for a bus would have done them quite as well, but she liked this spirit in him. He never did anything halfway. He was a man, she thought, who ought to have a great deal of money and, she felt quite sure, some day would have it. Everyone, for that matter, ought to have a great deal of money. Until lately she herself had felt secure on that point. Her whole life had been based on that security; but now—well, this was no time to worry over her personal affairs. Besides, everything might swing back to normal in the next few months.

Certainly there was no trace of war in the luxurious surroundings in which they found themselves as they entered the crowded hotel. It was only with the aid of a generous tip that Marvin was able to secure a table for dinner. Acting on this hint, he went back to the desk and made his reservation for the theater and roof garden. Here again he found himself late, with everything reported sold. This was true not only of one place but of them all. He paid once more for his tardiness by trebling the original price of seats, but he secured his second choice. It was clearer than ever that he was going to need money in the year to come much more than ever before. It turned his thoughts for a moment to Barney Graham. He really should have rung him up as soon as he reached New York.

The big dining room was stuffy with light and color and music and laughter and smoke and people. It required skillful maneuvering for them to reach their table, and once there they found themselves shoulder to shoulder with the neighboring tables. Marvin felt both awkward and confused for a moment. It was long since he had been in the midst of any such gayety or among so many women. There were many uniforms in the crowd, both American and foreign, but they were lost in a setting that was distinctly and unreservedly feminine and of Oriental splendor. A futurist might have suggested it with just lightly veiled pink skin and jewels.

Marvin glanced up and discovered Peggy Dennison studying him with curious smiling eyes.

"How does it seem?" she asked.

"It makes me feel as though I were in New York for the first time."

"Then I envy you," she replied.

He relished every mouthful of the dainty menu and sipped his wine slowly and appreciatively. It quickened his five senses and loosened his tongue. But he skipped the last year and a half and fell back upon recollections of the pre-war period of their friendship. There were many pleasant evenings worth refreshing his memory on, and he found her responsive.

Marvin was quite frankly in a sentimental mood. He had been living in a world made up almost wholly of men, a basically primitive world. As long as he was kept busy he had been content enough, but he realized now all that had been lacking. As long as action took the place of color, as in the films, all went well, but once stop the flickering movement, and nothing was left but a flat drab as different from life as a photograph from a painting.

Peggy Dennison allowed him to run on to-night without trying to check him, for she understood - and something more. She was feeling again. The fear of forty was no longer hanging over her. And so, taking her cue from him, she let herself go for a little.

If the musical comedy following the dinner was something of a disappointment, that was not the fault of the show. Their own lives had become temporarily dramatized to a point where they were for the moment more interesting than anything the stage could offer. They were both glad when they were able to sit opposite each other once more on the roof garden with the dense crowd isolating them. It looked like a holiday night, though as a matter of fact it was early in the week.

Marvin ordered again, although he had not yet had time to recover his appetite, some oysters, a lobster Newburg and more wine. And all those round him ordered again—without appetites. Their senses could not keep pace with their purses. There was not interval enough.

But the dancing was fresh to them, and when the orchestra started a new foxtrot and he rose to lead her to the floor, she caught her breath. If she had been considering herself alone, as she usually did, she would not have ventured. However, she owed something to him as a soldier, as all women owed something to all soldiers. So she took his arm and in another moment found herself in the carnival throng. His arm was about her and his face very close to hers and the lights grew misty.

And Marvin found the perfume of her hair headier than the wine he had sipped and marveled at the supple tenderness of her rhythmic body. He had for two years been living in a world where one remembered, if remembering them at all, such scenes as these as the pretty illustrations of fiction. He came back to earth breathless as the music ceased and joined in the noisy demand for an encore. Once again the music began and once again he went back into a sort of Persian dream world. Somehow they found their way back to their table and Peggy Dennison sank into her chair with very flushed cheeks.

"Tom," she whispered, "I am not sure that it is good for us."

"You wouldn't say that if you could see yourself as I see you," he laughed. "You're wonderful to-night, Peggy."

"I'm very happy," she admitted.

"That's the answer," he declared.

So they danced again, and after that a dozen times more. Marvin was tireless and insatiable, for his muscles were hard and youth was in his blood and he had been away from all this a long time. And Peggy Dennison tried her best to keep pace with him, forcing herself on long after her tired body protested. She danced the last two times on her nerve, swaying a little toward the end, but even at the risk of making a scene she would have dropped in her tracks before admitting her weakness. Even when at length he asked her if she had danced enough she managed a smile and answered steadily:

"If you have, Tom."

"I haven't, but I suppose you ought to be getting home."

"Is it late?"

"I don't know. I refuse to look at my watch."

When she spoke her very words belied it.

"You must remember that here things haven't changed much."

"That's what makes it all look so good," he returned. "Think of what might have happened. You might have married."

He felt her hand twitch within his.

"Seems as though most everyone I ever heard of either has married during the war or is planning to now that it's over. It's in the air." He leaned closer. "It's in the night air," he whispered. "Somehow it sort of seems the natural thing to do."

"Tom!" she warned.

She spoke his name in a frantic, nervous gasp and pulled her hand free by main strength.

"You're right. I haven't any business to talk to you about that now. I'm stony broke."

She glanced up. As the passing lights illumined her face he saw that actually she looked concerned.

"Then why—to-night ——"

"To-night doesn't count," he cut in. "And being stony broke doesn't count except for the moment. Lordy, give me a year the way I'm feeling now and I'll make up all I've lost and more. Only I haven't any right to talk to you on the basis of hopes—unless you want to let me add one more big hope to the others."

The cab passed through the arch and into Washington Square. Then it swung down the side street.

"We're almost there," she said.

She spoke like one nearing a haven, almost at the end of her strength. The moment the cab stopped she thrust open the door and stepped out. She had been imprisoned there. She tossed up her head and with half-closed eyes faced the stars again. Then as the cab drove off and he hurried back to her, walking with quick, firm steps, she held out her hand to say good night. He seized her hand, but swung her round and led her up the two or three steps to the door.

"Where's your key?" he asked.

"You can't come in! You mustn't! It's very late!"

"Just to the hall," he pleaded.

She handed him the key and he opened the door into the unlighted entry. She stepped ahead of him and then swiftly fled up the stairs. He started to follow, but she called back in a startled whisper:

"Oh, please, Tom—good night."

Then she went on to her room and closed the door and locked it. With flushed cheeks he stared at the dark stairs. The perfume of her hair still lingered about him. It was heady incense to a man back from the war. He turned quickly and made his way out.

Marvin walked all the way back to the Bristol, breathing deep as though to get as much of New York inside him

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Whenever Talk Turns to Motors

The New Light Weight $1395 Car That Also Has the Qualities of Performance, Comfort, Endurance and Elegance of Large Costly Automobiles

You Will Hear About the Essex

From the start we purposely avoided making claims for the Essex. Our restraint was that of absolute confidence.

We knew it was certain to become popular, and that public favor would carry its fame further and with more effect than anything that could be written about it.

Therefore, we decided to let those who tried the Essex advertise it.

Today a rapidly multiplying army of friends is giving it the most powerful advertising known—disinterested, but enthusiastic, praise from living lips. From some of them you probably already have heard about the Essex; enough to make you curious and eager to examine and ride in it.

It is interesting to hear the Essex discussed from the view-points of widely diverging types of people.

What the User of Small Cars Has to Say

For instance, the man who has always owned a small car. He is the most enthusiastic of Essex admirers. It gives him a new sensation of power and stability. He likes its complete comfortable atmosphere. He does not hesitate to drive it over cobbled streets or rough roads. Squeaks and rattles are not annoyingly present in the Essex. He is proud of the easy way it passes more costly and more powerful cars in traffic because of its acceleration. The big, roomy seats, the fine finish, the handsome appointments—all appeal to his pride of ownership.

Owners of Large Cars Admire Essex Economy

You will hear other men compare the fine performance of the Essex with that of large high-priced automobiles. Certain features of Essex performance remind them of such-and-such fine car. Other points recall the gratifying behavior of other costly machines. And all are delighted with the low operating and upkeep costs.

It is because the Essex appeals to this universal love of comfort, beauty, power and pride of ownership, and brings them within reasonable economy, that it has won more friends perhaps than any other car ever did within the same length of time.

You will find much to admire and desire in the Essex, too. When are you coming for your demonstration?

$1395
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(45)

Men Expect the Utmost from Brunswick Tires

And the Brunswick Policy Is to Give It

"One Trial With Brunswicks Will Win You"

THE very name of Brunswick certifies an extraordinary tire. Because Brunswick products in other lines have always held first place.

When, four years ago, the House of Brunswick decided to apply Brunswick Principles to tires, there was only one standard thinkable, and that, of course, the one which has guided us all these years.

We knew that the public would judge Brunswick Tires by Brunswick standards, and that living up to this 74 year old reputation meant producing no less than the extraordinary.

So first we gathered together a brilliant staff of tire experts. Not an executive among them had less than 20 years' experience.

Each was a master of his craft. And each, above all, believed in maximum standards.

Brunswick ideals attracted them. All realized that success must come by building better tires than others.

This staff spent two years in careful preparation. They built and equipped a model plant with every up-to-date facility.

In the meantime, over 200 types of high-grade tires were analyzed and tested. We proved to a certainty what was best in every varying detail.

But all that is history now. Brunswick Tires have long since been accorded that coveted place we sought.

Once again people have found that confidence in Brunswick is not misplaced.

No new tire, we think, has ever received such a sincere welcome.

Yet there is nothing exclusive in Brunswick Tires. Any maker could build as good a tire if he used the same standards.

For tire-building is all a matter of principle. Cost and competition modify ideals.

The Brunswick idea is to pay perfection's price and get it. Some experts say we are building an extravagant tire. But we know what skimping means, and avoid it.

There is no secret in an ideal tire. All formulas, all methods are well known. A perfect tire is simply a question of care and skill and cost.

Formulas, fabrics and standards vary vastly in cost. And they vary as much in endurance. Reinforcements, plies and thickness are a matter of expense.

In every tire factory, the great question is: "How much can we give for the money?" And the tire depends on the policy.

The Brunswick idea is to give all that is possible—all that anyone gives—all that any cost can buy.

If these ideals appeal to you, we ask you to try these super-tires. They are sold on a 5,000 mile adjustment basis. They are sold on our pledge that a better tire is impossible.

One Brunswick will convince you.

Brunswick TIRES

and Tubes—Plain, Skid-Not and Ribbed Treads

There's a Brunswick Tire for Every Car—Cord, Fabric, Solid Truck

We Offer to Dealers a Unique Opportunity. Write us for Proposition.

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company General Offices: **623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago**

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as possible. He found the night clerk dozing behind his desk, but on the wall back of him still hung the service flag containing the gold star. That stood for Jimmy Hudson, the alert and ever smiling, the beggar who was dead in the Argonne, dead three thousand miles away from New York.

Jimmy was certainly out of luck!

In her room off Washington Square Peggy Dennison, with her ear against the panels, listened as well as she was able above the pound of her riotous heart. She did not move until she heard the click of the outside door below. Then she crossed to the window and watched this man stride soldierlike off into the darkness. When she turned back it was with clenched fists.

"You fool!" she exclaimed. "You little fool!"

Slumping down into a chair, she repeated the uncomplimentary phrase again and again, but without any apparent result. She was left just where she started, with flushed cheeks and a pounding heart and a great big ache in her throat. And where she should have been angry she was not—as when he had seized her hand in the taxi. And where she should not have been angry she was—as when he had let her slip away at the foot of the stairs. All the while she knew better, both ways, because she was years older than he was and had long since learned to look upon such weaknesses in their true light. She not only knew how to judge herself but how to judge him. He had been gone two years, and this was his first day back and his head had been turned. That was all there was to the episode for him. She did not blame him in the slightest. It was perfectly natural. And she herself had helped to make him a good deal as he was. She had told him that she was willing to share with him just what she had shared to-night and nothing more—not quite as much in normal times. That he still believed it was proven by his remark about not daring to claim more because he was stony broke.

Alone in the dark she shivered. In another year he would be making plenty of money, and then—that was as much as he thought of her. That was as much as she had ever thought of herself until now. But to-night if he had only seized her in dead earnest, and taken her with the few little dollars he had left to a clergyman or a justice of the peace, she would have gone!

Good Lord, she would have gone! Burying her face in her hands she admitted that. This last year had been so empty without him and so full of new terrors, and rolling bandages gave one so much time to think. Rolling bandages made one old—old enough to dine with Eaton. Rolling bandages ——

She sprang to her feet. That was over, all over. She must never think of it again. Yet that year was added to her other years. So, for that matter, a year had been added to Marvin's years. Then why was he years younger, and she ——

She switched on the lights and crossed in their full glare to the mirror. She found her eyes big and round; she found her cheeks the color of roses and her whole face alight—alight. With sudden passion she proclaimed aloud:

"Tom—Tom, I love you!"

She challenged the face in the mirror to deny the statement. The face did not. She turned off the lights again and this left her all alone with herself. To herself she said:

"If stony broke he takes you, that's one thing; if not, that's another. For this new love is something very precious, little fool that you are!"

Only this time she said that smiling.

III

THE last year of the war had proven to be one of the worst business years that B. Graham had ever experienced, and this in face of the fact that never had the country as a whole been in a more prosperous condition. A man had only to watch the progress of the various Liberty Loan campaigns to learn how much idle money there was lying round loose, billions and billions raised not from the bankers alone, but from the little fellows who made up the bulk of his own dependable clientèle. But here was the comforting thought that had kept hope alive in the broad human breast of B. Graham: This money was still there. It was not money spent but money saved. In Liberty Bonds it was still money. It had merely changed its form. In a way it was for him all the more secure, all the more available. The only thing that had kept him from going after it before now was the fact that it brought him into competition with the United States Government, which was after more. Certain Federal agents had visited his commodious Wall Street quarters and given him sound advice. In addition he understood that certain Western States were ready to take even a more radical stand and had railroaded out of town those incautious solicitors who had questioned their authority.

But the war was now over. In a way he could flatter himself that he had done his little best to help win it. On the Fourth loan he had actually got out his mailing list, and on his own responsibility sent out a brief circular advising his clients to invest their savings in this issue and sit tight on their holdings until the war was won. Then, he hinted, the firm of B. Graham was going to be in a position to furnish them real opportunities.

With unexpected swiftness the war really did end. The dénouement came at a time when Graham had resigned himself to another hard winter. And nobody had celebrated the great and epochal climax with more heartiness than Graham himself. Then he had turned to business. Within a week he had purchased for a nominal sum a lease on some five hundred acres of land, which owed its prospective value to the fact that it lay within the same general neighborhood as that in which oil had recently been struck. Within a month he had organized the Investors' Oil Company, with a capital of two million dollars, consisting of two hundred thousand shares of common stock, par value ten dollars a share, with Mr. Barney Graham of a certain number Wall Street as president and Mr. Thomas Sears Marvin as vice president and treasurer. He was taking a bit of a chance on that because he was not sure of getting Marvin back, but he liked the sound of that name. It had a solid New England ring to it.

At the first meeting of the board of directors, which consisted of himself and five office boys, each holding one share of stock, it was voted—a majority being present—to hand over to the president of the company for his services in the interest of the company seventy-five thousand shares, to the vice president ten thousand shares, and to dispose of the rest as opportunity offered. That did not mean that he was to sit round idly waiting for opportunity to knock at his office door. Already in a series of glittering advertisements he had called the attention of the great American public to that number on Wall Street where opportunity was born, and now, as the Investors' Oil Company, stood waiting like a gracious hostess to receive them. And they were coming. From the Pacific Coast and the Middle West and the South and the North, and even from right about him in little old New York, they came, mostly by mail, bringing their gifts of Liberty Bonds to lay at the feet of opportunity as represented by Barney Graham and, to a lesser degree, by Thomas Sears Marvin.

It was at this point that Marvin came back in person. He walked into the office one morning, and B. Graham rose from his chair with his big face beaming pleasure and held out a white chubby hand.

"Believe me, I'm glad to see you again!" he exclaimed. "When did you get home?"

"Not until yesterday—really," smiled Marvin. "It wasn't until then that I was able to get out of khaki."

"Well, you haven't come back a day too soon for me. Ready for work?"

"You bet!" answered Marvin. "Got a job?"

"A real job. I've had you booked up for a month. You're vice president of the Investors' Oil Company, Marvin, with ten thousand shares, par value ten dollars, to your credit, and," he reflected a moment, studying Marvin closely, "a salary of one hundred dollars a week. That suit?"

Considering that this was double what he had been drawing before the war, to say nothing of the substantial bonus of stock, and that he was down to a capital of slightly over twenty-five dollars, Marvin found difficulty in restraining his enthusiasm and acting with the dignity called for by so important a position.

"Yes," answered Marvin, steadying himself; "that suits. I'll begin this morning."

"Good. Sit down and I'll run through the new proposition with you now."

As B. Graham unfolded his plans Marvin did not find them differing, except in details, from many of the other ventures of their kind which he had helped handle before the war—except in one particular. Graham was featuring the fact that he would accept Liberty Bonds at market value in payment for stock. On the surface this sounded fair enough. And yet somehow Marvin did not like the idea. A Liberty Bond, after what he had been through, seemed a little different from an ordinary bond or from cash.

"I'm not telling 'em they ought to take the chance," exclaimed Graham. "I'm just furnishing them the opportunity if they want that sort of thing."

Marvin did not argue the point with Graham. There was not anything in particular to argue. Such things are just a matter of sentiment. But he went back to his desk and began work with some of his enthusiasm gone. This mood, however, was only temporary. Before the forenoon was over he fell again into his old stride. As he picked up the routine of his duties the element of personal responsibility dropped into the background. It was the old game once more, with every man for himself as long as the rules, as laid down by the law, were observed. Before night he had turned out an advertisement that won even B. Graham's admiration.

"Guess your little vacation did you good," observed the latter.

The remark brought a grim smile to Marvin's lips, but he made no comment.

For two weeks Marvin plugged away with a zeal that left him at night so dog tired that he did not have energy enough left to move from his room. He explained it all to Peggy over the telephone.

"I've simply got to make good on this deal, Peggy," he said. "Graham has been more than generous, and it looks as though this was going to put me on my feet."

So it did. The stock which had been listed on the curb at fifty cents climbed steadily to three dollars as a result of the brisk demand created by the vigorous advertising campaign. At this price Graham disposed of enough of his personal holdings to cover expenses already incurred and held the balance for four dollars. It was a certainty now that he could put it there.

At that point something happened. A young woman in mourning called at the office and asked for Mr. Marvin. Nothing, on the surface, could have seemed less dramatic. Marvin was very busy just then, but she could wait. An hour later she reminded a clerk that she was still waiting, and Marvin sent for her. Her business was simple. She was Mrs. Jimmy Hudson, and she was bringing a portion of the insurance money she had received at his death to invest in this stock. She was doing this because Jimmy had often spoken to her of Marvin and written back from France of him.

Marvin listened without speaking, but when she had finished he was in a good deal the same condition as he had been after the first shrapnel burst near him.

"You are Jimmy Hudson's wife?" he faltered.

She held her head a little higher as she answered "Yes."

And Jimmy was dead in the Argonne! Good Lord, Jimmy was more out of luck than he had even dreamed. And she, his wife, was here ready to back Marvin's reputation as an officer and a gentleman with her money—on this kind of an investment.

Marvin moistened his lips. Then he picked up his hat.

"Let's get out of here," he said.

He needed more air, cleaner air, when he talked to Jimmy Hudson's wife. He led her to the elevator, and once on the street ordered a taxi and drove her to Washington Square as the nearest bit of open ground he could think of at the moment. There, seated on a bench, he talked to her of Jimmy, he whom he had thought dead in the Argonne.

"When I look back now," he said, "I don't understand how for so long I knew so little about him. He was behind the desk at the Bristol for months, ever smiling and ready to do little things for me, and yet—I didn't feel his life at all. I didn't even know he had gone until I came back. And I didn't know he had you. It seems wrong that he had to die to make people understand what a fine, wonderful chap he was."

"Oh," she cried, "he needn't have died to make me see!"

"No, not you. But the rest of us did not have your seeing eyes. And that was our loss. It's because here we don't look much beyond ourselves. Yet we were not like that over there. We learned in France not to think of ourselves at all. The whole bunch of us did. Then—I don't know about the other fellows—but I came back and got out of khaki and thought I was going back to the same old game of every man for himself. That's what I thought until you and Jimmy came in and showed me in two minutes that it can't be done. Good Lord, it isn't over over there and never will be! And it isn't over over here and never will be. I've got out of khaki but not into civilians, only into mufti!"

"I don't understand," she said.

"I'm only beginning to understand myself," he went on. "But it's you, through Jimmy, who is driving the truth home. Listen—if you had put your money into that stock you wouldn't have had a chance in a thousand. Good Lord!" he shuddered. "Think of losing Jimmy's money like that!"

"Yet you ——"

"Yes," he interrupted, "I was backing the deal just as I used to before I went over. Only in the old days there wasn't any you or any Jimmy. Now I see the city full of you, and the state and the nation—full of women who are in a sense my sisters; full of men who are in a sense my brothers. It's old as the hills, that idea. It was for that we fought in khaki. It's for that we must go on fighting—in mufti."

The woman in black beside him rose. She held herself a little aloof from him.

"You might have lost Jimmy's money!" she cried in awe.

"God forgive me—yes," he admitted. "But that was an hour ago. I'm all through up there now. I think that Jimmy would trust me more than ever. If you wish me to care for his money ——"

She drew back a little.

"Don't!" he pleaded.

Only a second she hesitated, and then impulsively thrust the little bag she was carrying into his hands.

IV

MARVIN resigned that day from the firm of B. Graham and Company. He tried to explain to Graham why, but he did not make much headway.

"Maybe it's shell-shock and you'll get over it in a few days," suggested the financier, looking worried.

"I guess it is a kind of shell-shock," admitted Marvin. "But if ever I get over it I hope someone shoots me."

He spent the next five minutes convincing Graham of the necessity of announcing in the morning papers the fact of his resignation, and won his point not so much by argument as by a certain ugly look that for the moment made Graham wonder if the war was really over.

That evening Marvin went down to see Peggy Dennison, striding into the room with his head up and his shoulders back like a soldier.

"You must have had a good day," she commented.

"One of the best of my life," he answered.

"I saw in the evening papers that the stock reached three twenty-five to-day."

"What stock?" he demanded.

"Why, your stock—Investors' Oil."

"What do you know about that stuff?"

She colored and then excitedly stammered out the truth:

"I put everything I had into it. Did I do wrong?"

"You've probably lost every cent of it," he told her. "I resigned to-day, and to-morrow Graham will try to get out from under by dumping all he has on the market. Five minutes after the curb opens you won't be able to give the stock away."

"Then—then I'm stony broke?"

He made his feet.

"Peggy," he cried, "it's all my fault, but I didn't know I'd have to pay any such price as this. I'll spend the rest of my life making it up to you dollar for dollar. I'm going after a real job in the morning, a little old twenty-five-a-week job, and if it takes me fifty years I'll make up every last cent to you. You'll let me do that?"

"Alone?" she asked.

His eyes grew as big with wonder as a child's.

"You don't mean ——"

But when he saw her bright eyes and trembling lips he needed no further explanation.

"Peggy, Peggy," he whispered as he gathered her into his arms, "I don't deserve this."

"Nor—nor I," she answered back.

Censored Natural-History News

By ENOS A. MILLS

THE ancients went in strong for superstitions, both in peace and war. These were supposedly for the general welfare. The pagan priests in power during the closing days of old Rome are said never to have met without laughing over the absurd superstitions they were perpetuating. But one of the greatest victories recorded for a Roman admiral was the sinking of a superstition. He was about to meet the fleet of the enemy for a decisive battle when the sacred chickens aboard refused to eat. This bad omen discouraged the superstitious sailors, and even the officers were losing their morale. The admiral, however, promptly threw the chickens overboard, with the remark that perhaps they would drink, and proceeded to victory.

A story of modern origin and common circulation has the bighorn mountain sheep dive over precipices and triumphantly land on his horns at the bottom. But the bighorn does not know this story and is strange to the plan. The few sheep who may have tried it never returned to report results.

Dall DeWees, the world-wide naturalist hunter, has another sheep story. He sat behind a newspaper near a hotel group who were telling hunting incidents and discussing alleged natural history. It was too much for him when someone told how the bighorn mountain sheep use their horns for shock absorbers. He quietly interrupted with:

"Gentlemen, I had a bighorn sheep experience near my mountain home. Walking along the bottom of the deep and narrow Arkansas River Cañon one day, a few bits of granite fell at my feet. I saw on the upper rim a number of mountain sheep; and as I looked up the leader, an old ram, dived over."

Here Dall paused and someone wanted to know what became of the sheep.

"Oh," said Mr. DeWees, "he saw me and turned round and went back."

Without knowledge of natural history, a person with a gun is likely to get his wild-life classifications wrong and take a shot at something out of season. Once I was quietly watching a dignified social gathering of pelicans in a pond when a hunter from the rear took a crack at me. He made haste to apologize, with the explanation that he mistook me for a goose.

Those who are not up on wilderness etiquette have gossiped most unfairly about the skunk. First of all, he is ever ready for society; his company manners are in constant use—never mislaid; he is well groomed; makes no advances unless introduced; and he meets visitors face to face. The skunk always acts nice except when jostled.

Neither Stupid Nor Crazy

Every wild thing under the sun seems to have suffered from the censorship of Nature news. Geese are supposed to be stupid and loons crazy, but both are exceptionally keen-witted. The synonyms from which they and the skunk suffer satisfy only the censor and some others.

This censorship of natural-history news, begun a few generations ago, has developed to near exclusiveness of facts. Those censoring appear wholly unacquainted with their subject, and therefore are qualified by censor tests to give the public such selected Nature lore as it can be trusted to know and still remain loyal to public institutions. A Scotch philosopher once said that history is a set of lies agreed upon. Natural history, as it is now censored, is an excellent example of the stifling possibilities of censorship.

A number of people in California and Australia have been watching for a frightened ostrich to hide his head in the sand. It is possible that a mentally deranged plume bearer may yet be discovered that will do this; but it has never been considered good form among the common run of ostriches.

Dan Beard in a youthful sketching effort sat down before a flock of Florida ostriches. They became curious at his general appearance and concentration, and two of them came and looked over his shoulder. He has never exhibited the picture. Possibly it was of an ostrich hiding its lamps ungracefully in a bushel of sand. Anyway, they looked and were agitated; but, instead of hiding their heads, they chased Dan ingloriously down the street. They routed him; helmet and all equipment were thrown away to aid flight for safety first. Ever since this experience Dan Beard has done pioneer work in natural history and has called the Nature censor everything but a gentleman.

Going into the wild places is too often considered akin to joining the Suicide Club because wild animals are thought to be ferocious and altitude almost as dangerous, while storms and lightning make the outdoors a continuous battlefield. Yet the wilderness is the safety zone of the world. It postpones the death of practically all its visitors.

One of the most encouraging and significant tendencies of the times is the growing distrust of the censor of natural-history news. He is becoming unpopular and may have to take to the woods and learn something. People are responding to the call of the wild. In increasing numbers they are going far into wild places, returning one hundred per cent fit from top to toe; with enthusiastic morale, they condemn the mollycoddle doctrine and the evil propaganda of the natural-history censors.

Prairie-Dog Myths

The Boy Scouts and the Camp-fire Girls are endangering the natural-history censor. These healthy youngsters will give intelligent determinism to future natural history. Dragon flies will have to cease being devil's darning needles; toads must stop producing warts; fuzz will have to function otherwise than keeping plants warm in winter. If one beaver colony forecasts a hard winter and another in the same locality plans for a mild one, both will be allowed to do so uncensored; and if porcupines go about the woods throwing their quills as bushmen do their boomerangs, something will happen to them too. With a little more general acquaintance with wild life and woodcraft, there will be an open season on censors.

Prairie dogs live in arid lands. For weeks their only water is that from plants eaten. There is a story in general circulation which tells that prairie-dog holes go down to water. Oil and artesian wells in prairie-dog towns show that the depth to water is from two hundred to five hundred feet, a depth impossible for the prairie dog, but not for the story-teller. Though the chief concern of Mrs. Prairie Dog is to prevent snakes from eating her young, the story goes out that snakes, prairie dogs and owls live happily in the same hole.

Mr. Roosevelt commented on the superstitions concerning the alleged ferocity of American animals in general and the mountain lion in particular. He brought forward first-hand experience and an array of competent witnesses to show that the lion, or puma, does not leap from tree limbs on people; that it is an extremely shy animal; and that one is as safe sleeping in its territory as among tame cats—and, he might have added, much less likely to be disturbed.

The fear of snakes, sharks and devilfish probably has sentenced more people to close confinement than is commonly known. It discourages views afoot. The devilfish has been the villain of ten thousand adventure stories; yet it does not seek human prey. The shark, too, is a magical find for many an inaccurate scribbler.

Snakes are not so big or so bad or so common as nursery news proclaims. There are two evil and impossible snake stories that appear to have circulated for generations in Asia, Europe, Africa and America. At present they are infesting the tourist routes in South America as thickly as snakes in a booze nightmare. One of these stories has a snake so large that he swallows an ox, tail foremost, and comes to grief when the long outpointing horns are reached. This story is sometimes varied by describing a snake with the shoulders, body and horns of an ox, and a tail more than one hundred feet long. The most-stretched snake skin ever exhibited was only twenty-five feet long.

Some years ago an alleged sea serpent—made in Germany—was exhibited to crowds in the capitals of Europe. Taking the skull of one and most of the bones of several ancient zeuglodons, the inventor multiplied the real length and exhibited the combination as a hundred-and-fourteen-foot skeleton. Sea serpents—if they ever existed—are extinct; but the petrified man, too, still draws crowds, though no petrified man has ever been discovered.

The wolves of the United States have not been ferocious for generations, if ever so. Their keen senses are ever alert to avoid coming close to people and in keeping out of sight; yet a number of times each year telegrams appear in the newspapers telling of an attack of wolves on people. Such accounts discourage outdoor life and help keep natural history safe for hypocrisy. The following was printed in a newspaper in February, 1919:

"Wolves are attacking children on their way home from school in my county, and have treed people, keeping them in trees all night. . . . They attack men and are killing sheep, cattle and hogs. One man recently saved his life by killing a wolf after it had jumped into a sleigh in which the man was riding."

The cow, for story purposes, is more picturesque than the grizzly bear. How interesting it would be if someone should write a story of the capers of a cow who chased strangers up trees and then climbed after them. Such a story might be justified as a work of art and the author honored as a clever entertainer; but the fact remains that neither the cow nor the grizzly bear climb trees.

"Working like a beaver" is a proverb sometimes applied to people, with an intended compliment. It is interpreted to mean great industry—working all the time and overtime, but not necessarily accomplishing anything or having a goal.

Watching the Ground Hog

The life of the beaver is rich in edifying material, but the preachments and morals concerning his life appear to have been made, mostly by censors and professional uplifters, without the golden facts. Their pointing to the beaver for lessons and teachments in the world of Nature would not be so bad if they called attention to actualities. The beaver ever has a purpose; he never works unless he has to do so, and that is possibly one day out of seven; he is efficient; and, though his accomplishments are monumental, he is master of the fine art of rest.

A dozen Scouts, with a leader, camped last winter for a week in the mountains. They tried to discover what the ground hog did on Ground-hog Day. Would the ground hogs, mindful of their vast responsibilities, come forth or thrust out their heads to announce the weather for the next sixty days? The Scouts were in the woods owned by the father of one of the boys who knew the location of many ground-hog holes.

Twelve of these were marked and watched. Four holes were drifted over and sealed with snow, but Mister Hog did not break a seal; five others were partly filled with snow, but evening came and this snow received not a track—the hibernating hog hibernated on. At two of the three remaining holes nothing showed up; but mid-afternoon cheering in the direction of the third quickly caused twelve Scouts to collect. A cottontail rabbit had put out his head, looked toward every point on the horizon and at the sky, and then had gone back! For these Boy Scouts the weather will hereafter have to be regulated without a ground hog. Perhaps some day the Scouts will look into prairie-dog holes.

The object of the censors seem to have been to keep people indoors, to keep them from knowing the facts about natural history and the outdoors. It is but little less than a crime to attempt to suppress a normal child who has become restless through indoor life by telling him that bears eat bad children. Bears never eat human flesh.

Nor are bears ferocious. Bears, like all strong and desirable citizens, are constantly assailed with attempts at character assassination. People who are constantly maligning the bear probably do not have anything against him; but he is simply their favorite factor for trying to accomplish a purpose through fear.

Many wild animals appear to have courage, conscience and common sense. Often they triumph over the unexpected; quickly they readjust to new conditions; sometimes they welcome reform; and often they coöperate and combine for the general welfare.

Why make the wilderness a fearful place, full of ferocious beasts and dangerous forces? No nation has fallen for fostering outdoor life. Indoor excesses have covered the outdoors with superstitions and closed the doors against the enjoyment of invigorating storms and snows. Every season has its advantages. Forgetting that changes and the winter of the temperate zone give vigor and courage to the race, the exclusive indoor people have missed and lost much that is good.

Caught by the Colonel

The changes that challenge and compel growth and keep us fit and growing—these give the required and necessary morale for those in life's front rank. At times the old acquaintance has been stern, but it raised and conducted our distinguished ancestors to us; and for those who do not forget there is renewed health and hope—the world is young once more.

The wild wonderlands give to every child that guiding and glorious light—imagination. Wild Nature is the child's greatest heritage.

"Mother," said a small boy as they stood before the leopard's cage, "how can that animal afford a coat like yours?"

This childish remark is akin to the lofty condescension sometimes observed in the comments concerning the rural population. People without knowledge allege inferiority in rural folk. Country folk and the farmer are thought to be in need of uplift and old magazines.

Many wilderness camping places are devastated as though by war. Trees are burned and hacked, birds shot and frightened, and wild flowers uprooted. These atrocities are committed by those who have a low estimate of poetic wild Nature; of everything and everybody beyond the city limits. But these people are not to blame.

Much of Roosevelt's power came from early—that is, correct—acquaintance with Nature; it furnished him recreation and enjoyment and efficiency; and it also stored his mind with inside facts, which were ever helpful in making the right decision and in getting results.

Some years ago a lumber company endeavored to acquire a large block of timberland from the Government. President Roosevelt, either doubting the correctness of the representations of the company concerning the character of the timber or desiring to reserve the area, denied the application. Later he reopened the case and the manager of the company came on for the final statement. During the discussion the manager exhibited photographs alleged to be of the tract in question.

The leading photograph was marked "Engelmann spruce, on southern slope of Granite Mountain; altitude, seven thousand feet." Roosevelt at once asked concerning the accuracy of the legend. The manager doubly assured him of its absolute accuracy. Roosevelt knew spruce and other tree habits and habitats in the locality represented, and realized that the Engelmann spruce was found mostly on cool northern slopes and not on warm southern, at an altitude of nine thousand feet or more, and not, as the legend said, seven thousand feet.

People are made in their leisure hours. It is insidious enemy propaganda that discourages the best use of leisure hours—outdoor exercise—and encourages indoor functions as the conventional thing. Functions have been tried by many people; they have ceased to be fit—to have morale. And in many a nation these no longer have a place in the sun.

It's father's turn home tonight

DAD has to be content with *reading* the story of the picture tonight. The folks will *see* it!

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FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION

Paramount and Artcraft Stars' Latest Productions

Listed alphabetically, released up to May 31st. Save the list! And see the pictures!

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John Barrymore *in* "The Test of Honor"
*Enid Bennett *in* "The Haunted Bedroom"
Billie Burke *in* "Good Gracious Annabelle"
Marguerite Clark *in* "Come Out of the Kitchen"
Ethel Clayton *in* "A Girl Named Mary"
*Dorothy Dalton *in* "The Lady of Red Butte"
Dorothy Gish *in* "I'll Get Him Yet"
Ella Lee *in* "Rose o' Paradise"
Vivian Martin *in* "The Home Town Girl"
Shirley Mason *in* "The Final Close Up"
*Charles Ray *in* "The Egg Crate Wallop"
Wallace Reid *in* "The Roaring Road"
Bryant Washburn *in* "Something to Do"

Paramount-Artcraft Specials

"The Hun Within" — with Special Star Cast
"Private Peat" — with Private Peat Production
"Little Women" — from Louisa M. Alcott's famous story
"Oh! You Women" — A John Emerson-Anita Loos Production
"Sporting Life" — A Maurice Tourneur Production
"The Silver King" — featuring William Faversham
"The False Faces" — A Thomas H. Ince Production

Artcraft

Geo. M. Cohan *in* "Hit the Trail Holliday"
Cecil B. DeMille's Production "For Better, For Worse"
Douglas Fairbanks *in* "The Knickerbocker Buckaroo"
Elsie Ferguson *in* "Eyes of the Soul"
D. W. Griffith's Production "The Greatest Question"
*Wm. S. Hart *in* The Money Corporal
Mary Pickford *in* Captain Kidd, Jr.
Fred Stone *in* "Johnny Get Your Gun"

Paramount Comedies

Paramount-Arbuckle Comedy — "Love"
Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedies — "When Love Is Blind" / "Love's False Faces"
Paramount-Flagg Comedy — "We're in the Little Stranger"
Paramount-Drew Comedy — "Harold, the Last of the Saxons"

*Supervision of Thomas H. Ince

Paramount-Bray Pictograph—One each week
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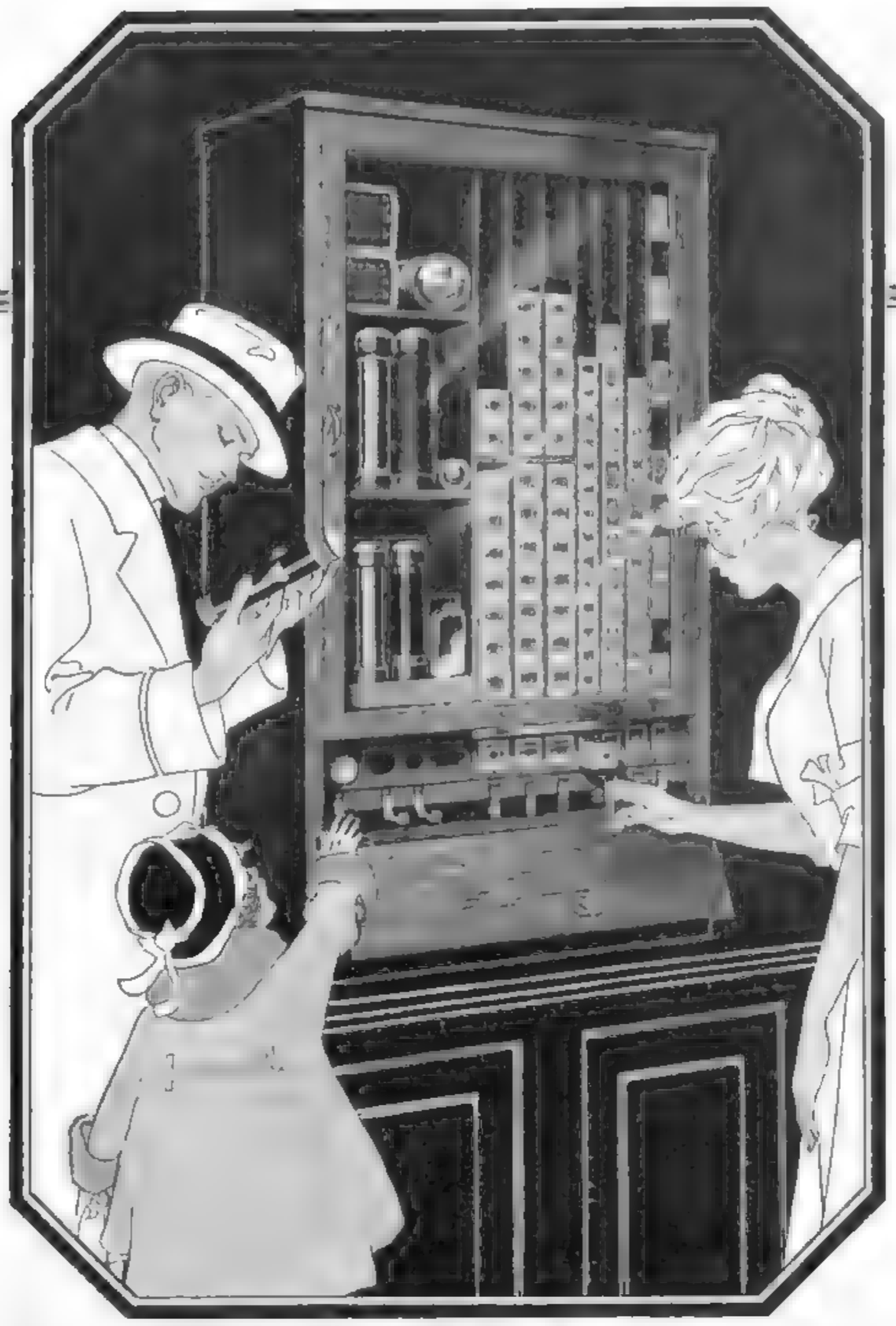
And remember that any Paramount or Artcraft picture that you haven't seen is as new as a book you have never read



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GLADHANDING THE LANDERS

By ROB WAGNER

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

TALK about the fatal letter in the mellerdrammer. Our home was broken up by a post card, an illustrated one at that! There we were, a happy little family of four, living in peace and comfort on a three-hundred-acre farm in Iowa, and fully expecting the future generations of Dentons to enjoy the same. Then one cold and stormy day—but wait! The picture thus roused in the reader's mind is probably incorrect in every particular, for the accepted traditions of stage and story depict Iowa farmers as gawks in big boots and wearing long whiskers full of meadow larks. Furthermore, the most unreliable authorities make us out herbivori, standing round chewing wisps of timothy hay in front of scroll-saw houses plastered with mortgages, and confining our conversation to hogs and corn.

But our home didn't stack up with standard fiction at all. The huge house in which we entertained distinguished guests was built of beautiful concrete blocks resembling stone and it was equipped with electric lights, hot and cold folding doors, an iron dog on the front lawn, and all the trimmings of urban life, by heck. Nor did Abner Denton wear comedy whiskers, chew Teamster's Delight, and read naught but almanacs and mail-order catalogues.

On the contrary, dad was handsomer than a judge of the Supreme Court, read Rabelais quite irreligiously, and owned twenty-seven linear feet of encyclopedias. Agnes Denton, his lawfully wedded, also broke with gingham traditions and wore her clothes and culture with all the ease and carelessness of the city clubwoman. And David—"David, the heir to the Denton millions," whom I am it—had gone through college with a degree that threatened architecture and had burned up more mileage than the Cookest tourist; while Dorothy, "the beautiful daughter," had been to a finishing school—whatever that is—and whitened her pretty nose before a black-and-orange "table de toilette" that was the last crashing note in Russian art.

Hen Dilly Starts Something

IN EVERY respect our little domestic-happiness drama was running to the best accepted continuity. Dorothy would one day renounce her movie dream as unattainable and marry Steve Henshaw, cashier of the Farmers and Merchants' Bank of Cedarville; mom would employ another maid; dad would retire from active management of his affairs; while I, with my degree of liberal arts carefully placed on ice, would take up the old man's burden and perpetuate the holy traditions of the old homestead.

This, as I said, was the way the dainty Barryesque theme was developing when the villain entered in the person of Jeff Spinney, Rural Carrier Number Eight, working out of Cedarville. Jeff was not aware of his villainy when he innocently left that packet of mail one frosty November morning, but nevertheless 'twas he who brought the picture post card.

It is queer what little things turn the tides of men. None of us realized at the time the terrific significance of that bit of pasteboard, for it had nothing on it but a little colored landscape showing a snow-covered mountain in the distance and an orange grove in the foreground, while the reverse side—in the space permitting correspondence—carried this simple message:

Dear Abner: Twenty acres of oranges are better than 160 of corn. Come on out, the weather's fine. Yours,
HEN DILLY.

That's all.

Dad stuck the gentle seduction on his desk where he could see it, while the rest of us never gave it another thought. It was not the mention of financial opportunity that interested my father, because he had done well and what he didn't own in and about Cedarville wasn't worth taking; but as the days grew colder the picture of those orange trees began to get in its psychic work. Years of hard toil and aching joints made the dear old man very receptive to the idea of sunshine, and the first thing we knew he had written for "literature."

And literature is a good word, for anybody who could resist the lure of these charming come-on booklets must be entirely lacking in imagination. Dad began to picture himself seated with mom in the shade of the sheltering palm, nibbling nectarines, sniffing jasmine and listening to the bulbul singing to his mate. I've prepared a lot of literary anæsthetics since that time, but none that ever worked better than the Chamber of Commerce classics that dad devoured.

The break came one night in the middle of December when we were all huddled round the fire trying to compete with a howling blizzard that had already blown over our biggest silo.

After spreading out a lot of beautiful circulars on the green-baize card table dad said: "Children, what do you say to going to California? My rheumatism is pretty bad, and mother and I have decided we're getting too old for the hard winters here. I have a good offer for the farm and most of my other interests, and by the first of the year we can be on our way to the land of perpetual sunshine. I'll probably buy an orange ranch, and Dave—you can run the packing house; and if we live in Angel City Dot can attend the lectures she's always running over to Keokuk to hear."

"But, Abner, isn't Angel City the town the comedians make so much fun of?" expostulated mom.

"And don't you remember, dad," I broke in, "they told us up in Seattle that Boostburg—as they called it—had invented a new game called strip real estate, and folks are delighted when they pass through if they are permitted to retain their shoe?"

"And that funny song we heard in Frisco," added sis; and she broke into the refrain: Curfew rings at nine o'clock in Nearbeer-by-the-Sea.

"Yes," answered dad with a drawl, "but there is a compliment in such humor. Remember, America is a joke to Europe; it laughs at the extravagances of our youth. When a country, a city or a boy begins to grow suddenly its boasting is comical, especially during the time when the voice is changing. Dignity comes only with age and character. Can you imagine, for instance, a great fleet of crowded gondolas, with bands playing, prancing through the canals of Venice, while banners exhort a gaping world to 'Watch us grow'? Or picture if you can a marching club parading down Piccadilly urging the bystanders to 'Boost for Britain.' No, children, such exuberances are the excesses of youth. Why, I remember when Chicago —— Well, I think we'll like Angel City in spite of its growing pains."

Thus it was that the Denton family—like so many before and since—pulled up its Middle Western stakes and set out for the land of oranges and optimism. Of course it was rather hard for the old folks to break entirely away from the scenes of their early struggles, but they promised themselves a return trip to the old home every summer—a promise universally made and never kept; but sis and I were restless and alert and we couldn't get away fast enough. Angel City, where they had the floral tournaments and movie studios!—it was like going to a festival. Farming is all right for those who like scenery and cows, but I prefer folks; and as for sis, she was simply hell-bent on the kind of culture one gets in the big metrollopus

Welcomed From Afar

ON JANUARY third the whole of Cedarville was down to see us aboard one of those tourist specials that carry our countrymen ever westward. And we sure had company, for there were at least six hundred on the train before we reached Arizona.

I didn't realize at the time what dad had let us in for when he wrote for that literature, but we soon had evidence that it was no mere perfunctory service on the part of the C. of C. Indeed a gentleman got on at Phœnix who had much charm of manner and a perfectly weird understanding of our needs, and he put himself entirely at our service. Where he found out just how much dad was worth, cash in the bank, and other intimate details was mighty puzzling; but he knew more about our affairs than our lawyer in Cedarville; and furthermore he understood exactly what we wanted in the way of land, and was prepared to send us forth from the train fully equipped for our pleasant struggle with the soil.

Now dad is genial and humorous and there is always a smile imminent on his handsome smooth-shaved face, but the fellow who thinks he can hand him anything in the way of a deal, without an exhaustive examination, must get up yesterday, so Mr. Sturgess didn't receive a very satisfactory reaction. Anyway the compliment of his attention was somewhat edited when we saw him addressing himself in the same manner to some folks from Coffeyville, Kansas, a few sections ahead of us.

Nor was he the only Good Samaritan aboard our special—other fellows with the gladdest hands were going about offering succor to the pop-eyed Argonauts. The porter himself was interesting some people on Section Ten with a proposition that seemed to promise enormous success, and darned if the conductor didn't turn out to practice real estate on the side. With an air of most disinterested helpfulness he presented dad with a little booklet devoted to charming facts concerning Urbania Acres—a new tract only eighteen miles from the center of the city—on two car lines, with water, gas and electric lights promised as soon as something or other happened. It was evident the inmates of Section Three of the Colonist Special were not to go landless if

"If it Wasn't for the Signboards Telling of the Beautiful View We Might be Able to See How Beautiful it Is"

the advance agents of prosperity could fend off such a calamity.

The doubts of ultimate joy that for two days had been accumulating in the back of my head vanished like a mist when our train pulled over the Divide and started to slide down the open valleys into the promised land. A thousand miles of prairie and alkali desert had been a dramatic prelude to the entrance of the Denton family into the fifth reel where the big punch happens. We had left Iowa under two feet of snow, and now we were in a garden—palms, oranges and other semitropical growth speaking more eloquently than the chastest English ever penned by a super-advertiser. They may be extravagant in their adjectives, thought I, but they have the goods. Nor was I alone in the thrill of this exotic joy; six hundred passengers threw up the windows and drank in the fragrance of orange blossoms, verbena and sage.

"I'll forgive these fellows all their enthusiasm," said mom, "for so far father's old pamphlets have been pretty poor describers of the scenery."

Oh, it was great! Corn-fed denizens from the wilds of Illinois jumped off the train at every stop, played run-sheep-run, or dashed madly about picking flowers that seemed to be pulling themselves out by the roots in sheer ecstasy of living.

Though my traveling had hitherto been mostly to the East I had always heard of the open hospitality of the Golden West, but I never dreamed how intense it could be. Our train was met by innumerable committees, and delighted hosts bent to the breaking point over our comforts and an agreeable first impression. But somehow I could not rid myself of the feeling that this extraordinary welcome was not pure altruism. Dad was so darned suspicious that he hurriedly corralled us, pushed us into a cab and told the driver to beat it to the biggest and strongest hotel in the city.

But if we thought we were to escape an official welcome we pulled the wrong wheeze, for our gasoline guide deliberately stopped before a store full of pumpkins, corn and other astonishing growths, and a gentleman came out and had himself introduced as the president of the Acme Land Company, and expressed a hope that we would do him the honor to permit him to show us a little of the country as soon as we were settled. But dad didn't warm to the suggestion. Our Angel City host must have thought we were from Archangel.

The hotel was certainly a huge affair, ten times the size of the Arlington back in Cedarville, Iowa, and it was known as Tilton's Million Dollar Tavern. And it was easy to see where the money was spent; the lobby itself was evidence enough of Mr. Tilton's prodigality. The great columns running past the mezzanine to the support of the fourteen floors above were made of soap, a beautiful, mottled, élite soap. Of course it may have been only imitation soap, but if so it was mighty well done. In any event it was plainly evident there was no desire to crab the cost of anything in this hotel.

The terrific extravagance, in fact, was shamelessly admitted on every hand.

Money, Money Everywhere

OVER the clerk's desk there was a five-hundred-dollar painting of some Greek ladies eating oranges in pleasing attitudes; and a drinking fountain that I swear I could duplicate in Iowa for a hundred dollars bore a tablet reading: "This three-hundred-dollar fountain was the gift of Emil Blatz Co." Fiscal emphasis was even laid on a "ten-thousand-dollar orchestra," which played the same music in quite the same way as less expensive ones in other places. I often wondered how Mr. Tilton arrived at that sum: Was it the combined annual salaries of the twelve players or their mortuary values as insurance risks?

But figures are always impressive, and after dining off napery with a picture of the hotel actually woven into the texture—and costing twelve dollars apiece, the waiter told us—we realized that the Denton roll was due for a dreadful nick. But curiously enough the rates were not excessive, which makes it doubly difficult to see how Mr. Tilton was to make money off his huge investment.

Enterprise is always admirable and the splendid enthusiasm of the real estaters to sell us a farm before we had shaken the dust of travel from our clothes commanded our profound respect, yet we were forced into a defensive attitude, and we became gunshy even of the chambermaids and bell hops; and I saw a colored shoeblack supply his customers with realty literature in lieu of the pink periodical printed in the interest of his craft.

But in the seclusion of our rooms we felt safe from pursuit, and in loosening up we decided that at any rate the Angel City merchants had not overplayed the climate, for here it was the tenth of January and the sun was shining like a balmy day in June.

"And look," piped up mom—"just look at this bowl of fruit! Now I call that real attention. No hotel back in Iowa would ever leave a bowl of fruit in your room without you'd ordered it. But what's this?"

Pulling a card out of its hiding place beneath a crimson pomegranate she read: "Compliments of the Francisco Farm Lands Company!"

By this time dad had grown so tight across the chest that when I suggested that we celebrate our arrival with a little native wine at dinner he replied: "Dave, I know now why this country is voting itself dry. It's simply a matter of self-defense. If we should weaken for one moment I haven't the slightest doubt the head waiter would gumshoe up, slip a fountain pen into my poor old unresisting hand, and have me signed up for a first payment while the rest of you were ordering your silly desserts."

Three days on a tourist special will pull the cork of the hardiest Argonaut, so the Denton seniors as soon as dinner was done beat it to their suite and hit the hay for the big snooze. But the children, being younger, had yet other things on their minds. Sis had about twenty picture post cards that must be got off, and I wanted to give the merry throng in the lobby the gladsome up and down. Who knew? I might meet up with one of the famous movie queens I had seen in tantalizing flickers on the screen.

I might, but I didn't. I did better than that: I met a perfect quince from Ottawa, Illinois—a Miss Helen Hobbs. Reynolds, the clerk—a very decent chap—introduced me to her while she was looking over time-tables.

Architecturally speaking Miss Hobbs was as chaste and beautiful as a Greek faun, without any of the rococo embellishments peculiar to movie queens. Whatever her age she didn't look it, though I guessed the family Bible debited her with perhaps twenty-four years. Her greatest defiance of the almanac was her bobbed hair—and darned if she didn't get away with it. I could give a more highly literary description of the young lady, but I'll simply reiterate that she was a perfect quince—the men will know what I mean.

"Miss Hobbs," said I when we were seated in a great luxurious divan and listening to the expensive orchestra orching some sticky sentimental stuff from Honolulu—"Miss Hobbs, I am a stranger in this beautiful city,

"Miss Hobbs, I am a Stranger in This Beautiful City"

and though twenty-six years old I am still full of the spirit of adventure."

"Mr. Denton," she replied, "I'm a pretty good little adventuress myself, and I'm just crazy to see what happens to Hazardous Helen in the thirteenth episode."

So off we went to the Picturitorium and enjoyed the vicarious thrills of a maid and a man beset by villainy unspeakable.

Then after the final happy dissolve we ambled over to the Sassy Jane Shop and wrecked two pyramids of chocolate goo, surmounted by shaving soap and enriched with a shower of powdered pistachios.

"But what of the morrow?" I asked timidly, for I was beginning to like Angel City.

"If you are still bent upon adventure," my hostess replied, "and are up and about by nine-thirty, you'll find me standing in a receptive attitude somewhere in the lobby."

From which it will be seen that Miss Helen Hobbs was pretty quick under the hat. It was some time before I discovered how really quick she was.

The next morning the Denton family was all aglow, for the unknown was calling loudly. "Suppose we rent a car for the day and get our bearings, and perhaps take a run down to the beach," ventured the alleged head of the household.

"No, Abner, Dot and I are going to visit the shops; so you hunt up Hen Dilly, and Dave can do what he pleases—which is never what any of the rest of us want to do."

Thus the actual head of the family planned our day, as was her wont. But nothing could have suited me better, for I had been figuring my darnedest how to sidestep one of those gadding expeditions searching for gewgaws. Lord, how they hate that word! Of course I felt perfectly rotten to be separated from the family the first day in Angel City, but I assured them I'd find some way of putting in the time.

Very few women may wear riding clothes with success—the bigger they are the less successful, there being nothing more lumpy than a married kewpie in varnished boots, breeks and flaring coat. Fortunately Miss Hobbs was short, with a boyish figure, and as she stood by one of Mr. Tilton's million-dollar pillars—dressed for the chase, as it were—I think I never saw a smarter picture. But just as some of the snappiest bathing suits never get wet, so there are many riding clothes that are quite unaware of horses.

"What-ho!" said I by way of a bright greeting. "Does adventure lie up a bridle path?"

"Not yet," she smiled, and I could have ——

But before I could have she continued: "No, I think the gayest way to see a city for the first time is from the hurricane deck of a sightseeing bus. Bud Hemple has reserved me two seats right up beside his megaphone. It will be a lark, I'm sure."

The Genius of the Rubberneck

NOW there are lots of sniffy people who are prone to laugh at the rubberneck trips, but that's because they haven't taken one—or if they have the spieler was not equal to his megaphony. Bud Hemple was a wonder, and the things he pointed out to our merry party as we honked a tortuous way through the traffic was a revelation—even to a native son sitting just back of us.

"Well, I'll be bushed!" I heard him say. "It takes a stranger to introduce a man to his own town I've lived here all my life and this is the first time I ever knew that Angel City boasted the largest glue factory in the world; and to think it's been right under my nose all the time."

Nor was that the only civic triumph he learned from our garrulous guide, for this encyclopedic fellow rattled off data and statistics that I doubt were in any of the come-on literature of this enthusiastic town.

"Friends, more sardines are canned yearly in yonder factory than have been caught off the coast of Sardinia since that island was thrown up by seismic erosion."

Miss Hobbs, who had taught the eighth grade back in Ottawa, was especially interested in the historic anecdotes that Bud reeled off with such picturesque fluency. One thing that seemed to delight her—but amazed the native son—was Bud's eloquent indication of a little hill on the way to Mira Vista, and his saying: "And there, friends, is the spot from which Balboa discovered the Pacific!"

"Aren't you a little bit twisted in your geography?" I whispered to our guide as the tourists gasped in happy surprise. "Bal couldn't have seen the ocean from that hill with a periscope."

"What difference does it make where he saw it from?" he answered. "One place is as good as another. On a hazy day I locate that spot whenever things begin to drag a bit. I've worked the r. n. wagons in every city in the old U. S. A., but this is the easiest town of 'em all to put over art rather 'n facts. First, because the tourist crop's so big; and second, because they don't know a darn thing about the place."

As we sped on out over the splendid boulevards into the surrounding country Bud pointed out the residences of half the world's famous people, the native son seeming nonplused to learn that certain superfolks occupied homes he had always believed tenanted by his acquaintances.

"On your right is the winter residence of the Grand Duke Boris, and at your left the wonderful estate of J. Pierpont Astorbilt. No one is ever admitted to the grounds, for they say his insane son is incarcerated within those walls and always under the observation of thirty-two guards. And we are now coming to the exact spot where Francisco Serra signed his treaty of peace with the Indians!"

"You mean Junípero Serra, Bud," I whispered.

"Aw, quit your kiddin'," he replied without a smile.

"History is my favorite study," purred Miss Hobbs with a far-away look in her eyes.

"Mine too," I assented; "when the historian has taken out a poet's license."

(Continued on Page 49)

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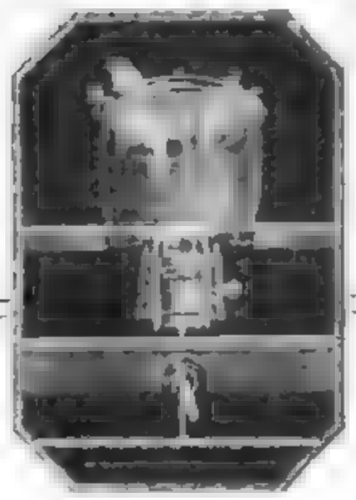

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(Continued from Page 46

During one of the long sightless intervals I had a chance to get a little slant on my side partner. It seemed she had come West with her brother, who was quite ill, and was now waiting for her certification to teach. She hoped to get a school in Mira Vista, for that would be close to Belmont Heights, where ——

But Bud butted in at this point and began to moralize: "I've come to the conclusion that the great American weakness is for spots. You can rave your fool head off about the architectural triumphs of the Carnegie Library and tell 'em how many carloads of glue leave the Stickum factory every day, and the yaps won't bat an eye. But just say 'Here is the spot where John Smith kissed Pocahontas for the first time,' and the whole bunch will pile down off the bus and stand round like they was dreaming. They even talk in whispers: 'Just think, Hattie, this is the very spot!' School-teachers particularly are impressed with the amorous picture thus aroused." Miss Hobbs blushed.

And so we learned that Angel City had certain hallowed spots whereon cosmic events had happened; yet even the native sons pass them in utter ignorance of their great historical interest.

"Whenever I strike a new town"—Bud is speaking again—"I first go to the public library and read up on the history of the burg, and if the local Bancroft has failed to note historic spots, then I go out and locate a few myself. And what does it matter if I make a mistake in a few degrees of latitude? The thrill is just as good on one spot as another. Cook wrote a better story than Peary, even if he didn't hit the polar axis. Why, I used to point out a Charter Oak up in Detroit what wasn't even an acorn when Pontiac kicked through. No, I've watched 'em close, and the average American traveler is more interested in a spot, the very spot—especially one where the great man plighted his troth or slipped on a banana peel—than in the grandest monument extant."

Megaphoned History

"MR. DENTON says that if historians would only collaborate with you fellows their books would not be so dull," spoke up Miss Hobbs.

"Yes," replied Bud, "a spot history ought to sell well in America. A picture of the spot where Thomas Jefferson gave orders for the manufacture of six hundred beds, for instance, would clear up a great scandal, for when I was traveling in the South every first-class family had a bed in which the father of democracy slept; and this has given rise to many qualms as to the great man's nocturnal habits.

"And foundation stories go big too," went on Bud. "New Yorkers love to think Manhattan Island sold for twenty-four dollars, and the commuters of Chicago never tire of tellin' their visitors how the town had its birth in a cow stable. I usually decide that all the land east of Main Street was bought from an Indian for a jug of whisky and a sleigh. And listen to this."

Here Bud addressed his remarks to the small end of his megaphone: "You may be interested, friends, to know that Angel City was founded by eight Spanish conquestederos as the result of a bet at a gaming table in Old Madrid. The King shook threes, but lost to his cavaliers' full houses, and thus the whole of California fell into the hands of eight families. We'll soon be at the spot where the eight weary adventurers first beheld the Valley of the Angels!"

"It's too bad," I said, "that they couldn't have lived to see what their winnings amount to now."

"Yes," wearily drawled Bud. "But they were pikers compared with these boys when it came to gambling in real estate. Since the boss hooked up with a couple of tracts my spot itin'ary is all shot to pieces, for we have to detour all over the landscape in order to run the unsuspecting victims to the subdivisions. To-day we have lunch at Belmont Heights."

"What fun!" piped up Miss Hobbs. "That's where my lot is, and I've been just crazy to go out and see it again."

"And they even got you. Why, the—why, the ——"

"Don't worry about me, Mr. Denton, I'm more than satisfied. I could sell it to-morrow for a good gain, but I want to hold on. I think everybody should own land—if it's only a suburban lot."

Far was it from me to chill such naïve faith and girlish enthusiasm, and to tell the truth she had bought not badly, for when we arrived at Belmont Heights it was indeed a charming locality, cut with a pretty ravine and sprinkled over with live oaks and sycamores.

For fifteen minutes we stopped in this pleasant place, and most of the rubbernecks were glad enough of a chance to stretch their legs and look about. As Helen Hobbs and I strolled off up a pretty cañon to see if her precious lot was still there I began to realize that my estimate of her was quite inadequate. Besides being soothing to the optic nerve she was so darned folksy I just wanted to hold hands and talk foolish.

Dad Began to Picture Himself in the Shade of the Sheltering Palm, Nibbling Nectarines, Sniffing Jasmine and Listening to the Bulbul

"My, I wish you had a lot here too! Then perhaps we'd have an excuse for more walks like this." She averted her face, but I knew she was blushing at her boldness. "No, no! I didn't mean to say that. I spoke before I thought," she added.

"I wish you'd always retain that sequence," I replied. "Where's the tract office?" And off I dashed.

On the return trip the conversation lagged and Bud's historic data didn't even interest me. I was thinking under about 180 pounds pressure, but was afraid to open my valve.

I recalled a trip to Europe during which on the first night out I'd lured bright-eyes up in the bow of the boat and told her the sad story of my life; and when I got to the point where I'd been abandoned by my parents she took my hand and held it in gentle sympathy.

Perhaps, I thought, I've run into one of these moving-picture vamps. But no, my watch was still there.

"I'm sorry you did that, Mr. Denton. Really, I didn't—I didn't ——"

"Oh, that's all right," I consoled. "I kicked in only a twenty-five-dollar first payment, and if—well, the adventure is worth that or I'm a romantic short sport."

If this were one of those awful movie serials instead of a truthful account of the Denton adventures in a new land the next title would read: "That night." And the scene following would show the four characters sitting in the Mission Grill of Tilton's Million Dollar Tavern trying out exotic eats foreign to the purlieus of Cedarville, Iowa.

"In the name of heaven, what are those cactus affairs you've ordered there, David?" exploded mom, when a close-up revealed my timid technic with an artichoke.

"Well, all I can taste in an alligator pear," snorted dad, "is the dressing. Here, George, give these to the alligators and bring me some sliced cucumbers."

"Speaking of pickles, dad, did you find Hen Dilly?" I asked to relieve the tension.

"Yes!" he growled back. "And what do you think the old scoundrel tried to do?"

"Sell you his orange ranch," I answered quick—like that.

"Worse, Dave. It was a lemon ranch, literally and figuratively. It seems the old fool bought twenty acres right in the middle of some wonderful citrus country, but being new he'd never heard of air drainage, and every time they've had a frost in the past ten years it burned a nice yellow streak right through his orchard. And yet Hen Dilly, who was once a respected farmer in Iowa, would have passed along his bad judgment to a friend of forty years if I hadn't investigated. Dave, farming is a local industry, and I understand lots of Easterners go broke out here because they are too old or too stubborn to learn the local rules. Orange ranching is a royal sport—it's like farming a beautiful park—but I'll buy no land until I've learned the language of the landers."

"Well," piped up mom, "I guess there is only one business out here, and that is real estate; they mix it in everything they do. As I was walking along Escrow Street this morning I saw a crowd looking in a window, so I wedged right in, and land! if there wasn't an ostrich! And lying on the floor was a pile of the creature's eggs as big as cobblestones. And feathers! My, but ——"

"I suppose the plumes were very cheap, mother?" I whispered, so that everybody could hear.

"Yes indeed! 'From bird to buyer,' as the clerk said, with all the parasitical middlemen cut out. I bought two willow plumes for Aunt Min that were plucked fresh from the bird this very morning. Incidentally I tried to find out something about feathers, but the young snip of a clerk was so excited over a home-building company he was interested in that he talked of nothing else, and he actually wrapped up some of his silly circulars with the plumes. . . . It doesn't matter, David, what I paid for them. No ostrich feathers are really cheap."

Jewelry by the Acre

"WELL, I'll match adventures with you, mom," cut in sis. "I went into a jewelry store just below the hotel to look at some of these abalone pearl rings, and stood ready to blow in a couple of reckless dollars, but I couldn't even get the clerk's attention. He and another man had a blue print laid out on the showcase and while the other man kept jabbing at the map with his pencil the clerk was figuring it out on a pad of paper. As I was leaving I could hear the other man saying: 'I'F I're you I'd take forty-six and seven; they're right in the swellest part of the subdivision.' So I turned round and gave them a look. 'Pardon me,' I said, 'I thought this was a jewelry store'; and out I walked. You ought to have seen that poor clerk. He followed me clear to the door."

"The trouble with you Iowans," I remarked, "is that you are too darned personal in your observations. There is a world moving in here and it has got to get settled somehow. I've been thinking I'd ——"

"And since when did you become a Californian, may I ask?" queried my sainted mother.

"Since he spent the day with Miss Hobbs," put in my fresh young sister. "The clerk told me all about it. Did you go to the studio and see her vamping Harry Le Grande or is she just an extra girl, David?"

"Just an extra girl, sis; but not in the way you mean. One of the extra nicest things she has done is to invite the whole gol-darned Denton family to go sightseeing in her own car to-morrow."

"Well, father and mother may go if they wish, but I'll stick round the hotel and write post cards. And perhaps I'll dig up a cutie of my own."

"Fine!" said I. "That leaves just enough for a good load, and you can go and hunt up that æsthetic dancing academy you're so nutty over. Perhaps they have classes in manners."

"Smarty!" she sniffed, and went up to address picture post cards, showing battleships built of oranges and flat cars carrying single watermelons. Sis was achieving the spirit of boost.

The old folks demurred a bit at first when I told them of my sightseeing plan.

"I'd like to get settled somewhere," said dad. "This hotel is not restful; but I think we'd feel more independent, Dave, if we hired a driver to show us about." But when he met Miss Hobbs in the lobby he was as strong for

our chauffeuse as I was. Dad is fifty-two years old, but he is suffering from no æsthetic astigmatism.

"Suppose I just take you hither and yon and let you get an eyeful of the scenery," said Miss Hobbs as she slipped into high and we sped out Grafton Boulevard. I sat back and purred like a pussy cat.

Now I have traveled some, and have gleed and banjoed in many growing towns, but I have never seen such enthusiastic expansion as Angel City exhibited. Fields still covered with barley, alfalfa and beans had been cut hither and thither, as far as the eye could see, into geometric arabesques of various designs.

Mostly these new subdivisions were mere checkerboards of endless parallelograms, but here and there some æsthetic promoter had cut his tract up with winding roads and dear little crescent and doughnut shaped parkings whereon were planted fragile sticks which some day, God willing, would be trees.

In the language of real estate, many of the tracts had been "improved"; which means cutting down every living, growing thing and plowing up the land till it looks like a soiled bath towel. In fact, there were some improvers who had cut down several five-hundred-year-old oak trees because the offending growths hadn't squared exactly with their arbitrary parallelograms.

"What are those cute little white-block houses I see scattered about the landscape? Have they any military significance?" asked mom with Iowan innocence.

"Those are tract offices," answered Miss Hobbs. "We'll stop up here a little way and pretend to be looking about and you'll see how they operate."

Brass Bands and Spanish Barbecues

AND behold, as soon as we disgorged from the little runabout concealed flivvers dashed out from behind the block houses and broke all the traffic laws in their endeavor to reach us first.

"Yes, they stand watch with opera glasses, and if a prospect heaves in sight they race for him like anything!" laughed our pretty guide. And just as the winning loser drew up, Miss Hobbs stepped on her and we were off.

"Well, that's what I call salesmanship!" mused mom. "Just see them, dashing about like shuttlecocks."

"Say, Dave," observed dad, "if all the stuff that's plotted round Angel City were built on, London would look like Cedarville by comparison to it. It's too bad to cut up perfectly good farms and let them lie idle while ——"

"Oh, you haven't seen one quarter of the available home sites; why, this country is subdivided clear to the sea!" Miss Hobbs beamed.

"I guess that's so, for the manicure girl at the hotel said to me this morning: 'Mrs. Denton, this place will be built up solid clear to Mira Vista in the next ten years. I own a lot twenty-six miles from town, but I regard it as close-in property.' And her eyes shone with a beautiful faith."

"Who says business men lack vision and poetry?" went on father. "It takes real dreamers to people these perspectives with mansions; and as for poetry, how about Anabel Acres and Belladona Bungalow Boulevard. Even sleeping cars lack such euphony."

"Well, you'll have to admit," I called over my shoulder as we sped along, "that Angel City merchants have raised trading way above the dull level of the market place and have added much color and vivacity to life."

For though we were seven or eight miles from town merry parties were speeding along the road in busses and autos covered with canvas banners and proclaiming their subdivisional destinations. Way off to the left we could see a huge tent full of happy home seekers listening to the strains of a very brass band; and on our right a great throng was enjoying the novelty of a Spanish barbecue while lads explained the beauties of the Juliet Tract.

Another note that added much color to the gray lives of us Eastern cliff dwellers and farmers was the signboards. Some of these—large as frieght sheds—were almost works of art. Famous portrait painters had lent their talents to depicting the features of the handsome owners or had rendered charming maidens upholding oranges and other fruits possible of local growth.

The farther out we got into the hills the larger and oftener became the signs, until the landscape looked like some magic world where rectangular flowers of enormous size beckoned the Lilliputian passer-by.

"If it wasn't for the signboards telling of the beautiful view we might be able to see how beautiful it i ." That observation came from the head of the family.

"For the land's sake, where does this end?" Mom was growing restless.

"I'll bet they have driven stakes where the rainbow hits the ground. But now that we have started, let's see it through," I urged.

But even a flivver has its limits of endurance and January days are only so long, even in sunny California. So by the time we turned home we could still see beautiful signboards vanishing into the infinitudes.

"Have you ever been abroad, Mrs. Denton? No? Well then, I'll take you to Rome. It's only a few miles over there—and you can witness the birth of a great city."

As we rolled along over the state highway the green fields that would one day be covered with crowded tenements gave way to desert, and soon the sage and cactus were all that lay between us and the setting sun.

Then suddenly looming up before us like a magic box appeared a little block house marking a station on the interurban line to the town of Texico. It bore the name: Rome.

"Rome must have fallen awful hard and gone right through the wash," grinned dad, who is always amused with classic nomenclature to booster projects.

But no; there were the streets—at least the posts marking the corners of future streets, traveled now by naught but horned toads and other desert denizens.

Upon a closer examination, however, Rome was seen to have been provided with all the streets named from the states in order of admission, and crossing them were magnificent avenues named chronologically after the Presidents, from Washington to Wilson.

And way, way off in the offing could be seen two buildings: One, on the corner of Adams and Arkansas, was the tract office, tenanted by an old darky; and the other, close by, was a come-on bungalow occupied for the nonce by one of the daring founders of Rome.

We naturally expressed much interest in Rome—for who would throw cold water on such a desert poem? And the look of hope on the faces of Mr. and Mrs. Romulus and Uncle Remus was a harbinger of a metropolitan future for the coming city.

On the way in Miss Hobbs made but one observation: "I'm sorry we didn't have a moment alone; I wanted so much to have a little talk with you."

And I pressed her elbow with mine as a sign that I understood.

As I bathed and shaved for dinner that night my musings were most merry. Well, thought I, Hen Dilly may be a scoundrel, but he did one grand thing when he sent that fatal post card. Naturally my architectural training got in its work and I began to picture just the sort of bungalow I'd build at Belmont Heights. Naturally, too, I thought of its happy occupants, and how they'd picnic up that cañon when the days were long and the evenings soft

Romance Gets a Jolt

GOING down into the lobby I said to myself: "Well, here I am in Angel City, and I can lick anything from a baby to a bear!" Suddenly who should prance up but Ham Hammond, a fellow I knew at college, who used to splash round with sis when he came to town.

"Well, Dave, old scout, have you been nicked for a lot at Belmont Heights?" were his words of greeting.

"Why, what's the big idea, Ham?" I answered by way of defense.

"Oh, nothing. But Dorothy tells me you've been trailing round with Miss Hobbs, and I happen to know that she's the grandest little go-getter in Boostburg. She's with the Belmont bunch and she works the hotels exclusively."

I remember once coming down in an express elevator on the last trip of the day. The sensation was that my feet were nailed to the floor, my head was full of feathers, while my plumbing still remained somewhere at the top of the shaft.

"Say, did you tell sis about her?" I managed to ask.

"No," said he. "I'm in the game myself, and you don't suppose I'd crab the work of a rival, do you?"

"For the love of Mike, don't, Ham! I'd never hear the end of it. And now if you'll excuse me, I have a date with a half-wit, but it's got to be kept."

What I thought about women in general and Helen Hobbs in particular as I sat in my room that evening will never be known, but by midnight I hadn't decided whether I'd suicide, eat worms or simply climb a tree. However, something told me all was not lost, and ere I bumped off into the land of dreams I'd decided on heroic action.

"Reynolds," I said to the clerk the next morning, after a hearty breakfast—condemned criminals always eat a hearty breakfast—"Reynolds, where can a fellow go off for the day, far from the madding crowd, and find a bosky glen that has never been touched by the hand of man?"

"Here, I'll mark the map. You'll find Cañon Perdido just designed for that stuff." And he handed me my tragic directions.

"All right," I heaved heavily, "get me a forty-horsepower bearcat and put up a couple of your million-dollar lunches."

As Helen Hobbs and I motored off toward the mountains she seemed to sense the situation, and by some strange mutuality of understanding silence seemed the appropriate accompaniment. But my armor was temporarily pierced by a strange phenomenon directly ahead—a perpendicular road apparently running straight up in the air. Even as our boulevard swung sharply to the right and the hill appeared in profile I could see that the roadway to the Bogardus Tract angled at least fifty degrees; so the only things that could gain foothold on its corrugated pavement were the weeds decorating the cracks in the asphaltum.

The Scene on the Love Lot

"FOR the love of Mike, pipe the come-on house up on Abraham's bosom!" I ventured by way of relieving the tension. "Only an aviator could find hospice in such a place."

"And did you notice the signboard at the bottom?" replied Miss Hobbs with a timid little smile. "It said: 'Buy before the rise.'"

On we sped for an hour or more, until we were buried deep in the foothills leading to the mountains. But at last the map showed us where we were to park the car and make the rest of the trip up Cañon Perdido by hand.

I'll say this for Reynolds: He was hep to the proper setting for the situation I was about to stage, for way, way up, beyond the tin cans of the tourist trails, we came to a terrace of bosky glens that would have delighted the heart of a movie location hunter in search of love lots.

Beside a babbling brook with only the insects of the woods and the dear little water ouzels to join communion we sat us down in forced abandon, neither of us courageous enough to introduce the subject that was perturbing our unhappy souls.

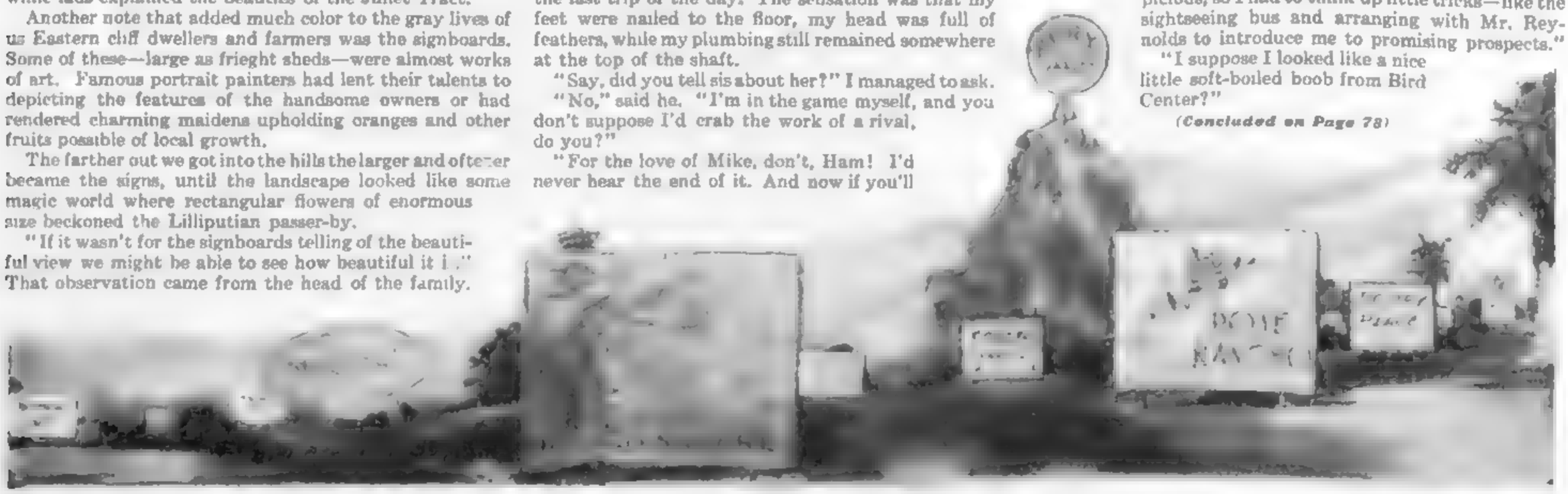
But, given time, the mysterious music of the mountains will work magic in souls howe'er perturbed, and as the day droned on a confession came forth that set the world atune again and left the discordances of the market place as but a messy blur upon the memory.

"I had to do something, and while waiting for the stupid old board of education to grant my teacher's certificate Mr. Hayes offered me a position. 'But I know nothing of real estate,' I assured him. 'I couldn't tell a deed from a dress pattern.' 'You don't need to,' he answered. 'We have wonderful fellows who can tell such differences instantly. All you have to do is to interest people to come out to Belmont Heights. We'll do the rest, and you will draw a commission on every such sale.'

"It was no easy matter to get them out, I can tell you. Everybody coming to Angel City is fearfully suspicious, so I had to think up little tricks—like the sightseeing bus and arranging with Mr. Reynolds to introduce me to promising prospects."

"I suppose I looked like a nice little soft-boiled boob from Bird Center?"

(Concluded on Page 78)



Another Note That Added Much Color to the Gray Lives of Us Eastern Cliff Dwellers and Farmers Was the Signboards

TWENTY-FIVE years building "good will" with a tire—that the most conscientious dealer could sell strictly on its merits—at full price.

That is our history.

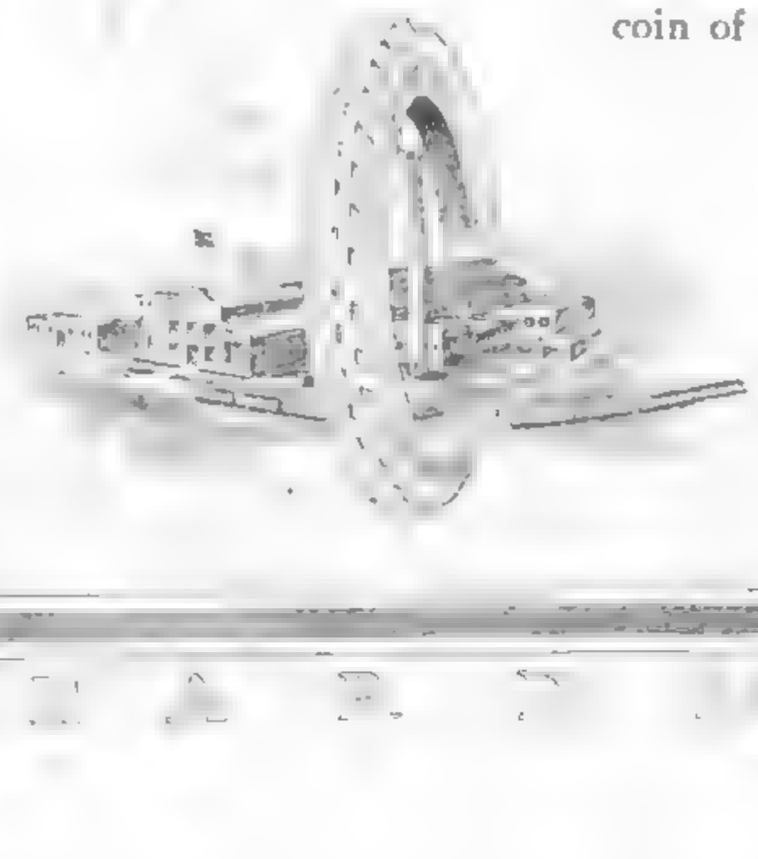
We have never had any difficulty selling our output, no trouble getting dealers. Because dealers everywhere believe in our honesty of purpose, and the riding public has confidence in the product—from the time the first tire is bought.

Now, however, the addition of a modernly equipped new plant has increased our production to a point where we can safely invite new distribution by *advertising*.

So, we have entered upon a campaign of frank, honest publicity that we may serve a more extensive circle of car owners and at the same time make a market for the greatly increased production which our new factory makes possible.

We respect the dealer's right to a legitimate profit and our policy permits nothing to infringe upon that right. At the same time we expect the dealer to protect our rights and to deal fairly with the users of our tires. Therefore, we will not base our judgment of a new dealer merely on the number of tires he is willing to stock.

Each Hardman tire has its standard *retail* price. That price is the same to all buyers, because each Hardman tire is a standard of value. Value just as definite as the coin of the realm.



One of the greatest evils of the tire industry has been the tendency to cut prices.

But price cutting hurts the *dealer* first—by shearing his legitimate profit. It hurts the jobber—in the same way—and so on until it reaches the manufacturer where it forces skimping in the quality of the tire itself or in the service that should necessarily be rendered with it.

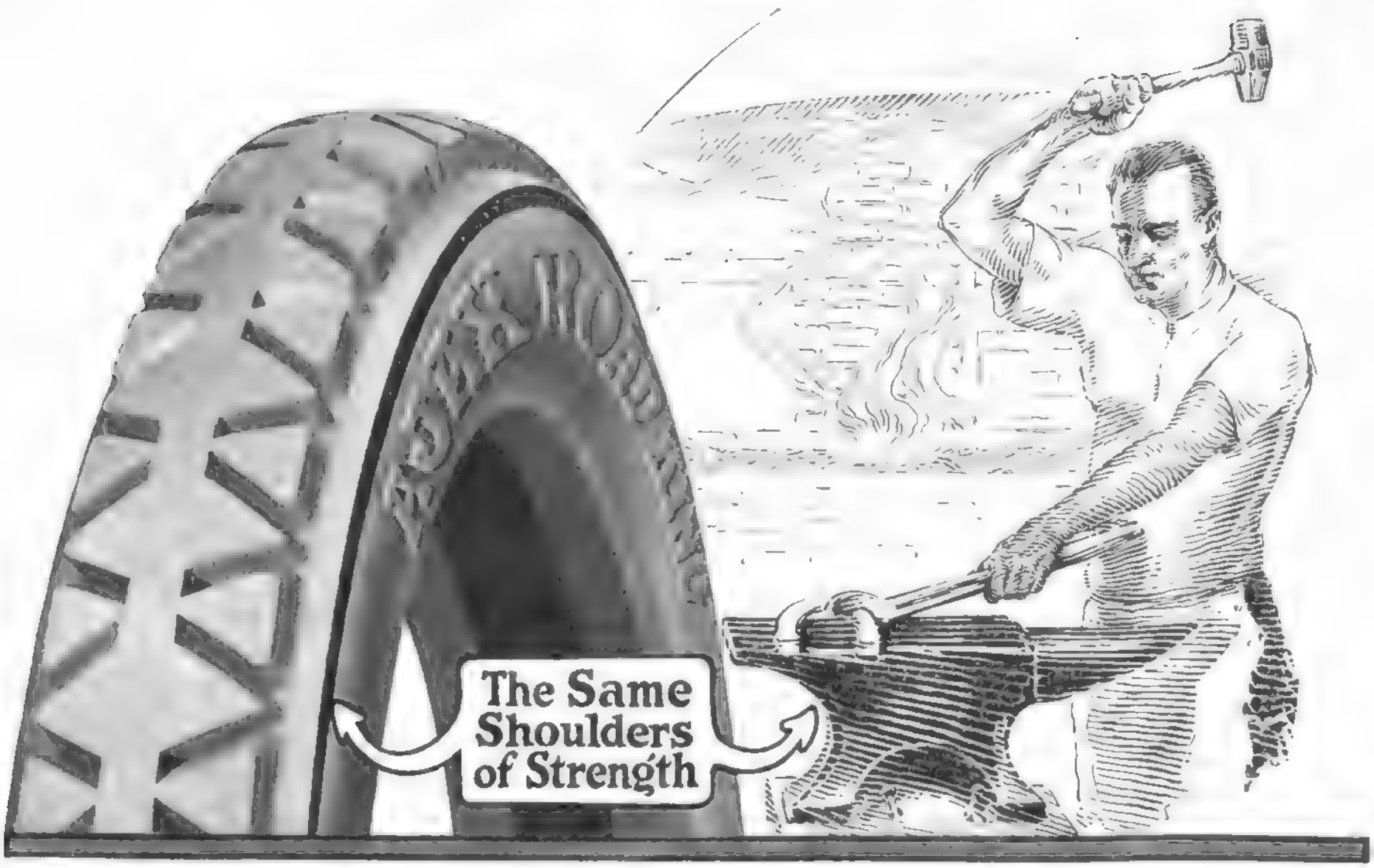
But, *most of all*, it hurts the *consumer*—the buyer of "cut price" tires. Because it is to meet his demands that the manufacturer lowers his standard of quality to a point where he can give the middlemen, the jobbers and the dealers a sufficient margin—*ample leeway to cut* as low as any other dealer wherever competition is to be met. *Cut price tires are made to be sold at cut prices.*

We are pioneers of the tire industry, and the quality of our product has improved steadily from its birth. We have proven to our own satisfaction and to that of present Hardman dealers that it is still entirely possible for a manufacturer to make and sell tires of strictly first quality on the same sound basis that obtains in other lines of industry.

Hardman tires have no special "features". The manufacture of our tires embraces *all* the good features of tire construction, quality of materials being the first consideration; perfect process, second; inspection, third. Those three "features" being right it matters little what else is added.

Hardman Rubber Corporation

New Brunswick, N. J.



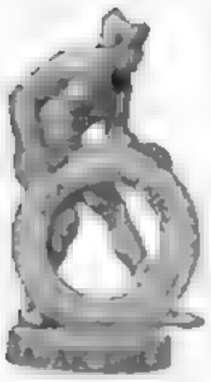
Built to Withstand Pounding Blows

ROAD blows your tires receive in service are no less severe than pounding blows from a blacksmith's sledge. The shock of the sudden impact is terrific. The full pressure-force of the car's dead weight, rests constantly on the tires.

Builders of Ajax Tires have provided scientifically to offset these destructive forces. We apply the same principle of construction that gives the anvil its strength to resist pounding sledge-blows. On both sides of the tread on Ajax Tires, we have built in heavy rubber supporting shoulders. "Shoulders of Strength" they're called. They brace the tread and re-inforce it. They give Ajax Tires more strength where strength is needed. They put more tread on the road.

AJAX ROAD KING

MORE TREAD ON THE ROAD



Mileage records of thousands of users testify to the superior service the Road King yields. Note the massive tread. Those triangle barbs give a firm, safe grip, yet they do not impede forward motion. The Shoulders of Strength brace the tread effectively. And they distribute road friction evenly, so that it can't center and grind quickly through to the fabric.

Buy Ajax Tires, Ajax Inner Tubes and Ajax Tire Accessories at your nearest Ajax Tire Supply Depot. The Ajax sign on a dealer's store is your assurance of courteous, intelligent service, plus true quality merchandise.

Ajax Tires Are Guaranteed in Writing 5000 Miles

AJAX RUBBER COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK

Factories: Trenton, N. J. Branches in Leading Cities

AJAX TIRES

FOOTLIGHTS—By Rita Weiman

HAVE you ever been in a small-town, small-time vaudeville house? Well, even if you have and could live through it, you've probably never seen that mysterious region known as "back-stage." You've never heard warped boards creak under the lightest step. You've never stood in the wings waiting for your turn, trying to escape the draught that is everywhere, shivering but afraid to sneeze. You've never dodged misdirected tobacco juice. You've never endured the composite odors only a one-time "opery house" sometime warehouse another time stable can produce. You've never done your three a day, rain, shine or blizzard, then rushed to catch a local, with oil lamps swinging weirdly overhead and a jerky halt at every peach tree. But most of all, if you're a woman, you've never known what it is to sit weeping in a pea-green walled dressing room, because you chose to do the darn thing yourself and won't go back home and admit you're beaten.

If any one of the experiences aforementioned had happened to you, you'd probably walk right now into the world of fiction that is fact, pat Elizabeth Parsons on the shoulder, and say: "I'm with you, old girl! It's a black, black world! No sunshine anywhere—never was, never will be!"

As it happened, though, those in her world at the moment were not of her world. They were a hardened lot, with hands ready to dig down and share a copper with a pal, with glib greeting in their own peculiar *patois* as they swung through the stage entrance, but inured to creaking boards, to combined odors, to oaths and tobacco juice and icy currents that gripped more sensitive shoulders like the hand of death. Life had handed them a deal that wasn't exactly square, perhaps. Almost any one of them would have been a knock-out on Broadway! But they had reached the point where emotion as well as indignation expressed itself in shrugs.

They could snore peacefully in a swaying day-coach, dreaming of the hour when the flower of success would spring up by the wayside.

And so Elizabeth Parsons wept alone. Her make-up boxes reeled in every direction as her head went down in their midst. Her hands, pressed against her lips, tried to still the sobs she knew were cowardly. Her body shook with that least beautiful of human emotions, self-pity, and she wished she were dead.

A gale of sleet and snow tore against her little alley window. It rattled the single pane furiously. It forced its way through cracks and dripped into pools of water on the stone floor. It blurred the already dull electric globes round her dressing table with a dank mist, and soaked a chill into her bones. But it had nothing whatever to do with her tears. They were the result of an accumulation of misery and loneliness, and finally the receipt of a wire from her booking agent advising her that her route had been changed. For the next three days she must play her own home town.

"Betty Parsons—Famous Imitator of Famous Stars. Straight From Broadway." So Proclaimed the Announcements

It was the crowning humiliation! She had endured the disappointment of all the rest of it, but to go back to the barnlike old theater in Main Street, wedged in between movies and tinseled acrobats, was too much. To hear the wagging tongues and see the wagging heads of those who had warned her two years ago that New York was a pit of the devil, to come back and let them see that even his satanic majesty had let her sink into oblivion, was more than she could bear. She'd die rather!

From the stage at the foot of the iron stairs came a crashing chord and the voice of Jack Halloran, "The Funniest Man in the World," singing a nasal travesty:

"Oh, Rigoletto—give me a stiletto!"

Elizabeth raised her head, mopped away the tears, and rearranged her make-up. Her turn was next but one.

"Betty Parsons—Famous Imitator of Famous Stars. Straight from Broadway."

So proclaimed the announcements that accompanied her pictures outside the theater. They always made Elizabeth smile. She had certainly come from Broadway—straight.

She brushed back her soft brown hair, pinned a towel round it, and laid on a layer of grease paint. A fullsome supply was needed to blot out traces of the last bad half hour. She headed the lashes, penciled black shadows under them that made her gray eyes look green, and carmined her lips so that the slightly austere New England lines of them softened into luscious curves.

In the midst of transforming a primrose into an orchid, and with thoughts still fastened on the dreaded to-morrow, she did not at first hear the knock on her door. It was repeated, and turning, she saw a white square of paper shoved through the crack. She picked it up wonderingly. Communications from anyone but her agent were almost unknown quantities.

"Dear Lizzie Parsons," she read, "I'm outside of the door waiting to come in and say hullo. Your old friend, LOU SEABURY."

In spite of her dread, in spite of her determination to die rather than face the home folks, she dropped her powder puff, made one bound for the door, flung it wide.

"Oh, Rigoletti—give me a yard of spaghetti," warbled Halloran from below.

With a little checked cry Elizabeth reached out both hands. A plump, dark young man with pink cheeks took them and stepped into the little square of room somewhat diffidently. But Elizabeth clung to him shamelessly and her voice caught when she tried to speak. He was the first link between two years of loneliness and the yesterdays of happy childhood.

"Lou!" came at last. "Lou Seabury!"

"I got a nerve, ain't I, walkin' in on you like this?"

His pink face flushed a deeper pink as she pulled the chair from the dressing table and thrust him into it.

"You're just an angel from heaven, that's what you are! How ever in the world did you find me?"

"I came over here yesterday to look at some threshin' machines. Scott Brothers are sellin' out, and dad got word they're lettin' their stuff go dirt cheap, so he sent me to take a squint. By Jiminy, I almost dropped dead when I went past this theater this afternoon and saw your picture. Maybe I didn't go right up to the girl in the ticket box and tell her I was an old friend of yours!"

Elizabeth's tongue went into her cheek.

"And what did she say?"

"Asked why I didn't come in to see you perform to-night, and I said I would. But first I made up my mind I'd let you know I was here. Say, what is it you do?"

"Imitations."

"Who do you imitate?"

"Oh, Ethel Barrymore and Elsie Janis and Eddie Foy and George Cohan and Nazimova." She reeled off a list, most of them strange to him.

"I'll bet you're great. Gee, Lizzie, but you're pretty!" His round face went scarlet as the words popped out, and he shifted uneasily under the loose, ill-fitting coat that hung from his broad shoulders.

She met his wide-eyed admiration with a smile.

"It's the paint, Lou."

"No, sirree! You always were pretty. I used to watch you sittin' alongside of me in the choir, and when you threw back your head and sort of closed your eyes to sing, I didn't wonder Sam Goodwin was crazy about you."

"Is he still organist at the First Presbyterian?"

"Yep."

"And are you still in the choir?"

"Yep." His boyish brown eyes dropped. His plump hands twisted the brim of his wide slouch hat. "Guess that's the most I'll ever amount to."

"But that beautiful voice of yours—it's a sin!"

"My dad don't think so. Gimcracks, he calls it. I asked him once to give me enough to get it trained"—the eyes lifted with a twinkle—"and I never asked him again."

She patted his arm sympathetically.

"He wouldn't understand—of course."

"Gee, I wish I had your sand, Lizzie! To break away—and make good."

She turned swiftly to the mirror, picked up the discarded puff, dabbed some powder on her nose, then carefully rouged her nostrils.

And if a tear smudged into the shadow under her eye he didn't notice it.

He watched her, fascinated, every move, every practiced touch to her make-up. She had unpinned the towel when he entered, and her hair fluffed like a golden-brown halo round her small, mobile face. And catching his rapt expression in the mirror, it flashed over her that to him she did represent success. The mere fact that she had broken the chains of New England tradition and forged across the footlights into the land of grease paint put her on a plane apart.

Somehow that look in his nice eyes, of wonder, of envy, of homage—the look she had so often worn when from a fifty-cent seat in the gallery she had studied the methods of the stars she impersonated—somehow it gave her new courage. To-night she would not go through her ten minutes listlessly with just one idea uppermost—to get her theater trunk packed in a rush so that she might snatch a few hours' sleep before making the train in the dull gray dawn. To-night she would be sure at least of an audience of one, of interest and enthusiasm and a thrill of excitement, and these she would merit. She would do her turn for Lou Seabury in a way he'd never forget.

She drew a stool from under the dressing table, sat down, and plied him with hurried questions about the folks at home. He gave her the latest news, little intimate bits that mean nothing but are so dear to one who knows no fireside but the battered washstand and cracked basin of a third-rate hotel room.

Gran'pa Terwilliger, seventy-nine, was keeping company with the widow Bonser, but was scared to marry her for fear folks would talk. Grace Perkins had a new baby. Stanley Perkins had married a stenographer in Boston and bought a car. He, Lou, had bought a talking machine for fifteen dollars second-hand and had some crackerjack opera records for it. She ought to hear them! And so on and so forth.

When finally she hurried him round to the front of the house and herself followed down the iron steps, the blue girdle on her slim white dress closed round a heart glowing with warmth, the high-heeled white slippers touched the stairs with an eager lightness they had not known for months.

The curtain was rung down on a one-act sketch.

A placard announced "Miss Betty Parsons in her Famous Imitations." Miss Betty tripped onto the stage, gave a dazzling smile, a charming bow, disappeared into the wings, and a second later sallied forth, cane in hand, singing I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy.

Through her repertoire she went, changing like a chameleon from laughter to tears, from the bland grin and strut of Eddie Foy to the crumpled pleading and outflung hands of Nazimova in The Doll's House. She plunged into

Nora's scene with her husband in the last act, rising to her final outburst:

. . . When your terror was over—not for what threatened me, but for yourself . . . then it seemed to me—as though no-thing had happened. I was your lark again, your doll just as before—whom you would take twice as much care of in the future, because she was so weak and fragile. Torwald—in that moment it burst upon me that I had been living here these eight years with a strange man. . . . Oh, I can't bear to think of it! I could tear myself to pieces!

The greater part of the audience had never even heard of the Russian actress, knew less of the Norwegian author. But the sob in the voice of the frail little girl on the stage, the anguish in her face, got them by the throat.

There was a spontaneous burst of applause that held for a moment, while Betty bowed, glance straying into the misty auditorium, heart fluttering with a gratification it had not known since the Grand Central spilled her into the bewildering maze that is New York.

She swung quickly into ragtime after that, one of Eddie Leonard's favorites, reproducing drolly the drawling syncopation and rolling step of the black-face comedian. Followed deep-throated Ethel Barrymore, and as a conclusion she gave them Elsie Janis in one of the songs from her latest Broadway success.

They brought her back several times. She threw them a final kiss, disappeared into the wings once more, and whisked up the stairs. Lou was going to see the show to its finish, then call for her. He was sure they could persuade the proprietor of the hotel where she was staying to fix up a little supper of sandwiches and milk. No longer dreading the engagement to play the home town, she had said nothing about it, but looked forward to his amazement when they'd meet on the train next morning.

She slipped out of the white dress and into a blue-serge one, folded the former in layers of tissue paper and laid it in the top trunk tray, stuffing stockings into the corners to keep it in place. She gathered together her make-up, packed it into a tin box. To-morrow another pea-green dressing room, or, perhaps, saffron yellow. The week following, one of chalk blue. And so on *ad infinitum*. Of such her infinite variety.

A knock sounded at the door. She glanced at the old-fashioned gold watch that had been her grandmother's. Ten-fifteen. Lou had probably tired of the show.

Pulling on her black velvet tam, she called gaily, "Come in," without turning.

A mellow voice answered interrogatively: "Miss Parsons?"

It was then she wheeled about. Standing framed in the doorway was a tall man with a shock of black hair and a pair of intense eyes. Elizabeth knew him instantly.

No mistaking that face and long lean figure.

She drew a bewildered hand across a bewildered brow. Her jaw dropped. In the doorway of her dressing room stood Oswald Kane, New York theatrical producer. She made no attempt at speech, just stared at him.

He smiled. "You expected someone else, I see. May I come in?"

"Yes—please," she managed.

"I must introduce myself ——"

"You—you don't have to."

She indicated the chair and sank onto the low stool. Her limbs were trembling.

"You're wondering, of course, why I am here," the low musical voice went on.

"Y-yes."

"I'm very much interested in your work, Miss Parsons. I have come to see it three times—last night and twice to-day. Until to-night, however, I was not quite sure of you. There was a listless quality. Had anyone, perhaps, informed you that I was in front to-night?"

"If anyone had I'd probably have died of nervousness."

He smiled again, ran a hand through his heavy hair, pushing it back from his forehead and leaned forward.

"You seem to be a very talented little girl. No technique, of course; you have the A B C's of that to learn. But you have a flexible voice and expressive face, and you showed in that Nazimova bit emotional possibilities. Your reproduction of her tone and accent was really excellent."

"Th—thank you," came with difficulty.

"Of course, I have no proof that you can act. Even if you can, it will require patience and training to make an actress of you. But I could do it, I believe."

Elizabeth gulped. He shook back his shock of hair. His burrowing eyes narrowed.

"The majority of actresses on the American stage are mere mummers. Those I have made are artistes. But in order to accomplish this they have given themselves into my hands absolutely. I have taken girls out of the chorus and made stars of them in the drama, not because they were lovely to look at, or quick or clever, but because I have worked hard with them, with infinite patience developed their personalities, injected into them the inspiration that is Oswald Kane."

"Yes," said Elizabeth.

"Of course there must be ability, or I would not waste my time. I must be sure the seed is there to be nursed into a beautiful flower. But first and foremost the actress I train must obliterate self. She must become so much clay for me to model. She must accept my direction without question. She must obey as a soldier obeys his commanding officer."

"Yes," sighed Elizabeth.

"I see you now not as you are, but as what I can make of you. No two of my stars are alike. Each has distinct and startling individuality. Not one is the actress she was when I discovered her. They are, one and all, Oswald Kane creations." He leaned back, still studying her.

Elizabeth felt a sea of eyes upon her in a gaze of hypnosis. She stared back as one in a trance.

He sat for a long moment silent, then the low, quiet voice went on.

"Yes, I think I might do something with you. That Nazimova bit showed promise. But it will require training and patience—infinite patience. You will have to work hard without complaint, hours over one line, weeks over one short scene. And no recognition, perhaps, for some years to come. You must not consider mundane things. Money must count for nothing. I cannot think of money in connection with my art. You must never grow tired or disgruntled. Above all, you must not question. And in the end—a great artiste, my child, a great artiste."

Elizabeth nodded mechanically. She felt like screaming.

He got up slowly, as if still uncertain, moved into a corner of the little room, eyes still upon her.

"Will you take off your hat and smooth down your hair. I must see your features at close range."

With fingers that trembled and stiffened she pulled off her tam, combed back her fluffy brown hair, and breathlessly lifted her profile to the light. It was, as he had said, a face not beautiful, but malleable to mood as wax, with gray eyes set wide apart, a short nose, full sensitive red lips, deep-cleft chin, and swift change of expression that was almost change of feature. And there was in her slim figure with its soft suggestion of curve the magnetism of youth, the flame of enduring energy.

He moved finally toward the door.

"You will take the 11:18 to-night to New York, cancel all bookings, and I shall expect you at my theater to-morrow at noon."

Elizabeth found her voice at last.

"If you knew how many, many times I've gone to your office, Mr. Kane, and begged on my knees for just one little word with you!"

He smiled once more, that charming, somewhat deprecatory smile of his.

"That is not my way of engaging artistes. I must seek them, not they me. I never see those who come to my office, unless I have sent for them. No, my way is to haunt out-of-the-way places—railroad stations, unknown stock theaters, cheap theatrical hotels, vaudeville houses like this. There, occasionally, I find my flower among the weeds. And when I do I pluck it to transplant in my own garden. If I discover one a year I ask no more."

A sob broke in Elizabeth's throat. "Oh, Mr. Kane—I—I'm so proud—and so—so grateful."

He took her trembling hand, patted it with his own rather soft, artistic one. "You must prove a good pupil, that is all. Remember, no mention of this when you go to cancel your booking, no mention of my name to anyone. For a time we must keep the agreement to ourselves. Until you have my permission, the fact that you have come under my management is to remain absolutely unknown to any but ourselves."

She looked up at him wonderingly. "Anything you wish, of course."

He dropped her hand, ran his long fingers once more through the hair that persistently fell over his eyes. "I must have absolute faith in you, little girl, and you in Oswald Kane."

"I—I have."

"That is as it should be. To-morrow, then, at noon."

He was gone. In less than twenty minutes, after the manner of such happenings, a miracle had been wrought.

Elizabeth stood dazed an instant. Then she stumbled to the window, flung up the sash, and leaned out to drink in the gale-slashed air with deep convulsive breaths.

"Oh God," she cried, tears streaming down her cheeks, "help me to make good! Help me! Help me!"

And so it happened that on a biting day in January, 1915, at the stroke of twelve, Elizabeth Parsons, aged twenty-three, entered the sanctum sanctorum of Oswald Kane, was handed a pen by his business manager, and forthwith signed away five years of her life with an option on the next five, at the rate of fifty dollars per week for the first two years, one hundred for the third, and one hundred and fifty for each year following.

But just then Elizabeth would have signed away her whole life for nothing.

II

ON A BRILLIANT night in January, 1918, under the sponsorship of Oswald Kane, Mme. Liza Parsinova made her bow to an expectant New York public.

For a long time—almost a year, to be exact—Mr. Kane had been letting fall gentle hints of his discovery of a rare Russian genius, driven by the war to these shores. He was having her instructed in English, the story went, and once equal to the exigencies of emotional acting in a strange tongue, she would be presented by him to an American public that could not fail to be entranced by her great art. All this had been revealed in various interviews, bit by bit—a word here, a phrase there, a subtle suggestion elsewhere. At first he had not given out her name, had been gradually prevailed upon to do so, and by the time he announced the date of her première, "Mme. Liza Parsinova" was on the lips of all that eager theater-going throng alert for a new sensation.

Stories of a cloudy past had already gone the rounds, vaguely suggested by Mr. Kane's press representative, not through the medium of the press. There were tales of her startling beauty, her lovers, her temper, but so far no one had been allowed even a glimpse of her. So that when she made her appearance that opening night, the gasp of thrilled admiration that met her was very genuine. The play was The Temptress. Oriental in atmosphere, written for her by Kane himself and a young collaborator whose name didn't particularly matter. The plot was not by any means unconventional, that of a slave of early Egypt wreaking revenge through the ages upon the descendants of the master, who, because she refused to yield to him, threw her to the crocodiles.

The first act, a prologue, took place on the flagged terrace of a palace by the slow-flowing Nile. As the curtain rose, faint zephyrs of incense wafted outward a misty aroma, fragrant spell of the East. The terrace glistened under a golden moon with still stars piercing a sky emerald blue. The tinkle of some far-off, languorous instrument sounded soft against the pearly sands. And waiting, his lustful gaze on the marble steps, sat the master.

Slowly the slave descended. Sullen and silent, she slunk forward, like some halting panther in the night. Her body gleamed, golden as the moon, sinuous and satiny under the transparent cestus. Her bare feet moved noiselessly, every step one of infinite grace. She came forward, eyes brooding, and stood, half-shrinking, half-defiant before the long stone bench where sat her master. Suddenly she raised her head, tossed back her short black hair and faced him.

As by signal, opera glasses went up, a sigh of pleasure went through the house. The audience waited. She opened her lips and her voice, low and liquid, flowed out, thrilling through their veins. The thick contralto of it, the fascinating foreign accent, completely captivated them. He reached out, drew her toward him. One felt the wave of terror seizing her. His big hands grasped her shoulders. She gave a smothered cry and he laughed.

Followed a scene in which she pleaded, then resisted, and finally, her voice rising like a viol with strings drawn taut, defied him, calling upon the gods to save her for the man she loved. And all the while he laughed, a chuckling laugh full of anticipation. At last his arms closed round the golden body, his lips bent to hers. The sudden gleam of a tiny dagger, its clatter as he caught her upraised arm—and he flung her from him, clapping his hands for the eunuchs who waited. With one swift word he condemned her. She crumpled at his feet. The black men lifted her. She cried out in horror, a curse upon him and his through all the ages. A long moan as they bore her away, a pause, a splash against the silence, and the curtain descended.

For a breath the house sat motionless. Then came a surge of applause. But the curtain did not rise. Buzz of conversation met the upgoing lights. Only a few, however, moved from their seats. Those who did came together in the lobby and discussed the new star with a wonder akin to awe.

"They sure can turn them out over there," avowed one seasoned first-nighter. "Temperament, that's the answer—Slav temperament. No little cut-and-dried two-by-four conventions to tie them down. They've got something the American woman don't know the first thing about."

And the others agreed.

The curtain rose on Act II, a modern drawing-room in the London home of an English peer, member of Parliament, on the occasion of his fortieth birthday. He entered, big, handsome, with his little, clinging English wife.

Came the revelation that for generations the oldest male of his line died, before he was forty-one, a violent death. Always he married, always there were children, and always on reaching the prime of his manhood he was cut down. A curse upon his family it seemed almost, and the little wife trembled.

Guests dropped in to tea. With them the announcement that a certain barrister was bringing a prominent French authoress, then visiting London, who had asked to meet their host. She had heard him in the House of Lords and wanted to know him. They spoke of her beauty, her extraordinary personality.

Then Madame Parsinova appeared. In the brilliantly lighted set the audience had its first good look at her. Slim, with a slenderness that made her seem tall, a mass of pitch-black hair piled high on her small head, a pair of

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Tom Wye
KNIT JACKET

Tom Wye

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burning eyes, dark and shadowed, creamy skin, a short nose, deep-cleft chin, and scarlet lips full and mobile, she seemed a living flame. She moved forward with gliding step, her lizard-green velvet gown clinging about her limbs, her sable cloak drooping from her shoulders. And one felt at once, as her white hand, weighted with a cabochon emerald, rested in his, the spell she would weave about the insular and very British member of Parliament. Not so insular at that, for it developed that in his veins ran a strain, a very thin strain, of the blood of Egypt.

There followed the love story, obvious if you like, but with the everlasting thrill and appeal of a great passion magnificently portrayed. For as the drama moved to its climax, the spirit of the slave, which through the ages had visited its will upon the family of its master, now found itself captive. The French woman fell madly in love with her victim, and in the end gave her life that the curse might be lifted and his saved.

In the climactic love scene at the end of Act III, when passion tore from her lips, an on-rushing tide, the beautiful voice ran a crescendo of emotion that was almost song. Its strange accent stirred and fascinated. Its abandon was that of a soul giving all, sweeping aside like an avalanche law, thought, ultimate penalty.

And still at the curtain, when the house rang with demands for her, Parsinova did not appear. Oswald Kane made his accustomed speech, coming before the purple velvet curtain to tell his audience in his usual reticent manner how deeply he appreciated their reception of the genius he had discovered. He raised a thin artistic hand, pushed back his heavy locks, and slipped into the wings while the house resounded once more with clapping hands and stamping feet. A full fifteen minutes elapsed before the play could go on.

The drama marched to its inevitable conclusion, the scene in which an Irish sympathizer, incited in the beginning by the charming avenger, attempted the life of the peer, and she finally took the shot meant for her love. All through it sounded the low note of tragedy, the realization that she who for centuries had ruthlessly taken toll, must now once more be sacrificed that the one who had become dearer than life might endure.

When the audience finally rose, after another futile attempt to bring her out, the women's eyes were red, the men's faces white. New York was undoubtedly taken by storm. It had been more than a typical Kane first night. It had been a Kane ovation.

In the first row a man got to his feet as if shaking off a spell. He was tall, very erect, almost rawboned, with hair turning gray about the temples, a dominant jaw, sharp straight nose and eyes that somehow seemed younger than the rest of his face, younger than the bushy black brows that mounted over them. They had caught Parsinova's gaze, those eyes, as it swept once or twice over the audience. They had held it longer than was fair to her.

"Great, isn't she, Rand?" His companion tapped his arm as he stood gazing at the fallen curtain.

"Paralyzing," was the laconic reply. He wheeled about and made his way up the aisle, followed by the other man.

Outside, close to the shadowy stage entrance, Oswald Kane's car, a royal-blue limousine, and a curious throng of bystanders, waited.

Inside, Oswald Kane himself begged the circle of those privileged by wealth, position, influence, who clustered round the door of the star's dressing room, to excuse her for to-night. She was completely exhausted.

And when both crowds, tired of waiting, dispersed, two figures hurried down the little alley that led to the stage door and entered the limousine.

The door slammed. The car rolled out and east toward Fifth Avenue. The man switched off the light that illumined the woman's white face. Her dark-shadowed eyes were burning with excitement. She leaned back, closing them, and heaved a great sigh. He leaned forward, hair falling over his eyes, echoed the sigh, and his hand shut tightly round her ungloved one. With a tense, almost nervous movement, she drew it away, shrank imperceptibly into her corner.

"They are at your feet," he whispered. "I have made you."

She did not answer, only opened her eyes and looked at him, and through the darkness something like tears glistened on the lashes.

They drove on in silence. He recaptured her hand and lifted it to his lips.

The car drew up before a modest apartment building in a side street. He helped her out, entered with her, and the elevator swung them upward. He made a movement for the key she took from her bag, but she unlocked the door herself and led the way into the soft-lit foyer.

Slowly he reached up, lifted the fur toque from her black hair and the wrap from her shoulders, and his touch lingered caressingly as he turned her toward him. Into the throat of the great Russian actress with the questionable past came a flutter of fear. Her lips quivered. She gave a convulsive, choking sound. Her eyes raced the length of the hall as though she wanted to run away, then went pleading up to his. He smiled down into them, drew her firmly to him.

With a swift, hysterical laugh and a twist of her lithe body, she was out of his arms and across the foyer.

"Come," she called. And he followed her.

She opened a door at the other side. The blue-gold flames of a log fire played upon the face of the little gray-haired woman in dusky silk who rose to greet her.

"Mother," said Parsinova, "kiss your child and thank Mr. Kane. I think I've made a hit."

Oswald Kane watched with a frown as she held out her arms adoringly to the little old woman.

For over a year the little mother had had a way of appearing in the background whenever he claimed the few sentimental hours which should have been but small acknowledgment of his new pupil's debt to him.

III

PARSINOVA instantly became the rage. She gave delicious interviews in which she misapplied American slang in a way that made the interviewers chuckle. She spoke of the tragedy of Russia. She told of her struggles there. She gave her impressions of the American theater, American art, American fashion, the energy of the American man, the vitality of the American woman.

"They do not give as we foreign women," she said. "They take. And so it is that they grow rich—in beauty—and are forever young."

"But emotionally?" prompted the interviewer.

"I have said—they are forever young. Emotionally they are children always."

Followed indignant protest by American actresses, and the sort of heated dramatic controversy that delighted the soul of Oswald Kane.

She received all reporters in her dressing room at the theater. If anyone save Kane knew where she lived, no one had ever crossed the sacred threshold.

"I live two lives quite apart," she said. "One in my home, which is for me alone. And one in the theater which is for my dear public."

Mr. Kane amplified this by stating that her hours at home were spent in study. Others intimated that her hours at home were given to some mysterious romance.

In spite of which she was not a hermit. Society, with a capital S, sought the privilege of entertaining her. Occasionally she accepted a dinner invitation—never on any day but Sunday, of course—or permitted a tea to be given in her honor. She went nowhere during the week.

Her dressing room was always fragrant with flowers. Oswald Kane had had it done over when she took possession. An alcove had been cut off for her make-up table, and the orchid silken drapes, black rug, suspended lights and carved chairs of the outer room gave it more the impression of a salon. Here she held court. Here she read the hysterical notes of matinée girls, the pleas of dilettanti youth that she dine or sup with them, the tributes of actors, the encomium of the world in general. Here, every week or so, she went into tantrums, threatening to kill her maid in a voice that caused the stage hands to tremble, until Oswald Kane himself had to be called to calm her. Here she smoked Russian cigarettes and looked over the urgent invitations that piled mountain-high upon the bronze tray. It was only at home, in a cretonne-hung bedroom full of sunlight, that she wept and sometimes felt lonely.

She played of course to packed houses. The S. R. O. sign was a common occurrence. And more than once in that same place in the front row, the footlights illumined the face of the man whose intent gaze had fastened on hers the opening night. He seemed never to tire of her art.

Early in March Mrs. Collingwood Martin gave a reception for her. Mrs. Julian van Ness Collingwood Martin flattered herself, and with justification, that in her great wide old house facing Washington Square she maintained the nearest approach to a salon that could be found this side of Paris.

Her high-ceilinged drawing-room with its old-fashioned fireplace brought together in rare communion leading spirits of the professional, business and diplomatic world, and her gracefully tinted head was never troubled, as is the case with most hostesses, with the fear that the wrong ones might meet. For all of her carefully selected list were the right ones, each interested in what the other represented.

The tea she gave for Parsinova was her *pièce de résistance* of the season. Coveted invitations were sought quite frankly by her own set, and received by those of the professional world with intense satisfaction. Many a little coup between the artiste and the financier is consummated under the guise of drinking a dish of tea. And more than one professional has amassed a neat little fortune by making wide-eyed queries of the Wall Street man about his end of the game.

On the afternoon in question the rooms on the lower floor were crowded, a mèlange of uniforms, perfume, rustling silks, gleaming jewels, furs and the hum of animated voices. Bowls of early spring bloom—azaleas, jonquils, mammoth daisies—stood on tables and at either side of the arched doorway. A faint blue haze of cigarette smoke sifted overhead. And twilight had sifted through sunlight before Parsinova arrived. She always came late and never stayed late.

As she stood framed in the doorway between the shining bowls of jonquils, there was a general hush, then a forward movement. She was gowned entirely in black—black lace trailing away from her feet, a wide black hat shadowing her face and drooping from it to curl against her shoulder, a black bird of paradise. Black pearls dangled from her ears and a strand of them lay on her neck emphasizing its whiteness.

"Isn't she wonderful!"

"There's no one like her."

"She fairly oozes temperament."

"Absolutely—startling!"

"By Jove, these foreigners they're so—er—promising, don't you know!"

And so on and so forth, as Mrs. Collingwood Martin bore her triumphantly to a thronelike chair and presented the guests in turn. Parsinova's manner was charming, a bit weary, but gracious, and her efforts to carry on a conversation in colloquial English were excruciating.

"That lit-tle French gentleman by the punch bowl, I fear he has on a biscuit," she told the group of adorers surrounding her.

They looked puzzled. Then one of them gave a guffaw. "You mean he has a bun on."

"I shall never be right," she sighed, in the chorus of laughter that followed.

From the music room came a clear tenor singing the Ave Maria. Silence met the lifted voice, and at the final sobbing note gentle applause. Mrs. Collingwood Martin swept toward her guest of honor.

"Darling," she smiled, with that touch of privileged intimacy she loved to assume. "here is someone most anxious to meet you. Let me present Signor Luigi Rogero of the Metropolitan."

Parsinova looked up and out from under drooping lids. Then she wondered whether anyone saw the start she gave. Facing her with lips bent to her outstretched hand stood Lou Seabury. No mistaking him, despite the close-fitting coat, carefully waxed little mustache and black-ribboned monocle. Due to a New York tailor's art, his plump figure had grown slimmer. In place of the loose, disjointed shamble of old home days, he bore himself with consummate *savoir-faire*. But the pink cheeks and kind brown eyes were the same.

Parsinova waited breathlessly for some sign of recognition. None came. He merely in perfect English voiced his satisfaction at the meeting and joined the group about her chair. It was not until half an hour later, when she rose to leave and he craved the honor of escorting her to her car, that she met his gaze with curious question in her own. But his eyes were blank so far as any subtle meaning was concerned.

He went down the broad stone steps with her and helped her into the perfectly appointed limousine. An impulse she made no attempt to curb prompted her to ask if she could not drive him uptown. They had gone several blocks before either spoke. Then very low came the words:

"Lizzie Parsons, you're a wonder!"

Instinctively she looked about to make sure his whisper had not been overheard. Then she gave a long, smothered laugh and clutched his hand just as she had that night in the three-a-day vaudeville theater.

"Lou," she breathed, "I'm so glad! So glad!"

"Were you surprised to see me?"

"Surprised? I almost died!" She gave a little gasp. "Were you surprised to see me?"

"Not a bit."

"You knew me then at once?"

"I've known who you were ever since your opening. I was there. Matter of fact, I have you to thank for the brilliant idea that made me an Italian."

"Me?"

"Yep." He lapsed into the old lingo, and she closed her eyes with a beatific smile. "You don't think my brains would ever be equal to such an inspiration."

"Mine weren't either. It was Oswald Kane's."

"You're a wonder! Nobody would ever guess that you're anything but Russian from the word go."

"You did."

"That was only because I'd known you. And even then I mightn't have been on if I hadn't heard your imitations—do you remember the night?"

"Do I remember it! That was the night that 'made me what I am to-day.'" He laughed.

"I did my best to please you," she went on, "and Oswald Kane was in front and liked my act. He came back afterward and arranged to sign me."

"So that was why you left me cold. I dated you for supper and went round after the show, to find my bird flown. Believe me, I was the most disappointed rube in town."

"I wouldn't have remembered my own name after Kane saw me."

"Is that why you canned it?"

She laughed then, her low rich contralto.

"That was all his plan. I was as amazed, when he told me about it, as if he'd asked me to change my skin. He's never told me why he did it—he doesn't trouble to tell you why. But I suppose he thought the public needed a thrill, something new, something different. And my impersonations gave him the idea. I think I might have made good if he had let me go on as just Betty Parsons. But, of course, not half the hit that Parsinova has made."

"They're certainly crazy about you. I wondered often how you were getting on."

"You didn't guess that somebody was making a new woman of me, did you?"

His gaze, as it traveled from her dark-rimmed eyes shadowed by the drooping hat, her pearl-hung ears, to the long white hands and slim black-swathed body, held the same look of awe it had worn the night he had seen her make up.

"Lordy, girl," he gasped; "how you must have worked to accomplish it!"

"Work!" came in a breath. "I've worked like a galley slave, never stopping except for sleep. Even while I ate I studied, Russian and French, and gesture and movement. And all the time he was teaching me to act. In four years—almost—I've seen no one, talked to no one but him. I've had to obliterate self completely. He has in reality created Liza Parsinova."

"He had to have the material to do it. The stuff was there."

"But he is a genius, Lou. He knows his public just as a magician knows his bag of tricks."

The traffic at Thirty-fourth Street halted them. They spoke in whispers, and every now and then her eyes rested with a look of caution on the inexpressive back of her chauffeur.

"Do you think he can hear?" she asked.

"'Course not."

"I have to be so careful."

She turned to him, eyes alight with interest as they started on up the Avenue.

"Tell me about yourself. You're another man, too."

"Dad died shortly after I saw you," he explained. "Apoplexy. And I thought of you, the break you had made, the gamble you took. So I gathered together what he left me, sold out to my brother Jim, and came to New York to stake everything on that voice you took such stock in. I went to Fernald and he thought he could do something with it. I've been in training, so to speak, ever since. And this season he got me the job with the Metropolitan."

"If only I could hear you!"

"Oh, I haven't done much—not yet. A few matinées and one or two Saturday nights. Next year, though, they've promised me a go at leads."

"I knew if ever you had the chance you'd prove yourself."

"I owe a great part of that chance to Randolph—you know, Hubert Randolph. He's one of the directors of the Metropolitan. I met him at Fernald's studio last winter and it was through him Fernald pushed me. He's interested in you, by-the-way, thinks you're the greatest actress of the century."

"The century is very young," she smiled.

"Well, Rand's seen them all in the last fifteen or twenty years, and he knows what he's talking about. We were at your opening together and he said then you were paralyzing."

"Did I do that to you, too?"

"Paralyze me? Bet your life you did! When you walked out on that stage and raised your head a ramrod went up my back. 'That's Lizzie Parsons,' I said to myself, 'or I'll be shot.' Then I thought I must be loony, and that when I'd see you in a better light without the short wig, I'd laugh at my mistake. But in the second act I knew I was right, in spite of the black hair ——"

"It's dyed, Lou." She made the confession haltingly. "At first I didn't want to. My hair seemed part of me—the color, I mean. But that's just why he made me do it; it was a question of personality, he said. I begged him to let me wear a wig, but he was afraid it would be detected. And he was right, I dare say. He's always right."

"Don't you worry about the way it looks, either. You used to be just pretty; now you're a beauty."

"Am I—really?" There was a childish earnestness about the query.

"Should have heard Randolph rave. Say, I'm dining with him to-night. Why not come along? He's crazy to meet you, and he won't go to any of those society fandangles to do it."

"Meet a stranger—with you round? Oh, I couldn't! I'd burst into straight English as naturally as you burst into song. And that would ruin me."

He patted her hand, and his kind brown eyes beamed.

"Nonsense! You're too clever an actress for that."

There was something pathetic about the way she clung to his handclasp.

"It's so good, finding you this way. I haven't any friends—no one to whom I can actually talk. With me it isn't a case of acting behind the footlights, I'm acting all the time, except when I'm alone."

"But it's not acting any more, this Russian business, is it?"

"No, it's myself, the greater part of self, I dare say. But Betty Parsons isn't all dead yet, and I don't want her to die." She blinked up at him. "Don't make me cry, please, or the shadows will all come off my eyes."

His eyes took in the luxurious appointment of the car, the mauve enameled vanity apparatus on one side, the smoking outfit on the other, the gilt vase with its spray of fresh orchids, the soft tan cushions and robe of fur. He gave her a warming look of satisfaction.

"I should say the exchange was all for the better. You must be making a mint."

"One hundred and fifty a week."

"One hundred and fifty!"

"That's my contract."

"But, good Lord ——"

"Oh, I made it with my eyes open. It extends over the first five years—with an option on the next five."

"But all this!" He waved his arm, bewildered, through the air.

She knew what he meant, however. "All this he gives me—my clothes, my car and its upkeep, my jewels, though they're mostly paste, everything except my home. I wouldn't let him give me that."

He made an attempt to conceal the swift suspicion that would have clouded any man's eyes. Instantly she saw and answered it.

"Oh, don't misunderstand. It's purely a matter of business. I've got to be equipped to play my part off the stage, and I don't earn enough to do it on my own."

"Then why doesn't he give you enough?"

"I should probably grow too independent. This way he holds the reins. That's only a supposition, of course. I've never discussed it. One can't discuss money with Oswald Kane."

"It's a damned outrage!"

"Oh, no, it isn't. He took a sporting chance. He staked time and effort and money on a venture that might have proved a hopeless failure. I had everything to gain. And now that I've made good under his guidance, it's only fair that he should reap the harvest."

"Indefinitely?"

"For six years to come, at any rate, until my contract expires."

They drew near the park. She urged him to ride with her a bit, and they drove into the blue-velvet dusk, past the shimmer of lake curled among the bushes. The car glided on swiftly through cool dark silence.

"You haven't told me yet how I inspired you to become an Italian," she prompted.

"Oh, that—simple enough. Randolph remarked the night of your première that there was an aura of romance about artists from the other side, particularly when they hailed from Southern Europe, sort of Oriental, you understand. And the suggestion of it stuck. The next day I went to Fernald. 'Can't you change me to something Italian?' I said. 'Seabury's a rotten name for an opera singer.' He laughed and did it. Of course I make no attempt at accent—I couldn't handle that job in conversation. But the people I've met don't look for it; they understand the fact that I was brought up in England."

They laughed together. As her laugh bubbled girlishly into the quiet night, she halted it with a swift movement of hand to lips and once more sent that look of caution at her chauffeur's back. He reminded her of his dinner engagement with Randolph, begging her to join them.

"He's made up his mind to know you informally. And believe me, that's all he has to do to get what he wants. He's a human dynamo, that man! Never knew anybody with his finger in so many pies and able to put over whatever he tackles. Sooner or later you're bound to meet him in his own way. Might as well be to-night."

"What good would it do? He'll never know me—the real me."

"He'll know a fascinating woman, any way you look at it."

But she dropped him at the bachelor apartment on Park Avenue in spite of his pleas.

"Come and see me, Lou, often," she murmured, giving him her address as he stepped out of the car. "You don't know what a joy it is to play at being myself."

IV

IT WAS inevitable that Parsinova should meet Hubert Randolph, as Lou Seabury had prophesied. It was not inevitable that he should prove to be the man whose intent gaze had held hers from the first row. But such things do happen in life just as in fiction. And when one considers that Randolph had determined from the moment he saw her to know her in an unprofessional capacity, his accomplishment of that end was in the natural order of things.

Hubert Randolph was not a selfmade man. He had succeeded, made his name stand firm in the humming world of finance, in spite of the fact that he was born to the purple. In fact, that handicap was to him as though it had never been. Early in his boyhood he had started out to forget that he was a Hamilton Randolph, and he had been forgetting it satisfactorily ever since. At Harvard he had become the pal of men who tutored in their leisure hours, thereby improving his mind. Also he had never taken the trouble to inform them to which particular Randolph family he belonged. It was unimportant. He had spent a winter in a shack in Arizona, partly for his health, but largely to familiarize himself with the workings of a mine in which the Randolphs had an interest. He had chummed with the miners, chewed tobacco, and acquired a red-bronze that had never quite worn off.

He had climbed Pike's Peak, had shot big game in the Andes. And then he had come back to civilization and taken a clerkship in the brokerage offices of Parker, Gaines and McCaffery, to study banking methods from the bottom up.

At thirty-eight, or it may have been thirty-nine, he was an authority on banking, stood ace-high in Washington, and was known as a patron of the arts. The Randolph family never understood why he'd gone to all that bother. It was so old, so distinguished, that to have a member attempt to distinguish it further was almost an insult.

However, Rand, as he was known among his intimates, never troubled to consult the family as to his movements. He saw as little of them as possible.

"Don't concern yourself about me," he was in the habit of telling his sister, when she tried to propel him in the direction of one of her parties. "I'm a hopeless sort of devil who likes to choose his own friends."

Once she persuaded him to attend a tea, and he appeared with a youth in a shiny coat and cuffs that separated from his shirt.

"He's a coming violinist," he whispered. "I thought you'd like him to play. But he's hungry—give him something to eat first."

She never attempted to persuade him after that.

Parsinova met Hubert Randolph in a funny little restaurant that had years back been a stable. It was conducted by a group of painters for the benefit of a Belgian Relief Fund all their own. He had arranged the party for the Sunday following her meeting with Seabury, but it took her old friend another week to convince her that she could carry it through.

The opera singer had called at her home several times. She saw him always alone in her simple living room, and looked forward to his visits as a child to a holiday.

"Why didn't you look me up long ago?" she asked.

"Couldn't find out where you lived."

"But you could have come to my dressing room at the theater."

"I was afraid of giving you away."

It was two weeks later that she finally consented to the little dinner in the restaurant, the existence of which was known to only a select few.

Seabury called for her, and Randolph met them in the cobbled courtyard that led to their unique dining place. In the dark she did not at first recognize him. But as they stood in the doorway where an old lantern swung, she stopped and peered at him.

He looked down with that intense, concentrated gaze of his.

"I have seen you be-fore," she announced.

"Have you?"

"Many times—in the firs' row. And you look' as if—you like me."

"I do," came promptly with a smile.

"No, no!" Her eyes gave him a piquant uptilt. "My art, I mean to say. Me, you do not know."

"I'm going to."

He led the way indoors. She glanced about, and as she did so her mood dissolved into a new interest. First the man, and then the charm of this quaint place. The stalls had been left standing and in each a table was set. Over each from the beamed ceiling swung a lantern similar to the one outside. There were no brilliant lights, no noise of clinking glass and silver.

She slid along the upholstered seat that lined the stall to the place he indicated at the table's head. The men seated themselves at either side.

"This is topping, Rand," observed Seabury. "How is it you never brought me here?"

"I've saved it for Madame. What does she think of it?"

"Fas-cinating. I feel quite like a thoroughbred horse." Then she looked at him gratefully. "And one is not—on exhibition."

"I don't want to exhibit you," rejoined her host. "You'll find that out."

She did find it out in the weeks that followed. They came frequently to The Mews to dine, sometimes with Seabury, more often alone. She got to love the quiet, the privacy of it.

Eventually her rule of never dining out during the week was broken. At first she protested. She could not! But that dominant jaw of Randolph's won out. They arrived always at six when the place was practically empty, and by seven-thirty she was at the theater.

She did not permit him to call for her at her home, but met him at their destination. As the weather turned warmer and patches of green pushed through the sod, they drove occasionally to the country and back in time for the performance. She would arrange for him to meet her, always at the theater, or send his car there for her.

They never went to conspicuous hotels or restaurants. He seemed to enjoy being with her away from the stare of the world. One Sunday in April, when they had planned to lunch at one of the inns that dot the shore of the Hudson, he appeared with two hampers and announced that they were going to picnic. They left the car at the top of the slope, scrambled down a hill, and proceeded to unpack the baskets with the anticipation of boy and girl off for a holiday. She pulled off her hat with its floating veil and sat cross-legged on the rug he had spread under a willow tree.

And sitting there, watching him, this man so intensely real, so intensely himself, a sense of infinite sadness swept over her. She wanted just for to-day to drop all sham. Not that her pose was ever difficult. Like all affectation used incessantly, it had become, as she told Seabury, nature to her. She was no longer conscious of it. It was herself. But in these rare days spent with Randolph in the brimming sunlight, soft with young green things, she wanted, with a ridiculously hopeless yearning, to let him glimpse Elizabeth Parsons, the girl who would have let her hair fly in the wind for sheer joy of springtime, the girl who lived only in hidden moments.

Sometimes she compromised by letting Parsinova express Elizabeth's thoughts, her ideals, separating the two women only by the breadth of an accent. Often she caught him looking at her curiously, as if trying to link some simply expressed idea of living with the reputation of the woman sitting opposite him. But more frequently they were content to enjoy the moment, tramping through the woods, discovering new sun-flecked trails, drinking in the sweetness of April and companionship.

He had suggested on one or two occasions that he call for her at her home, but she put him off with excuses, obvious and sometimes lame.

Once he reproached her.

"Why don't you let me come to see you?"

"You can—at any time you wish."

"Not at the theater. When I worship you I like it to be from the other side of the footlights."

"Oh! Then what is it you wish to do on this side?"

(Continued on Page 60)

The Only Piston Ring of Its Kind

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Fully explained in the book mentioned in the coupon request opposite.

(Continued from Page 58)

"Adore you! And you haven't even told me what street you live in."

"Then it should be quite ea-sy. One adores that which one knows least a-bout."

"In other words, a man loves what he doesn't understand and likes what he does?"

"That is ex-actly what I wish to say. Is it not strange?—when a man wish' to make a woman love him, he says: 'M'adorée, you are such a mys-tery to me.' And when a woman wish' to make a man love her, she tells him: 'Mon amour, I under-stan' you per-fec'ly.'"

He gave a ringing laugh, then leaned across the table.

"Your foreign men have a dozen ways of telling a woman they want her love. We Americans, when we care—the real thing—are awkward as boys, and a little afraid."

"A-fraid?" Parsinova's eyes were wondering, while Elizabeth Parsons' soul cried out that she, too, could know such fear. "But why?"

"Less experience."

Her eyes laughed into his then. "The Latin in love is an art-iste, the American an art-i-san. Is that what you wish to say?"

"Have you ever heard that Ade classic?

'I never run from the man behind the gun,
Tho' other chaps are cowards,
As for me—not!
But my courage fades away,
And I don't know what to say,
When I meet the little girl
Behind the teapot.'"

"Me—not. Teapot," she repeated with a frown of concentration in which lurked a smile. "How droll your classics are!"

A quizzical twist lifted the corner of his rather thin mouth. "After all, it resolves itself into this—a man fears, not what a woman is, but what she seems to be."

Parsinova met his steady gaze with a quick startled look and bit her lip to keep it from quivering. But his next words answered the unspoken question that for a second shook her perfect poise.

"I wonder," he said slowly—"I wonder if you're as simple as you seem complex?"

She did not reply at once, did not lift her eyes. When she did, they wandered out through the wide window to the sheen of river and hazy Palisades in the distance. They were dining at Longue Vue at the hour when the sun slides lazily into soft spring shadows.

"Why do you think me, as you say, com-plex?" She lifted her eyes with the question, and the sun slanted across them. Perhaps that was why he failed to give her a direct answer.

"Odd," he observed, "I didn't guess you had gray eyes They look so dark from the stage. They're wonderful eyes at close inspection, by the way"

"Are they, too, com-plex?"

"Full of secrets."

"Ah, but there you are wrong, quite wrong, my friend. Most of their life they 'ave give' to study. What secret could they possess?"

She hated herself while she said it, hated Kane and the stage and the success she had made. But most of all she hated Elizabeth Parsons for allowing Parsinova to dominate her. To this one man she wanted so devoutly to reveal herself as she was. Ridiculous, of course, the desire, for it was Parsinova who charmed him. That was all too evident.

The hours she loved best with him were those in which he told her of his travels, his life among the miners, the free, wind-swept life of the West. In that she could evince an interest that was sincere. She could picture him in his rough flannel shirt and corduroy trousers, hobnobbing with the miners, one of them. He was the true democrat, eager to learn firsthand instead of living by proxy.

She would draw him out, welcoming the opportunity to be for the moment Elizabeth Parsons, if only as a listener.

When he left her at the theater that evening, he startled her by saying abruptly:

"I'm coming to dine with you next Sunday."

It was just as he helped her out of the car, and she stopped short, hand still in his.

"You—are coming ——?"

"That's it, in your home. Oh, I've found out where you live, but I'd a notion that I'd like you to tell me of your own accord."

"How—did you find out?"

"Had you followed, perhaps. At any rate, you can't keep me away any longer."

"You—you must not come."

He regarded her closely, his thick brows coming together.

"Is there any particular reason why you shut me out?"

She remembered suddenly that her hand was still in his, and his tense grip was hurting her.

"Please!" She made a futile effort to draw it away.

"Is there?"

"Many reasons." Her lips hesitated over the words.

"Any one reason, I should say?"

In spite of herself, she looked up at him. "No—one," she answered.

"Right, then. Sunday next."

He dropped her hands quickly, stepped back into the car.

The next three days she spent buying high-backed cathedral chairs and carved tables and tabourets for her living room. Down came the cretonne hangings and up went heavy purple-velvet ones that shut out the blessed light of day. She selected a black rug that made the room look hideously somber, and for the divan gold cushions weighted with tassels. When she finished she had consumed several months' salary, but the transformation was complete. Once more Elizabeth Parsons was wiped off this mortal sphere. Soon no shadow would be left of her, not even in the sacred nook she had saved to call home.

With an anxiety akin to terror she waited for Hubert Randolph. She was wearing white—soft, creamy, floating. There ought at least, she felt, to be some spot of light in the mysteriously shadowed room.

He came at seven. She went to the door herself as the bell rang and let him into the little foyer. His eyes were alight with eagerness; they had somehow the look of those of a small boy bound for a fishing trip on Sunday.

He caught her hand and held it for a moment silently.

"You know how glad I am to be here."

"You know," she rejoined, to her own surprise, "how I am glad—to 'ave you here."

They went into the living room, and he looked round.

"Odd," he observed almost to himself, "I've pictured it often—but not like this. I'd an idea of light things, woman things about you."

She could have laughed with sardonic glee at the thought of how she had dragged down those light woman things and spent a small fortune to create another atmosphere.

"But on the whole," he proceeded speculatively, "these are you, aren't they?"

"A woman is so man-y things—so man-y moods, I wish to say—that there is no one room can express her."

Her apartment was in one of those modern houses where dinner is cooked by a chef downstairs and sent up via the dumb-waiter. To Parsinova this had proved a convenience, saving as it did the necessity of curious servants. Only at the theater did she indulge in a personal maid. To-night, however, she had arranged for one of the waiters from the restaurant below to serve them. But in spite of him, noiselessly in the background, it was a cozy, intimate little party, that brought them somehow closer than all their former dinners together. The small table set in a corner of the living room, its glistening silver and lacy feminine damask, the dainty dishes she had herself ordered, created a sense of home dangerous to the peace of mind of an actress wedded to her art.

To crown the illusion, when the *café noir* had been served and the waiter disappeared belowstairs, Randolph pulled a pipe from his pocket and asked, with a sheepish grin, if he might light it.

"I've always wondered what it would be like to smoke a pipe with you."

"But I do not smoke a pipe."

"Don't interpret me so literally. A pipe means fireside, something intimate and real. I've always thought it would be nice, one of these days, to see your face through pipe smoke. May I?"

She nodded and curled on a cushion by the fire. It was a rainy night and she had the logs whirring merrily.

"Now tell me more a-bout your wonder-ful West." She lit a cigarette and listened with eyes half closed, and a sweet tranquillity bathed her soul.

He pulled his chair closer Unconsciously, perhaps, her head drooped against the arm. If, a moment later, she felt a hand lightly caress her hair she gave no sign. Parsinova fans would undoubtedly have been amazed at the scene—the Russian actress curled like a kitten at the foot of a man's chair, while he painted with broad strokes pictures of prairie life and the down-to-earth men who live it.

It was what he did just as he was leaving that shattered her serenity like an explosion. They were standing in the little foyer and she had given him her hand with her "Good-night," when suddenly she was in his arms. She felt them close round her like a vise, sweep her to him, and his lips were on hers. For a long moment they stood so. Then without a word he put her at arm's length, held her eyes with a look whose intensity she found impossible to read, and an instant later she was alone.

But those few moments brought her up sharp. For hours afterward she felt the vise of his arms gripping her, the thrill of his kiss. And she knew that she loved him. Subconsciously she had known it a long time; but she had never faced the issue. Content with a comradeship that, whether she looked upon it from the Parsons or Parsinova viewpoint, was dear to her, she had drifted without any forward look, without taking count of what payment the future might demand. And now the hour of reckoning had come. Elizabeth Parsons, who had never loved before, loved Hubert Randolph. Hubert Randolph loved Parsinova who, according to all report, had loved many times and with none too much reserve. For long hours she lay staring into the blank darkness of her room, but out of it she could draw nothing but misery.

For the first time Parsinova's manufactured past tortured her. Heretofore she had accepted it without question. Now it was like a lurid flame, flaring through the smoke of all reasoning, more real because it was unreal. Had she merited it, there would be no problem. As things were, it was the ghost at the banquet, the ghost of that which had never been. And there was no solution, there never would be.

Elizabeth Parsons was New England. It was part of her plan of life to marry when she loved, and no more modern twisting of standards could undermine that which was as fundamental as the blood in her veins. The very intensity of emotion of which she was capable was reëxpressed in her intensity of adherence to the moral conduct generations of upright-living ancestors had laid down for her. From that there could be no swerving. It was part of her.

Throughout the dragging hours of that night she tried desperately to read into the embrace of the man who had taken her love some interpretation other than the obvious. And suddenly it came to her that even granted he might possibly be willing to give her his name, it was impossible for her to accept it. He did not know Elizabeth Parsons; would not, if he did, evince the slightest interest in her. It was the Russian actress he adored, the woman she was not. If he wanted her and she dared to marry him, she would have to live day and night a lie she could not, and what was more would not if she could, carry through. In love she would have to be herself. Brilliant as was her Slav rendering of it on the stage, in life she was just an American girl who wanted to live it with all her soul. And to the man who had fallen in love with the Russian actress the American girl would mean less than nothing.

All night long she floundered feebly in a morass, sinking deeper with each effort to extricate herself. And so it was natural that next day her eyes should be hard and dry, and there was a bitter look round her mouth.

Had there been any doubt at all in her mind as to the hopelessness of her situation, Oswald Kane himself pounded the last nail in the coffin just a few days later. A chatty little sheet given to imparting intimate information anent New York's élite had got wind of Randolph's devotion. It announced subtly that the walls the Russian actress had built up between herself and American men had evidently been shattered by one who heretofore had evinced but slight interest in the beauties of his own set. It hinted at their runs in his car out of New York, and wondered amiably whether he intended converting his bungalow up Westchester way into a dovecote.

The day it appeared on the news stands Oswald Kane paid her an early visit. For the first time she saw him with his smooth exterior ruffled. It was a matinée day, and she was having an eleven-o'clock breakfast when he arrived. A note from Randolph asking why she had refused to see him the day before lay on the table beside her plate. She looked tired and her eyes needed no artificial shadows.

Kane came into the room, then turned and stared at the new furnishings.

"Do you like it?" she asked. "I've had it done over."

"Why?"

"I thought it safe, in case anyone should find me out and drop in."

"Someone has found you out." He handed her the society sheet, open at the pointed paragraph that concerned her.

"I should like to know," he began, his rich mellow voice going sharp, "who the man is."

She hastily slipped Randolph's note into the pocket of her dress.

"I should like to be able to tell you."

"You mean he does not exist."

"I mean that if he did, it would be quite my own affair, wouldn't it?"

"No. If you play a dangerous game, and lose, Oswald Kane loses with you. If any man ever discovers the truth about you, it is your career as well as mine."

"You need never worry—about that."

Whether it was the hopeless note in her voice, or the look in her eyes, his voice softened. He went close to her.

"There's just one," he whispered, "who knows you as you are. Liza Parsinova has the right to no man's love but Oswald Kane's."

She looked at him squarely.

"Liza Parsinova has the right to no man's love at all."

She dropped back into her chair, eyes closing, and went on monotonously:

"You see, I've thought it all out. I've swamped the girl I was, and it's as final as death. One of these days, perhaps, when my contract with you has been filled, Parsinova will sail back to Russia or be drowned or something, and out of her ashes will rise a spinster named Elizabeth Parsons who doesn't really matter, who'll just go off and die alone. But until then you are quite safe. Only—please—never speak again of—of loving me. I shall never forget what you've done for me. I shall never betray you in any way."

She kept her word to the letter. Had she followed inclination she would have gone through her performances mechanically. A numbness had taken hold of her, the numbness of utter misery, of utter futility. But her work was brilliant as ever. Particularly in the love scenes, and in the final tragic sacrifice, did her beautiful voice shake with a suffering so intense that it was real.

Randolph she saw several times a week in his accustomed place in the first row. But his efforts to obtain an interview with her she ignored. A scene with him she knew would be unbearable, leading as it must nowhere. Therefore, she did not answer his notes, knowing he would eventually conclude that his passion the night of their last meeting had been unwelcome, that she was choosing the simplest means of telling him so. He wrote at first anxiously, then demandingly, and when she failed to answer stopped. When the notes ceased to come she felt more miserably alone than ever in her life, reaching back into the past for their hours together as groping hands reach for memories of the dead.

And seeing him so often across the footlights made it still harder. More than once she was seized with a mad impulse to call out to him, to beg him not to come so that she might try to forget.

She grew thin as a rail and her pallor was no longer creamy. It was dead white, with unbecoming lines traced from nose to mouth. Seabury remarked the change in her and suggested that she needed a change of air.

"You've been working too hard and you show it. When does your season close?"

"Sometime in June, I believe."

"Why don't you get Kane to let you off the end of this month?"

"I don't want to be let off. I'd like to play all summer."

"Good Lord, it would kill you!"

"It will kill me if I don't work."

"Look here." He went over to her chair, looked at her closely. "What's the matter?"

He had dropped in to tea at her apartment as was his habit once or twice a week. She was seated behind the copper samovar, her white face emphasized against

(Concluded on Page 63)

"Can you guess who I am ?"

How World-encircling Steamship Companies make sure of Scientific Lubrication

"CAN you guess who I am?" The visitor was the first man to come over the side of a tramp steamer which recently stopped at Buenos Aires.

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AUTOMOBILES	1918 Models		1917 Models		1916 Models		1915 Models		1914 Models	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Abbott-Detroit	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A		
Apperson	A	A	Ar	Ar	Arc	Ar	Arc	Arc	Ar	Arc
Auburn (4 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" (6 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Ar	Arc	Arc	Ar	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)			A	Ar	A	Ar				
Buick	A	Ar	A	Ar	Arc	A	A	Ar	A	A
"	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Ar	Arc	Ar
"	Arc	Ar	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac	A	A			Ar	Ar	Arc	Ar	A	A
" (V-63)					A	A				
" (V-8)			A	A	A	A				
Chandler Six	A	Ar	Ar	A	Ar	A	A	A	Ar	A
Cleveland	A	A	A	A	Ar	A	Arc	Ar	A	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
" (12 A)	A	Arc								
Cole					Ar	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Cunningham							A	A	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Dodge Brothers	A	Ar	A	A	A	A	F	F		
Ford	A	Arc	A	A	A	Ar	A	Ar		
Franklin	A	A	Arc	Ar	Ar	A	A	Ar	Arc	Arc
" (Model 9-A)	A	A	A	A						
" Special	A	Ar								
Hupmobile	F	F	E	E	F	F	F	F	F	F
" (4 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (6 cyl)	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	Ar	Ar	Arc	Ar	Arc
Haynes	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Ar	A	Arc
" (12	A	A	A	A						
Hudson	A	A	A	A	A	A				
"	A	A	A	A						
Hudson	A	A	A	A	Ar	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" Super Six	A	A	A	Ar	A	A				
Interstate	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Jackson	A	A	Ar	A	Ar	Ar	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (6 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Jordan	A	Ar	Ar	Ar						
King	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Ar	A	A
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Ar		
Kissel	A	Ar	A	A	A	A	Arc	Ar	Arc	Arc
" (Mod 48	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" " (Mod 6-55)	A	A	A	A						
Liberty Dixie	A	A	Arc	Arc						
Lippard-Stewart	A	Ar	Arc	A	Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar	Arc
" (Mod M			A	A	A	Ar				
" (Mod MM			A	Arc						
Locomobile	A	A	B	B	A	A	F	F	F	F
Marmon	A	Ar	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
" (8 cyl)			A	A	A	A				
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Maxwell	A	Ar	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Mercer	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Ar	A	Ar
" (22-70)							Arc	Arc		
Mitchell	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Ar	A	Arc
" (8 cyl)					A	A				
Moline Knight	B	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
National	A	A	Ar	Arc	A	Arc	A	Ar	A	A
" (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Oakland	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" 8 cyl					A	A				
Oldsmobile	A	A			Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" 8 cyl	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Overland	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	A	Ar	Arc	Arc
Owen Magnetic	A	A	A	A	A	Ar	A	Ar		
" Mod M	Arc	Ar	Arc	Ar						
Packard							A	Arc	A	Arc
" (1 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" (Com'l	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc
Paige (4 cyl							A	Ar	A	A
" 6 cyl	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A		
" (6-36					A	Ar	A	Ar		
" (6-38 -51			A	A						
" (6-46)	A	Ar								
Paterson	A	Ar	A	A	A	A	Ar	Ar		
Pathfinder			Arc	A	Ar	A	Arc	Ar	Ar	Arc
" (12 cyl)			A	A	A	A				
Peerless	A	Ar	Ar	A	A	A	Ar	Ar	Arc	Arc
" (6 cyl	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Pierce-Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
" (Com'l	Arc	Ar	Ar	A	Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar	Arc
Premier	A	A	A	A	A	Ar	A	Arc	A	Arc
Reo	A	Ar	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Saxon	F	F	E	E	F	F	F	F	F	F
Scripps	Arc	Arc	Ar	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Ar	Arc	Arc
"				A						
Stearns-Knight	B	A	A	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
" (8 cyl	B	A	A	A	B	A				
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	A	A	Ar	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Velie (4 cyl							A	Ar	A	Arc
" 16	A	Ar	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
" (2 & 3 tons	A	A								
" (1½ ton	A	A								
White	Ar	Ar	Arc	Ar	Ar	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (6 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
Willys Knight	B	A	A	A	B	A	B	A	A	A
Winton Six	Arc	Ar	A	A						
Winton	Arc	Ar	A	A	Ar	Arc	Arc	Ar	Ar	Ar

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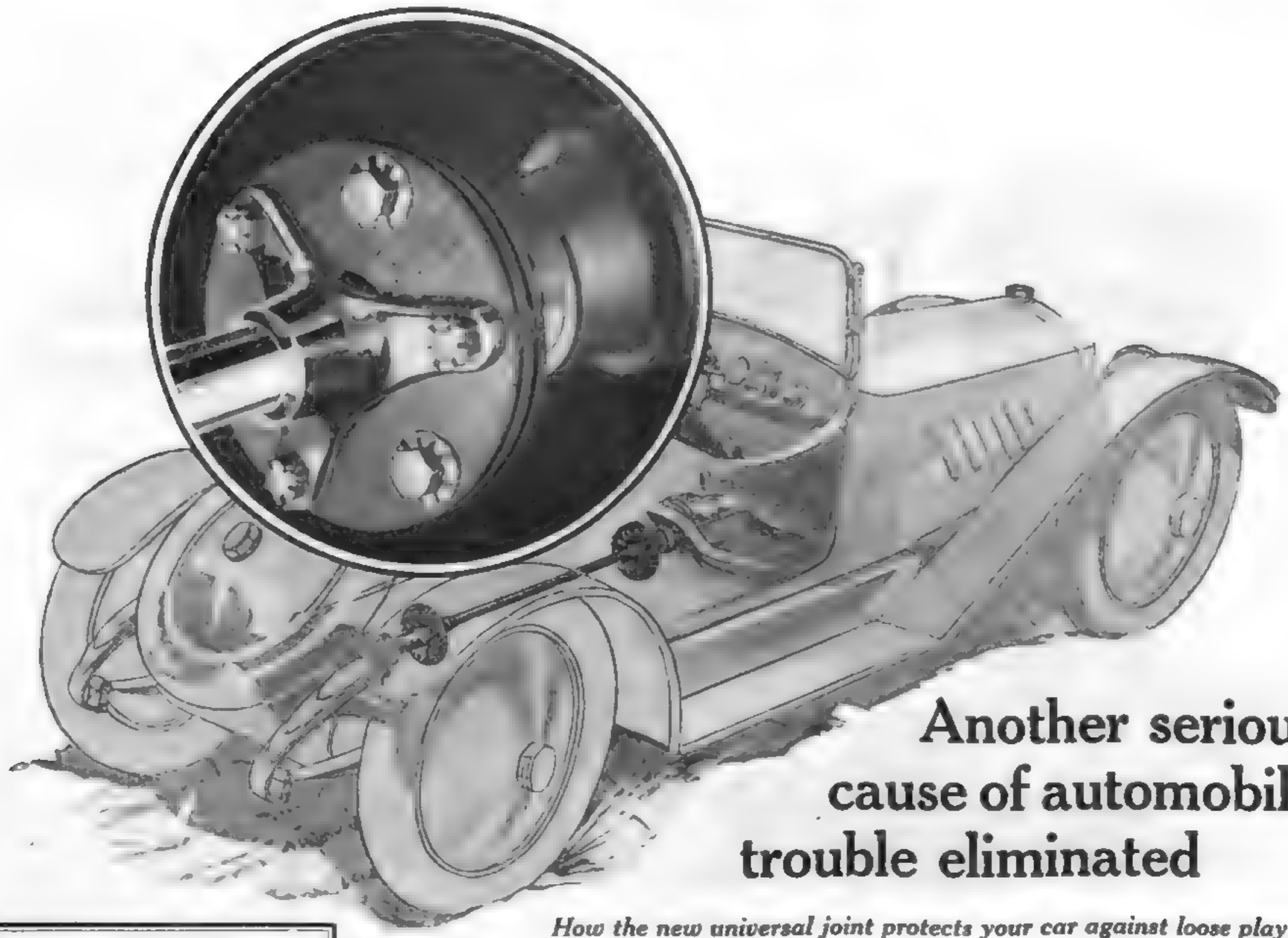

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The looser the joint wears, the more severe is the pounding on the transmission and differential. A loose joint develops backlash and intensifies every strain in a way which racks the car from end to end.

The cushioning effect of the Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joint

To meet these conditions the Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joint has been developed. It is constructed of flexible fabric discs which act as a cushion. Even *more* flexible than the ball-and-socket type of joint, and more enduring, the Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joint cushions the jolts and jars by transmitting the impact from the motor in a smooth, even flow of power to the rear wheels.

No lubrication needed

Having no metal-to-metal wearing surfaces, the Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joint requires no lubrication. It runs in absolute silence, *smoothly* and without backlash.

For over three years, on both passenger cars and heavy-duty trucks, the Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joint has stood severe tests for endurance. In many cases it has given 60,000 miles of hard service without replacement, adjustment or attention of any kind.

Ask to see the universal joint on the next car you buy

When choosing your next car, ride in one equipped with Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joints. Start the car yourself, drive it slowly, speed it up, then reverse. You will find a smooth and even application of power. Every vibration in the drive shaft is cushioned, even the jolts caused by the rise and fall of the rear axle on rough roads.

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(Concluded from Page 60)

the dark hangings, her fingers moving restlessly among the tea things.

"Something's wrong," he persisted as she did not answer. "What is it?"

"Oh, a million things—a million little things that don't count."

"Looks to me as if it was one big thing that does." He drew her out of the chair toward the window. "Come on, 'fess up to papa?"

"Well, for one thing ——" She bit her lip, woman-wise trying in her own soul to veer away from the big issue by concentrating on a lesser. "My mother's blackmailing me."

"Your—what?"

She looked up, met his stare of dismay.

"The little old lady you see round here sometimes."

"I thought she was a maid. Look here, I don't understand. You—why, Lizzie Parsons, you've been an orphan for years back!"

"I know I have. But I had to have someone—a mother preferred—to protect me."

"I see ——"

"Yes, so I hired her. She looked the part and seemed a gentle, pathetic soul—and now she's blackmailing me."

"Good Lord!" He grinned in spite of the seriousness of it. "Is she likely ever to squeal?"

"Not so long as I give her all the money she wants. But it's getting on my nerves. And some day I—I'll just naturally poison her to get her out of the way. She makes my life miserable by threatening—to give my story away to the newspapers"

"Next time she does it, send for me, and I'll bully her into keeping quiet." He made a move toward the door. "Is she here? I'll do it now."

"No, no!" She stopped him. "Let well enough alone. I can manage to stand it—and you might force her to do something I'd suffer for."

He took her hand sympathetically.

"Poor kid, you are in a mess, aren't you?"

"I've committed suicide, Lou," she said abruptly.

He must have sensed that she'd withheld the real cause of her consuming unhappiness, for he looked at her silently for a time, then shook his head.

"What else is bothering you?"

"What—what makes you ask that?"

"A blackmailing mamma might make you look tired and worried, but she wouldn't put all that sorrow into your eyes Why, you look like Isolde—by Jove, that's it! Love stuff!"

"How absurd!" She looked away. "Whom could I be in love with?"

"Not with me, that's a sure thing. Though, of course you know I am with you."

"Lou!"

"Oh, don't worry, I know I haven't a chance. But I care enough about you to be darned upset by your condition. Now come along, let papa fix things for you."

"They can't be fixed, Lou, ever. When you've chosen to be two people in one, you've got to stand up and take the consequences if God ordains that two's company and three's a crowd." She gave him a smile, whimsical but without mirth. "Have you ever heard that French saying: *'Je suis ce que je suis, mais je ne suis pas ce que je suis?'*"

Seabury shook his head with a puzzled frown.

"I sing French, I don't speak it."

"It's a play on verbs. 'I am what I am, but I am not what I follow,'" she translated. "Well, that's me."

He tried in a dozen ways to persuade her to give him her confidence, but she simply smiled and told him there was nothing further to confide.

A few weeks later, just before her season closed, he asked her what plans she had made for the summer. Kane was arranging to send her on tour with The Temptress before opening in New York in a new play now being written for her, and she would have July and part of August to rest.

"I shall stay in town," she told him, "and study."

He protested vehemently.

"There's no use, Lou. I couldn't bear being among people, and this is the best place to hide away. Besides which, there's mother to consider. I can't risk having her run loose in New York without me."

"But you need the rest."

"I don't! I need to keep going, with as much work as I can manage."

He bent over her, his kind brown eyes troubled.

"Little girl, you'll kill yourself."

"On the contrary, I wish, Lou," she said with a gulp, "that I weren't so intensely alive." Then she smiled at him, and patted his shoulder. "Don't worry about Parsinova. She's in fine shape."

"But Parsons?" he put in.

"She doesn't count."

"Seen Rand lately?" he asked casually, as he got up to go.

"A number of times," she lied. And yet it was not a lie, for she had seen him only too frequently from the far side of the footlights. "Have you?"

"No, he's busy. Getting ready to go to Arizona—but, of course, you know about that."

"Y-Yes. Has he told you when he leaves?"

"Monday or Tuesday of next week, I believe. May be gone a year. Don't know why."

She turned her back to the light, so that her face was blurred and misty and he could not read its expression. "Do you—do you think he looks quite well?" she prompted, eager for some news, any news of him.

"Well, it struck me he looked a bit seedy last time I saw him—not just up to the mark, that is. Probably spring fever. How does he impress you?"

"I—I hadn't noticed any change."

When he had gone she picked up the calendar on her desk and stared at the day and date. Friday! By this time next week a stretch of continent would rush between her and Hubert Randolph. She shrugged her shoulders with a short laugh. What mattered miles when worlds stretched between them now! She wondered vaguely whether peace of mind, and sleep, would come with the knowledge that he was materially out of reach. Feeling him so close at hand had been such misery, perhaps distance would make it easier.

She pictured once more his pictures of the windswept West and saw him drinking in the great freedom of it. And then she went into her bedroom, locked the door, and sat quite silent and tense, gazing out into the warm drowsy dusk that settled over the city. She would gaze often in the months to come out into that dusk and see like a mirage sunbaked prairie or the snow-peaked Rockies and always in the foreground there would be a tall bronzed figure with eyes peering from under bushy brows and a square dominant jaw one could not forget.

She found out definitely through Seabury that Rand was leaving on Tuesday. Monday night her gaze wandered instinctively to his place in the orchestra. He was not there. Of course, she had not expected that he would be, but she would have liked just one more to look at him. Women have a strange way of wanting that which tortures them.

When the final curtain had fallen, Kane appeared in her dressing room and suggested that they take a drive up Riverside and a bite of supper somewhere along the road. He wanted to talk to her about the new play, about her route for the coming season and a date for her New York opening. His attitude toward her had become thoroughly friendly and businesslike. He was too much, himself, the artist to allow failure in a lesser game to interfere with success in a greater.

At another time she would have preferred to discuss matters at the theater or her apartment. She did not like being seen in public with Oswald Kane. Wherever Parsinova went she was conspicuous, and appearing with her world-known manager always occasioned a halt in the surrounding chatter, a poising of forks in mid-air. It was summer, and the inns along the road would very likely be crowded. But tonight she welcomed the idea of crowds of the companionship of one who would divert her mind into channels of work, the only pivot on which she could allow her life to swing. It would at least keep her from going home to think; it would shorten the night hours and that was a sort of blessing.

It was nearing one when they drove back through the soft summer night. The velvet air touched her face like tender fingers, but it brought no drowsiness to her eyes, no balm to the realization of blankness ahead. It was a blankness not of weeks or months, but of years.

The Drive was still dotted with strolling couples, 'Arrys and 'Arriets linked arm in arm, serenely oblivious of passers-by. Cars sped past them, wheels expertly manipulated by one hand. Mingled young laughter rang like bells into the starry night.

Kane went on outlining plans for the new play, his rich melodious voice dwelling now on this point, now on that climax of the story. She listened absently, eyes straying in a way that was absurd toward the magic of a June night, the enviable good fortune of those who could become part of it.

"I shall give you even greater opportunities than you have had. I shall produce a piece of work that will be epoch making," he told her.

She smiled and told him how pleased she was.

When they arrived at her apartment she asked him not to trouble getting out of the car, and stood and watched it swing round the corner. Then slowly she turned and went indoors.

v

PARSINOVA unlocked her door, stepped into the little foyer, and after an instant's pause to take off hat and dust coat, crossed the hall to her living room. Once more cretonne hung in the doorways and slips of it covered the furniture. Summer had served as sufficient excuse to convert the place, for a time at any rate, to its former simplicity. The sight of the cathedral chairs and gold cushions had for the past few weeks depressed her to the point of mania. More than once the impulse had seized her to tear them to bits.

To-night, without switching on the lights, she made for the fireplace with just one idea, to curl at the foot of the wide chair facing it, lean her head against its arm and live once more the hours of that last evening together.

The dim light from the foyer sifted weirdly into the dark, playing here and there like ghost hands lifting the shadows. She groped her way toward the place she sought, and dropping to the floor, bent back her head until it touched the chair-arm and stared blindly at the spot where in the rippling, dancing flames she had visualized the scenes he painted. It was blank now, just a vague square full of darkness, but it gave her back his voice, the sense of his strength enfolding her, the caress of his arms. It sent once more sifting upward the aroma of cloudy pipe smoke through which he had wanted to see her face. Her eyes closed. Almost she sensed him there in the magic of one of those long silences that needed no words. Almost she could feel his touch upon her hair; her longing made it all so real.

And gradually hot tears surged under her lids, the first she had shed since that night. They streamed shamelessly down her cheeks and onto the sheer clinging dress, and her body shook. All pose—and she had grown used to posing even to herself—slid from her like a cloak. Her poise slipped with it. She became just a huddled heap of a girl who wanted love more than anything in the world, a love forever denied her.

She lay so, sobbing, whispering his name into the darkness as if to call him back, when suddenly it seemed that she was being lifted and drawn up into the big chair. It was like embarking into some dreamland of her own making. She held her breath, choked with the fear that she might shatter it. Came the caress upon her hair, arms closing round her, lips seeking hers. It was not until she had the actual sense of a rough coat against her cheek that she started up, galvanized with fear, and backed toward the floor lamp that stood at one side of the fireplace.

A cry was on her lips, a convulsive cry that strangled as the soft light went up. Hubert Randolph was sitting in the chair that faced the fireplace. At first she was sure her imagination had conjured him there. How otherwise could he have come without her knowledge and at that hour? Slowly she went toward him, reached out a hand, touched his arm.

He laughed.

"Oh, I'm real enough," he said.

She forgot her accent. At that moment she could not have assumed it even though the future, though life itself, depended on it. "But how—how ——"

"I've been waiting for you since eleven-thirty," he put in, apparently not noticing the difference. "I concluded I was entitled at least to a 'good-by' from the woman I loved."

She gazed at him silently a moment, and then because her heart and throat were full, she voiced a triviality. "How—how did you get in?"

"Your little old woman—I bribed her. I'd had an idea I could go away without seeing you. Well, I couldn't, that's all."

Because her nerves were quivering like live things, she moved toward the couch, dropped onto it.

"I"—she said at last haltingly—"I am not the woman you love."

He looked across at her. She went on without meeting his eyes. After the unconscious revelation she had given him during those moments when she thought herself alone, she could no more have stopped the confession that came now than she could have stopped her breath.

"I am not any of the things you think me—not one of them. I am not Russian, not foreign at all. I was born in Vermont of American parents. Up to the time I met Kane, my struggle for existence was in cheap vaudeville houses, not in Moscow. I've never had any lovers ——"

"Well," came with a low chuckle, "no man could object to that!"

She looked up. Her eyes met his, amazed.

"You don't understand. I am not Liza Parsinova—there is no such person. I am Elizabeth Parsons, and I've imposed on you just as I'm imposing on the American public."

"The American public asks chiefly to be charmed and interested. If you're doing that for them, you're not cheating."

She continued to stare at him, striving in bewildered fashion to interpret his nonchalance.

"You—you can't possibly understand," she breathed at last. "Aren't you surprised?"

"Not in the least. You see, I've been Kane's backer for years. I was with him in the vaudeville house the night he engaged you. Matter of fact, I was the one who suggested to him that you'd be a winner on Broadway. Of course the foreign stuff was his. Why—any number of times I've watched him work with you, from an adjoining room. I've watched and admired your endurance, your perseverance. You don't know what pride I've felt in your success."

"Then why, why all these months have you let me ——"

"Well, I hadn't exactly taken count of the fact that I was going to love you. And when the blow came I realized that if I'd been lucky enough to make you care anything for me, you couldn't go on living a lie. I wanted you to tell me yourself, because you couldn't help it. That night when I had you in my arms, I thought some sort of admission would come. When it didn't, and you ignored all my attempts after that to see you, I could only conclude I'd lost out."

"You didn't guess that I—that I ——"

"Not until to-night."

She still groped uncertainly, not able to fasten on any one fact.

"It was Oswald Kane, then, who told you where I lived."

"No. Your little old woman here."

"My little old woman?"

He nodded. "She's a canny old soul. Must have found one of my notes that you brought home from the theater, or something like that, because she looked me up one day and offered to sell me some interesting information about you. I paid her not to sell it to me and threatened her with jail if she went to anybody else. Told her she was guilty of a criminal offense that could send her up for twenty years. I think I made it strong enough to shut her up for the rest of her days."

"She's been collecting from me just the same straight along."

He flung back his head with a long laugh.

"I said she was canny! Before I go West I'll have another talk with her."

"You—you're going to-morrow?"

"No, I'm waiting over. You close Saturday night. We'll leave Sunday."

She closed her eyes, dwelling on that "we" with a sweet intoxication. Then suddenly they opened and gazed at him anxiously.

"Parsinova must come back to resume her work."

"Of course she must, for a time at any rate." He pulled out his pipe, looked at it reflectively. "Think of the novelty I'll have—two wives in one. No chance to be bored."

"Which one of us is it," she asked slowly, "that—that you love?"

"Both. But chiefly the little girl who called to me just now in the dark." He laid the pipe on the chair arm. "Now come back here where you belong."

Tarvia

Preserves Roads
Prevents Dust

Before Tarvia was used. Looking west on McClure Avenue from Peoria Avenue, Peoria, Ill.

After Tarvia was used. The same section as that shown in the photograph on the left

Transforming a Dirt Road into a Beautiful Avenue

WHAT to do with McClure Avenue—that was the problem confronting Peoria, Ill. Someone aptly described the Avenue as "muddy in wet weather, dusty in dry weather, and bumpy, rutty and generally disreputable looking in *any* kind of weather."

Judge for yourself from the "Before" photographs how accurately this described McClure Avenue as it used to be.

Today all that is changed, as the "After" photographs show. Peoria turned to Tarvia as the economical solution to its problem, just as thousands of other cities and towns all over America have done.

Now McClure Avenue is mudless in wet weather, dustless in dry weather, and the street surface is smooth and clean and firm in all kinds of weather.

If you have a McClure Avenue problem in your community—some road or boulevard or residential street that needs building or rebuilding—profit by Peoria's experience and adopt Tarvia.

Tarvia is a coal-tar preparation for use in constructing new roads or repairing old macadam roads. It reenforces the road surface and makes it not only mudless and dustless, but also waterproof, frost-proof and automobile-proof.

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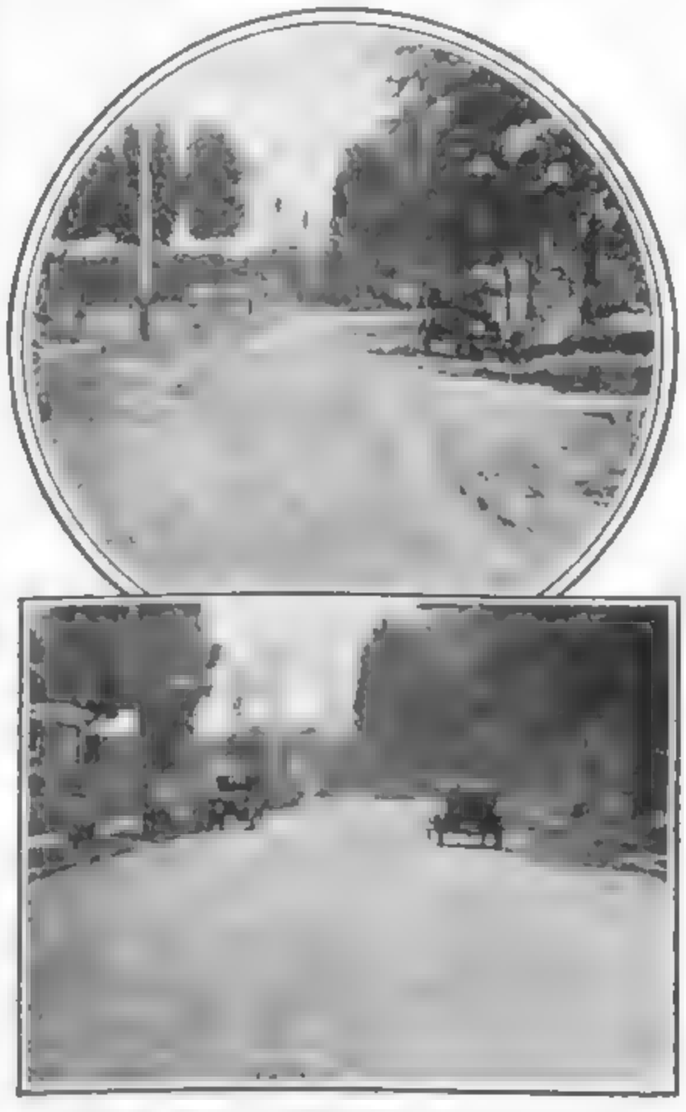
Looking east on McClure Avenue from Peoria Avenue before and after Tarvia was used



Looking east on McClure Avenue from Atlantic Street before and after Tarvia was used

Looking west on McClure Avenue from Atlantic Street before and after Tarvia was used.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Henry C. Rowland—An Autobiography

THE late Edmund Clarence Stedman, dean of American letters, was responsible for making an author of indifferent ability out of a promising young surgeon (if I says it as shouldn't). Returning from the Philippines, where I had served in 1899 and 1900 as acting assistant surgeon, United States Army, to start a practice in my native city of New York, I wrote (while waiting for the patient three articles, which were published respectively in The Outlook, The Century

and McClure's Magazine. These articles on soldier life in the Philippines brought me such kind words from Mr. Stedman that a little later I listened to the voice of the tempter in the person of Mr. Lincoln Steffens, who suggested that I try to write some fiction for McClure's.

The result of this was Sea Scamps, short stories afterward compiled as my first book.

(Concluded on Page 69)

Richard Matthews Hallet

An Autobiography

I AM by birth and training a New Englander, equal parts state of Maine and Cape Cod, Mass. Such jaw as I have denotes, therefore, not so much firm will as tobacco-chewing ancestors. In 1637 my original Cape Cod Mayflower, a carpenter, was jailed and fined ten shillings for striking flint into tinder during church hours. I have inherited his feebleness for tobacco. The poor fellow was in the last pew, his pipe was ready charged, and he probably mistook a pause for breath in the midst of a sulphurous Puritan sermon for the end of the sermon. However, I do not defend him, and I quit climbing the family tree after this lurid disclosure of the sort of fruit it bore. I first grappled with life in the uniform of a policeman, and it was then that I trod the ground which my ancestor had desecrated by his breach of the church by-laws. Later I ruined myself for that noble calling by studying law. A policeman should never try to learn too much law; it is a clog on quick action. The law is said to be a jealous mistress; but she did not bat an eye when I deserted her for a seafaring life. She may not know to this day that I have stolen from her side.

(Concluded on Page 69)

Princess Cantacuzène

An Autobiography

I WAS born in 1876, at the White House in Washington, during my grandfather's presidency. My father, the late General Frederick Grant, was the President's eldest child, and I was the first of the latter's grandchildren. I lived in the White House for about two years, and made my début there on New Year's Day, 1877, when I received the Cabinet and Diplomatic Corps near my grandparents, sitting in my nurse's arms. I have been told I was beautifully dressed, behaved unexpectedly well, and had a great success on that occasion. My father was at the time personal aide-de-camp to General Sheridan, and he was stationed in Chicago during three or four years after we left the White House. I have many delightful memories of the childhood spent there among my mother's family, who were all established in Chicago, which was her native city. My mother was born Miss Honoré and was, with her sister, Mrs. Potter-Palmer, considered very beautiful. Both their salons were greatly frequented so I still saw many people and was always much spoiled. When I was about six years old we moved to New York, where my father, having left the army, joined his family and from then until I was about twelve we lived mostly in, or near, the home of my Grant grandparents. It was an interesting time as well as a very happy one, for I was persona grata

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at my grandfather's side, and was also especially protected by my grandmother, whose namesake I was. I remember hours spent in their intimate sitting room, watching and listening to the great people who sat long afternoons or evenings through, talking over thrilling incidents of battles and of travels, of world affairs and of the splendid actions of statesmen and soldiers. General Sherman was a great sympathy of mine, and always held me on his knee; and Roscoe Conkling I thought the handsomest of men; while General Logan and many others loomed large with heroism as, forgetting me, they talked excitedly of the experiences they had taken part in with my grandfather; Mark Twain made me laugh with many a funny story, though he always rather frightened me by his slow, strange drawl and the head of silver hair he rumpled up in talking. My grandfather was always very quiet, no matter how excited the others grew, and he smoked constantly as he listened to them all. He liked me to sit by him, and often told me to bring my chair within his reach or he took me on the arm of his. He spoke rarely, but I noticed when he did everyone stopped to listen with great devotion and respect. When I was alone with him he told me charming stories, and he called me always "his own big pet." Behind a jar on the mantelshelf there was a tin box which was always mysteriously kept filled with dried prunes and small cakes for my especial benefit. I remember always the beauty of his hands, and his large luminous eyes, the strong fine aquiline nose and the thick hair which were his marked features. At last there came a winter when he was ill and always busy writing, and when I went into the sitting room he could not speak, but would smile a little. My father seemed very anxious, while my mother and nurse told us to be quiet on the stairs. Finally we all traveled up to Mt. McGregor, and a time came when I heard vaguely "the book is finished," and a day or two later, amid immense distress, I was taken by my father "to say good-by to grandpapa." Within a few hours after this he had died; and I think I have never seen so suffering a face as was my father's, nor lived through such sad weeks as those which followed for our household.

In 1889 we went to live in Vienna, where my father was sent as Minister to Austria-Hungary by President Harrison, and we spent four years there. We all loved the beautiful gay city, which the Austrian capital then was, and where my parents found many pleasant friends. I was kept busy with studies at first, which were all in German or in French, and I grew to speak these languages much better than I did my own. I learned the Viennese patois besides, which was much softer and more musical than German. Three months before we left Vienna my mother allowed me to go to Court and be presented; and though I was not yet quite seventeen, in a long dress and with my hair done high for the first time, I looked old enough and felt very dignified. A number of people seemed to expect me to be frightened by the old emperor, and the daughters of other diplomats were very nervous; but I did not feel the least bit excited, for the Emperor Francis-Joseph was not at all ferocious looking, but on the contrary was a straight, handsome, kindly looking old man, with a charming smile and manner. He spoke to me first in French, then in German, and asked did I speak the Viennese? and when I replied in patois that I did, he laughed out loud and said delightedly: "But you are not at all a foreigner, you are a young Wiener Mädel; so be sure to have a good time at my balls, for I am a Wiener myself." All the crowd about pressed forward after he passed on, and congratulated me on a great success, asking why His Majesty had laughed? and what he had talked about for such an unusual length of time! . . . I did dance like mad through that evening, and the whole season; as one does with a light heart at sixteen. The Court balls and many others were magnificent; and the skating and the gay Prater and races amused me immensely, as did the cotillons, with quantities of bouquets of delicious flowers, and all the attentions of the many young diplomats and officers, and of my parents' numerous kind friends.

When we were leaving for America I wept bitterly, thinking my good times were forever past!

On returning home we went directly to Chicago, and spent part of the summer there. My aunt, Mrs. Palmer, was President of the Board of Lady Managers at the "World's Fair" (it was in 1893) and staying in her house meant being in the midst of the Exposition's life. My cousins had their college friends about, and I found life twice as nice as it had been in Vienna. Afterward we visited West Point during the autumn, and settled eventually in New York, and I loved going out there and in Washington; also at Newport and Bar Harbor, where I spent five summers with my aunt. In the winter of 1898–99 she and her family took me on a wonderful trip to Egypt, and as we returned we stopped at Rome a while, where I went about a great deal and was presented at Court. It was there I met Prince Cantacuzène, who was wintering in the south to recuperate from a bad fall with his horse, who in taking a high jump had tumbled on his rider, crushing in one lung, which was rapidly healing. The Prince followed us to Cannes when we moved there, and we became engaged very soon, though I had protested always against foreign marriages. As my fiancé had both a great position and a fortune, and I was entirely poor, the usual objections to such a match lost their significance, however. Five months later, in September, 1899, we were married at Newport, and sailed immediately for my new home.

There I lived for eighteen years, without ever leaving Russia, save for two visits to my parents, and for very occasional and short trips to England, France and Italy. I had never been to my adopted country previous to my marriage, had known few Russians and had met no one of my new family except my husband's mother, who had been in Paris while I was engaged, and who was French. I was taking great risks perhaps; but I grew to love my new home and the life I led; and I never was so glad as when I was among the people whom I made mine very soon. The country and the estates were highly picturesque, and the humble pathetic peasantry and their lives offered many problems of absorbing interest. Life in St. Petersburg and at camp in summer was brilliant and splendid beyond comparison or description, my family-in-law were very affectionate, and I made by degrees warm friends, and enjoyed to the full the Court functions, the intensity of Russian gayety, and the great charm of the quiet out-of-season life as well. Everyone was immensely kind, and after my first year I was no longer a stranger, but felt I had belonged since the beginning to these mysterious marvelous people with their semi-Eastern frame of life. I even liked the climate, and as time passed a gay little family was growing up about us. Healthy and strong, the boy and two girls have never been anything but a great joy; and our home was a center for their young friends as well as for my husband's and my own. These filled our house at all times, and as I liked the variety of talk and ideas to be found in Russian society as nowhere else nearly all the prominent men of military, government and diplomatic circles came to us in their spare time, while my women friends added a delightful note. So many attractive years slipped by unperceived and each one seemed more satisfactory than the last.

In 1914 came the war, and my articles have told you of them and what followed in detail, and of our departure from Russia at last in January, 1918.

Since we have been in America, Florida's smiling prettiness and its soft climate seem to offer a healing influence to worn spirits and to tired nerves, and they promise renewed strength to my husband's broken health. We divide our time here between my mother's villa on the Gulf, and the inland ranch of her brother, Mr. Honoré; and within these two beautiful homes, somehow we feel well content and far from crushed by what we have been through.

I am incorrigibly confident we shall see our home country reëstablished on a stronger foundation than it was in the old days, and so for the future we find consolation. Meantime the generous welcome we received makes us content to wait in our protected haven for the tempest to pass by; and we have even managed to keep in touch with the outside world and with our friends both abroad and in America. It is largely from their letters, and from documents sent me by them, that I have been furnished with the material for the four articles which closed my series in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

(Concluded on Page 69)

"Correct Lubrication cuts the cost of Automobile Upkeep"

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Purchase price doesn't determine the cost of a car. How much does it cost to run?

How much do you charge against depreciation ??
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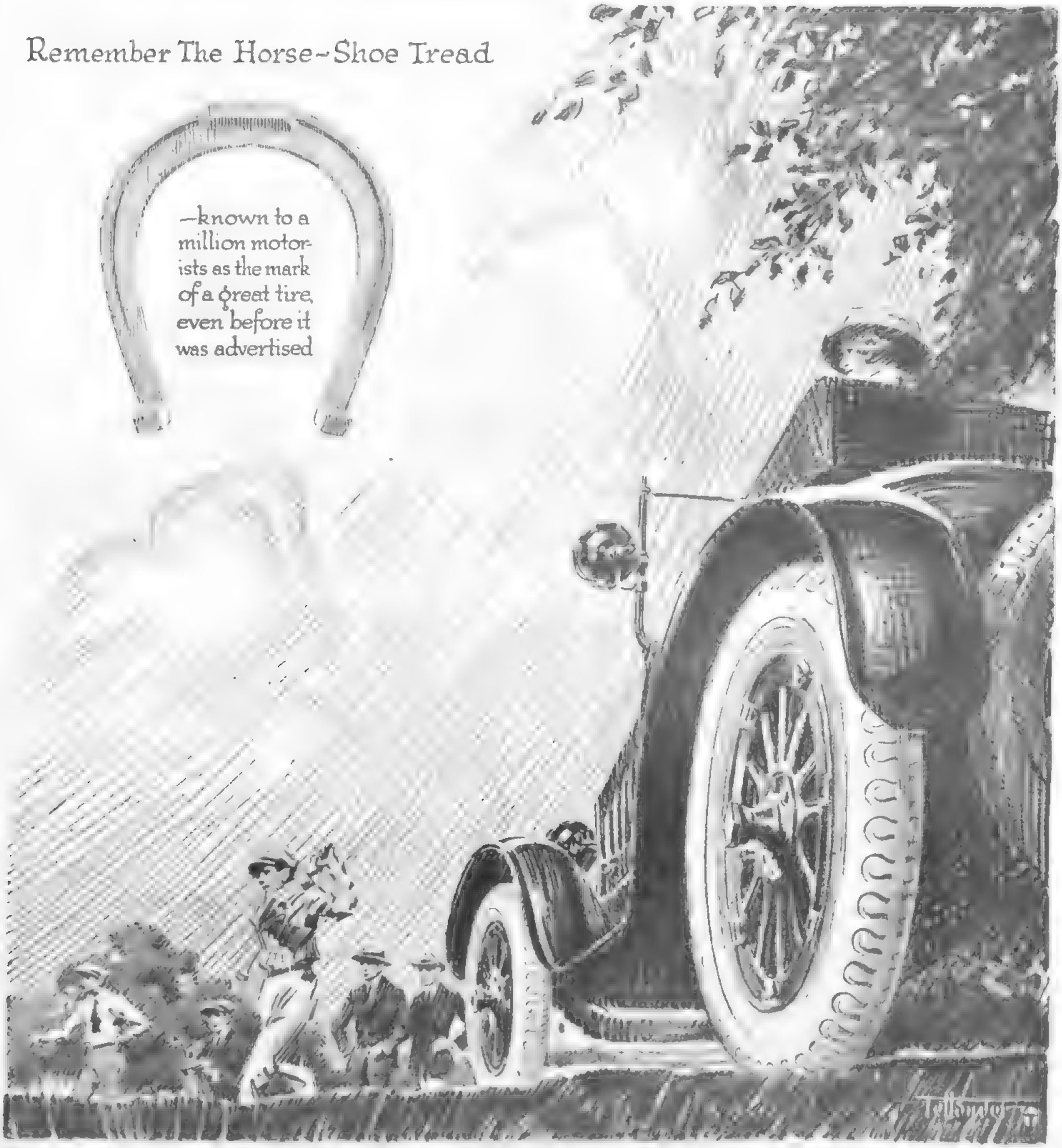

RACINE HORSE-SHOE TIRES

RACINE AUTO TIRE COMPANY, RACINE, WISCONSIN

(Concluded from Page 66)

I take this occasion to thank my indulgent readers for their kindly interest, which touches me more deeply than I know how to say. I only wish I had the eloquence required to do justice to Russia's charm and mystery, and to the immensity of her recent martyrdom.

Henry C. Rowland

(Concluded from Page 65)

Facilis est descensus Averno. When some time later THE SATURDAY EVENING POST gave me its *cachet* (and more money than I had ever earned in one lump) by publishing my serial, The Countess Diane, I took down my doctor's shingle, yanked the Muse to her feet and we set off on an Odyssey which took us pretty well all over the world, eventually to settle in France, with frequent peregrinations about the Continent in search of trouble to write about.

War work then interfered with the partnership for the next four years—assisting the mobilization in that part of France where we were living, aiding the *Gendarmerie Nationale*, replacing gratuitously three French doctors who had been mobilized and the directing of a local auxiliary military hospital

These activities were somewhat complicated by the necessity of leaving a French country home where the big siege guns not far distant threatened to disturb the slumbers of the small son and daughter and sprinkle silver threads among the golden of the wife and mother. The Muse was hog tied and stored with the furniture and the family embarked on the first voyage of the Rochambeau when armed and warpainted she called the German bluff after the rupture of diplomatic relations between the United States and Germany.

Then back to France again and some special work for the U. S. Navy Intelligence, which was followed by a return to America, my fifth Atlantic crossing during the war.

Now, in the peaceful atmosphere of the National Capital, with a brand-new set of Lares and Penates, the Muse has been released, given a massage and a Marcel wave and, equipped with the latest model typewriter and fountain pen, exhorted to get back on the job.

P. S. The Muse's side kick (see snapshot on page 65) was mugged while minesweeping on an American "fish-boat" in the Bay of Biscay.

Richard Matthews Hallet

(Concluded from Page 65)

I shipped out on a British bark for Sydney, New South Wales, and there with one partner I jumped the ship, and went into the bush as a swagman. A swaggie is a tramp, or in the slang of that country, a man going "on the wallaby." A wallaby is a small kangaroo; hence, one going on the wallaby should go by fits and starts and leaps and bounds. So it was that I went.

The picture on page 65 will show me in my Australian manner. The boat my partner and I built between dawn and dark. Its cabin is composed of purloined wheat bags—there is nothing like wheat bags to turn the rain—the blanket on the roof is an army blanket, my partner's, and was at the siege of Tientsin, and the thing at one end, in the likeness of an antediluvian shovel, is in reality a paddle, hewn out with an ax. The little animal between my hands is not a duckbilled platypus as you were half suspecting, but the ship's cat. I was at that time forty miles from ink or whisky, in my partner's phrase; I still owned a gray shirt and a pair of khaki pants, and I still clung to the crown of a derby hat. Where I built my fire, there my hearthstone was. Those were the happy days.

Since that time I have been all things to all men, and a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles; by turns a salt-water fireman, a sailor, a fresh-water fireman, an amateur archæologist, a timber cruiser in Canada, a prospector for gold—I got nothing but experience—a copper miner or mucker in Arizona, and more lately a watch officer on one or another of the Shipping Board's cargo carriers.

It must be plain then that I did not set out to be a writing man. I wonder if anyone ever does. I think most of us "sneak in by the backstairs," in the words of a New England genius. I wrote my first piece in an abandoned car barn in Melbourne to keep out of jail by squaring a landlady—she owned the car barn; and my next with a quill pen in the British Museum. By that time I had the bug. For years I was a household word, but the word was limited to my household. My manuscripts, juggled together between intervals of going by leaps and bounds, were, in the phrase of Hazlitt, only "splendid sins." Balzac has said: "A romance in a drawer is not eating its head off, like a horse in a stable." True, but it may be gnawing your heart out, like a vulture on a mountain peak.

My motto, when I was still a citizen of the world, had been: "When you can't walk, work." After I got the writing virus in my veins, I reversed this to read: "When you can't work, walk." And so I have gone on working a little, and then walking a spell, with my capital under my hat, and no fixed plant; and people sometimes wonder whether I am fish, fowl or flesh, or only the biggest bar in the state of Maine.

"What does he do for a living?" the old lady on Linekin's Neck inquired concerning me.

"He writes stories."

"Yes, yes. I know he does," she countered tartly. "I asked you, what does he do for a *living?*"

And she was not the first woman in the world to see through me at a glance either.

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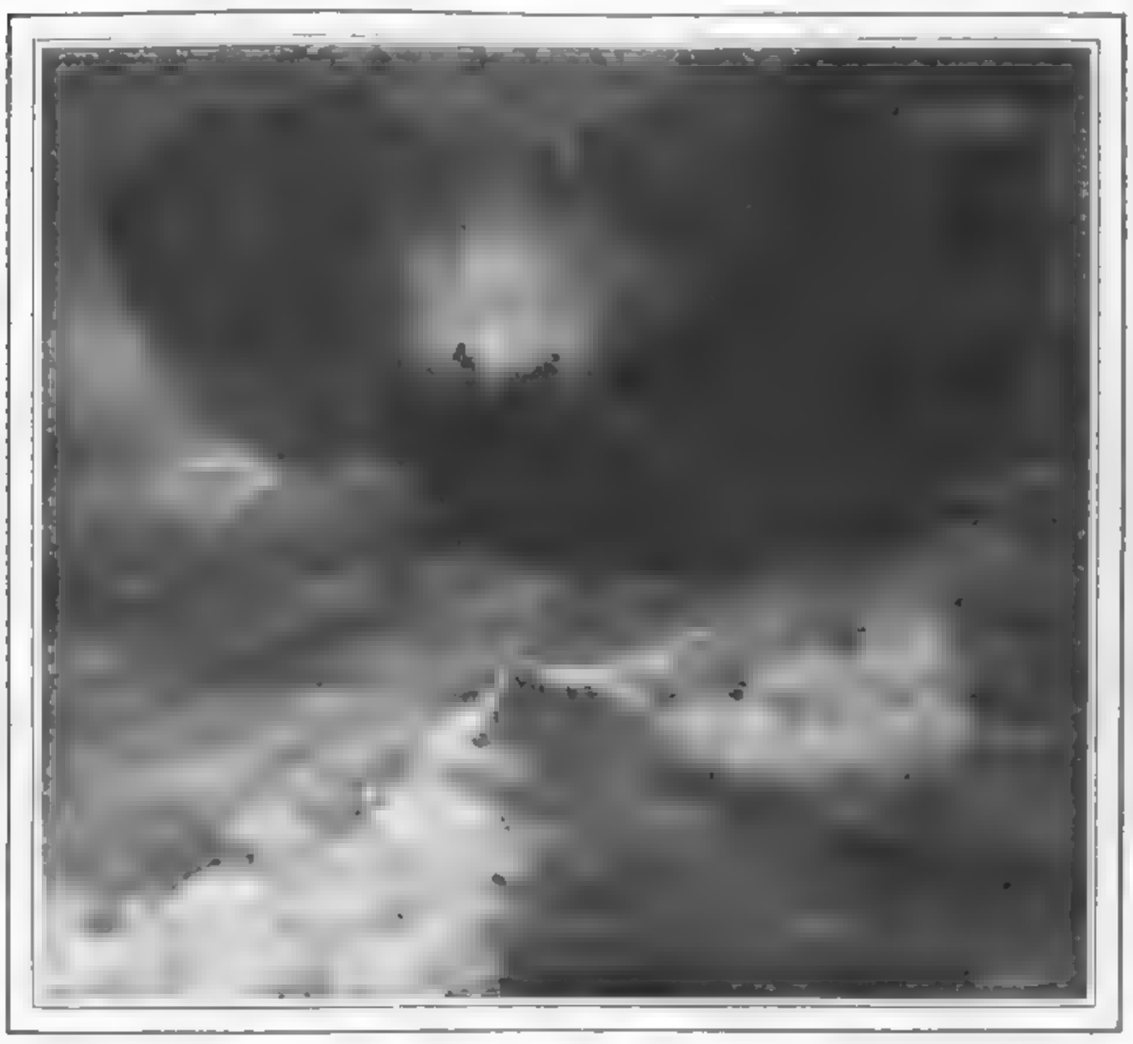

THE IMPROBABLE

By Ralph E. Mooney

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

GASTON DULAC wishes it proclaimed far and wide that Bertrand Boullet was once a terrible cynic and that now he is not. Why then? Because Bertrand Boullet had an adventure with the improbable. Gaston Dulac, who knows all about it and declares it to be a matter for universal comment, says that it is the ever-present probable that makes one pessimistic and that the rarely occurring improbable always makes damnable optimists of people, and did in this case spoil as fine a cynic as ever he has known.

Gaston is the grandpère of a small French colony in a large Middle-West city. There are those who say he is as old as the Mississippi itself, and as wise, but this is to be doubted. However that may be, he is the grandpère of a colony, and he follows the affairs of that colony with a blazing eye and a fiercely pointed white goatee. At times an incident takes place that seems to demand publicity, and Grandpère Dulac attends to it. He usually comes to me. This matter of the ruination of a good cynic is a case in point.

For Bertrand Boullet was most magnificently cynical—more than gloriously pessimistic—a cynic of cynics, in fact. His every move was a direct defiance to life—his every word an insult to it—his philosophy a galling thorn in its side. It was a delight to hear him! He was capable of grand mockeries—an equal of the master, Balzac, in suspicion of human motives; more bitter than Voltaire in ridicule, if that can be believed. His own existence, by our faiths, was an affront to all existences.

There was a girl. "Always a girl," says Gaston. She was the cause of it all—yes, of everything from the beginning. She made Bertrand a cynic. With the help of the improbable she destroyed him. Women often do such things—yet one must not condemn them for it. It is simply a fact to be borne.

Attend then, Messieurs the Public. In 1914 Bertrand left America to enter the war. In 1919 he returned. He began service a poilu, and a poilu he remained. Very little of a character, really, but then, why should he have been? He was too young to know himself when he left. He was too busy to learn himself while away. When he came back it was different. He was a man full of life and impatient of the world because it would not spin to his desire.

Immediately upon his return he sought Jeanne. He expected to find her waiting, joyous, at the father's home. He had planned to have a moment or so with her—then a marriage with her—then a life of wonder with her. For he knew her father had become sufficiently Americanized to permit him to call upon an unmarried girl, especially when their betrothal had been tentatively arranged—after the custom of the old country—before he left.

But behold! The young Mlle. Jeanne—the *jeune fille* just out of the convent—of 1914 was no longer in existence. Instead he found Miss Jean, a person graduated from a college of business, who attended to various duties imposed upon her by her employers at the First National Bank. An intensely American Miss Jean, she was, who had supported her aged mother since the death of her beloved father—for that elderly one perished while the hated boche was pounding at Verdun in 1915.

She was not at home, saved for Bertrand alone. She was out in the world, beloved of hundreds who worshiped at her feet. She ruled the First National Bank as a princess rules her court, and she had forgotten the tentative marriage contract. When Bertrand greeted her she said only, How do you carry yourself, M. le Soldat? Later when he urged his right to marry her she refused positively to give up her work and come at once to his home!

Miss Jean, comprehend, had never been consulted about the marriage contract, and now she did not mean to consider it. She resented the idea of being taken by another, willy-nilly. She felt she had won the right to live her own life. Perhaps she had—perhaps not—who shall say? Who, *nom de Dieu*, would question the right of a woman to do anything that she pleases? But that is all by the way. The fact remains, direct in our faces, that pretty little Miss Jean did not feel herself bound in the slightest by her father's word—as Mlle. Jeanne would have been bound.

Nor was the little one truly attracted to Bertrand, who was a dull drab poilu—with the weight of four years of struggle upon him; who was swarthy, of coarse black hair and somewhat uncouth of manner. She had many admirers who were blond, gay and dashing. She preferred them perhaps, as dark people will often prefer those of lighter complexion. There were returned soldiers among them too. Even a *sous-lieutenant américain*—who could talk a little of the so-called rooky French to her.

Why should she prefer one who spoke little French and good English to take her to the cinema, in place of one who spoke perfect French and bad English? It is hard to say that, but *c'est la femme!* It is the woman!

But we have not mentioned the real problem of Jeanne, as yet. Why did she seem to prefer above all others one who spoke almost no language at all? This was a question which baffled all the colony and all the princess' court too. Grandpère Dulac assures me that in those days he shook his leonine head over it for hours.

Yet it was astonishingly true. Of the many who flocked about Mlle. Jeanne she seemed to prefer this M. Henry Hoolan—M. Hank the Sleuth, as his friends called him. This person was a special agent for the bank, a money guard. When there were large pay rolls to be delivered, when the street-railway company brought in its daily deposit of specie, when huge payments were made—M. Hank Hoolan accompanied them.

He was not at all the person for Mlle. Jeanne, that one. *Rien de tout!* His figure was losing its lines; his eyes were becoming muddy, his temples swollen. He was past thirty. He had once been a common inspector, a M. Richard, on the city detective force. And during the war he had remained at the bank. In short, if ever there was a man who merited the characterization *homard* it was this Hank Hoolan.

Perhaps she was attracted by the air of mystery about him—a former detective. Perhaps it was an outworn gallantry that smirked where it should have smiled and that cringed where it should have bowed. Perhaps a vast knowledge of the forbidden world that made the young girl tremble when bits of it came to light. Perhaps one of them—perhaps all. Again is it to be asked—who can tell?

Mlle. Jeanne preferred him. He was of those suffered most often about her desk. Of those who most often interrupted her wonderfully capable fingers. Of those who most frequently accompanied her about of evenings—according to the American custom.

When Bertrand returned he came upon this M. Hoolan at the bank—at the home—at the cinema—everywhere. Soon it came to pass that an evening arrived when Mlle. Jeanne departed for the theater with Hoolan and left Bertrand at home with her mother—to stare at the fading wall paper and smooth the leg of his worn trousers with a trembling, trench-hardened hand.

There followed another evening—in the spring. Bertrand encountered the couple at the gate. They were on their way to a theater. He stopped them.

"Does monsieur know there is a contract?" questioned Bertrand.

"Does what know what?" asked the detective insolently.

(Continued on Page 73)

An Evening Arrived When Mlle. Jeanne Departed for the Theater With Hoolan and Left Bertrand at Home With Her Mother

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(Continued from Page 70)

Jeanne explained. She became somewhat pale as she watched the two men.

"Ain't the girl got something to say about it?" asked Hoolan. "When was she asked about this contract?"

"It is not the custom," replied Bertrand.

There was a faintness in his voice which seemed to make it of the meekest. Bertrand saw the girl's lip curl.

"Well, it's the custom here, all right!" blustered M. Hoolan. "And your way may be easy but it's no good in this country. Why, you can get arrested for a contract like that! That's—that's white slavery!"

"Arrested for a marriage contract?"

Bertrand was dismayed and his voice shook with emotion. They turned from him coldly—disposing of him with a motion—for a coward.

"Yes," sneered the inspector, "it's white slavery, I tell you!"

"Slavery? It will be if she marries you," cried Bertrand.

Hoolan turned, flushing. He doubled his fist. Bertrand's slight figure dodged. The girl caught the big man's arm.

"Come!" she pleaded. "Go away, Bertrand!"

"I'll knock him to *le diable* out of here," said the inspector. I translate from M. Dulac's version of it all.

"No, no!" cried Jeanne.

They moved away again. Bertrand followed. His face had gone white. He tapped Hoolan upon the shoulder.

"*Monsieur*," he cried, speaking French in his excitement, "*après ce moment—entre nous—c'est la guerre! C'est la guerre à la mort!*"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the detective. "What's the little runt saying?"

"He says it is war—between you," laughed Jeanne, with her eyes upon Bertrand's white face. "War to the what you say?—finish!"

"Tell him it's the finish right now—for him!" roared Hoolan.

"*La Guerre est finie!*" cried Jeanne. "The war is finished. It is you who are dead! Depart!"

Bertrand left them. He went to Grandpère Dulac. He told the old man all that had happened.

"What shall I do?" he asked with outspread hands.

"Persist!" advised Dulac. Bertrand stiffened. His countenance burned as he recalled Jeanne's curling lip.

"I cannot!" he cried. "*Mon Dieu*, I cannot!"

"Then give her up and forget," said the old philosopher tersely; for Dulac, be it known, was angry about the whole affair, and especially so at the rebellious Mlle. Jeanne.

Bertrand flung wide his arms. He trembled in agony of the soul.

"Give her up?" he moaned. "Give her up and forget? The one I may do—the other I shall not!"

His eyes gleamed into those of his senior so that the old man recoiled a little in alarm.

"Forget? No, I'll never forget!" cried Bertrand. "It would be too easy for her! I shall remember—forever. It is my revenge! Remembrance! Remembering always, I shall go mad and die. I shall die with her name upon my lips. I shall probably come to my end soon—and with my last breath I shall cry down curses upon her!"

Grandpère Dulac smiled.

"I, too, once said I should die," he said coolly, "over Mme. Dulac. I did not die, and she became Mme. Dulac!"

Bertrand stared—then suddenly went ablaze with inspiration. Grasping the old man's hand he shook it with frantic purpose. He embraced Dulac. Composing himself he put out his chest again and spoke with the gravity of the mountains—the seriousness of the trade winds—the calm purpose of a mighty river.

"Then, neither shall I die! I shall live! Live to spite her! It would be too easy for her should I die! I will remain here to make things difficult. Her life shall be one of pain. For"—here he paused before delivering his fearful edict—"I shall become a cynic!"

Admiration flamed in Grandpère Dulac.

"A cynic!" he applauded. "Come now! That's not so bad!"

Boullet nodded gravely—cynically—in return.

"*Justement!*" he said. "A cynic! I shall delight in pessimism! I shall propound mockeries! I shall utter cynicalities that will cause man to hate man and make the world a place of misery! In the name of Jeanne I shall cry out against woman! I shall make the mere word woman a thing to be hissed—and I shall make the mere name Jeanne a symbol for faithless cruelty in the female!"

Grandpère Dulac sighed.

"It is an ambition for a lifetime," he agreed. "Ah, if I were young again! Such an ambition should be mine!"

And so it was that Bertrand became a cynic—a most famous cynic. All the colony learned of him and all the elders went nightly to the wine room of the Hotel Lafayette to forgather in admiration and to applaud him as he railed stupendously against mankind, womankind, the world and all existences beyond the stars. Such wit! Such bitter steel-toothed jests! Such cynicism!

By day Bertrand made a shift to gain a livelihood. By night he borrowed money—sponged for wine—and berated the universe. The landlord of the Lafayette wrote down in a little book the cream of the cynicisms of Bertrand the Terrible, and credited them against the young man's indebtedness for the rental of a small room.

"One good *mot* balances a month of rent," affirmed the landlord in the wine room upon a certain evening.

"There you have the futility of existence," retorted Boullet. "A truth is only good for a month in this world, and it is measured in money, which is an evil!"

"Bravo!" cried the listeners.

Becoming so famous Bertrand could not fail to arrive upon good days. He obtained a situation as chauffeur to a most wealthy man—no one other than M. Belknap, president of the First National Bank. Bertrand, by the way, was a notable mechanic and an excellent

Perhaps She Was Attracted by the Air of Mystery About Him—a Former Detective

driver. At one time—mark it well—he had been chauffeur to M. le Général Petain.

It was a fine position. M. Belknap owned a king's fortune, and even his chauffeur was a person of mark. Motor salesmen besieged him, tire dealers bowed to him—while the mechanicians of the garage cringed before his frown. But the great cynic became a greater cynic than ever. For now of necessity he spent hours before the bank and had to endure the swaggering passages of M. Hoolan as he went to and fro upon his various commissions. He had further to see Jeanne the Beautiful—ever beyond his reach—like some rare flower in a forbidden park.

M. Hoolan, when he came out escorting the bank's gold, used to sneer triumphantly and pretend that a chauffeur was a servant and beneath all notice. Mlle. Jeanne, when she came, would hurry past—not heeding Bertrand at all.

Once the young man spoke to her, for he was very proud of his position and of this fine car.

"Allo, Mlle. Jeanne!" he said briskly.

"Allo, M. the Talker!" she answered with flushing cheeks. "How does the despiser of woman carry himself?"

"Insults are cheap," said Bertrand haughtily.

"For those who buy them cheaply," she flashed.

"One does not care to buy when they are given as worthless," retorted the adroit cynic. "But hold, Mlle. Jeanne! We quarrel without reason, since we are nothing to each other!" The girl stamped her foot.

"So!" she cried. "Then why speak at all?"

"To talk pleasantly is cheaper than insults," said Bertrand. "I did but wish to ask what you thought of my new position—and of this splendid car, which is a gem of mechanism."

Mlle. Jeanne smiled—somewhat bitterly.

"The car is indeed beautiful," she said. "As for the position—it is a good safe berth—for those who yearn for safety!"

"You think me a coward?" questioned Bertrand.

"I do not bother to think, monsieur!" answered Jeanne.

"*Tiens!* You speak of safety. I would remind you that those who yearn for safety remain in a bank while others go to war!"

Mademoiselle turned away.

"To go to war with an army is one thing," she said. "To risk personal combat is another! And the victory goes to the strong!"

She left Bertrand to rule the street in bitter grandeur from his thronelike seat behind the wheel of the great car.

After that Bertrand's cynicism became more deadly, his tongue more viperous than ever. Night after night he went to the Lafayette—after the bank president had taken his early way to bed. He hung his fine hat upon the rack. He settled himself in his chair at the head of the table—and began sipping the white wine which was awaiting him. Sometimes he would not speak for so much as an hour. Then, when he did talk, he set his hearers aghast.

His raillery was now almost blasphemous but too artistic for that extreme. It was strong but too artistic to be vulgar. In short it was the epitome of polished cynicism. And such a personage as Bertrand became! Once a drab little *soldat*, he was now a figure to be remarked upon anywhere. Provided with immaculate clothing, returned to the perfect manners of his youth, with a countenance that sneered at something above and behind you and with something above and behind it that flared with dare-devil brilliance—he was beloved of all the colony; with, perhaps, the exception of Jeanne.

Then in a bound he reached the very pinnacle of fame. He outclimbed all other cynics—and from being the most famous pessimist in one little colony he became the most famous in the world. *Vraiment!*

For there came to the colony a world-known labor leader—a Frenchman. After he had spoken to the labor unions of the city in a vast conclave he forgathered with his countrymen at the Lafayette. And during the evening in came Bertrand, to resume his accustomed seat and drink in morose silence for a time. As soon as his admirers perceived him they fell silent, and the others, one by one, followed this example, glancing from time to time at the immaculate Boullet in supreme curiosity. The great labor leader could not but notice it. He took Bertrand to be a young rich man—a spy upon their conversation. How else could he look at things, when no one had explained to him?

The labor leader flushed and strove to recall their attention to himself.

"Fine clothes rule the world after all," he sneered, "since truth seekers sit silent in their presence!"

Bertrand was moved to smile at his new-found opponent.

"Talk rules the world," the cynic parried, "since it may cheapen the finest things!"

The labor leader frowned. Bertrand with an easy movement displayed his Croix de Guerre, hanging it upon his fingers.

"Here is a decoration," he said, "which I was told was the finest award in the world. And yet I have found it can be discredited by talk."

The labor leader bowed and apologized.

"Forgive!" he begged.

"But not your talk, monsieur!" protested Bertrand. "I did not mean that! It was the talk of a woman that discredited it!"

"Ah!" sighed the labor leader. "An affair of the heart! Pardon me, *mon poilu!* And I had thought you one of the rich—whom I despise!"

"The rich," said Bertrand, "are but men, and men are but animals, and animals are all descended from snakes—so why make a bother about any of us? We are all snakes at bottom—we have the souls of snakes and the hearts of snakes. Each of us is the worst of us and no one is better than another."

For a moment there was a silence of awe at this most stupendous cynicism. Then the famous labor leader spoke.

"Who is this man?"

"He is Bertrand, our great cynic," was the answer of Landlord Lafitte, as he wrote feverishly in his book.

"He is," said the labor leader, "the greatest cynic in the world. There is no greater."

Whereupon the labor leader embraced Bertrand and those present went home to set the colony athrill with pride at the honor of it. The greatest cynic in the world! Their own Bertrand! *Mon Dieu!*

It could not last of course. The improbable had been waiting round the corner all this time, and now it sprang forth to mar things—as it will ever spring forth at inopportune times to disappoint Grandpère Dulac.

For as days went on until Grandpère Dulac came to believe it would be his privilege to listen pleasantly to the cynicism of Bertrand until his dying day—and as Bertrand himself strutted back and forth with a sneer for all the world—yes, and beloved of all the world for his bitterness—a most improbable thing happened. A coolness became preceptible between Mlle. Jeanne and M. Hoolan. The girl began to change. She took to rebuffing the members of her court—most unaccountably—to returning from the bank alone—to remaining at home with herself of

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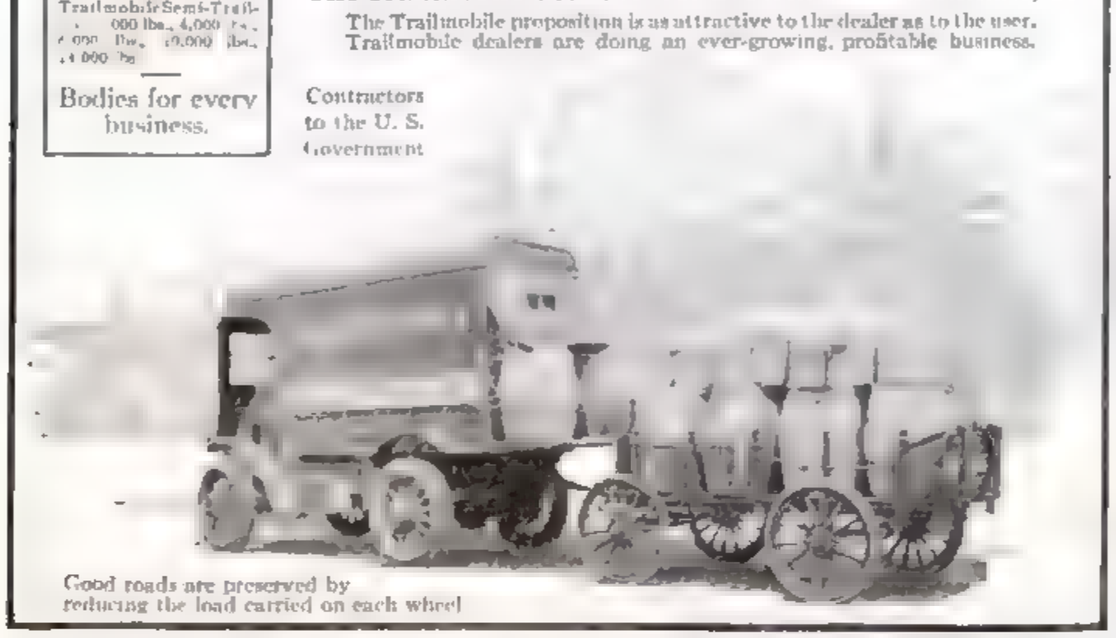

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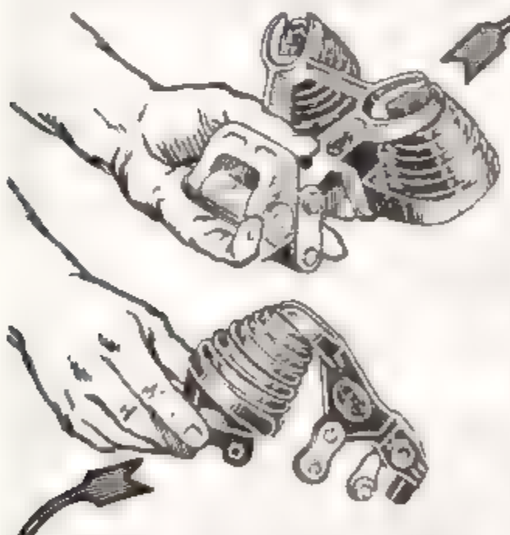

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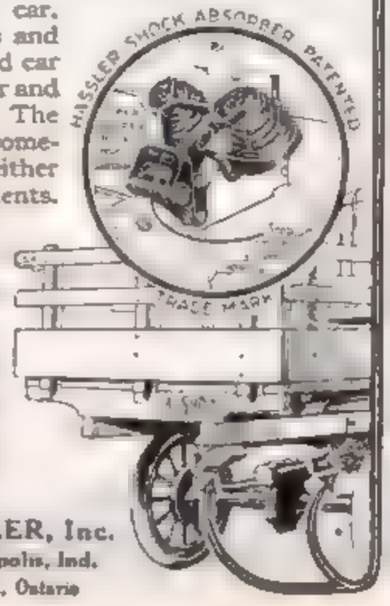

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evenings. Her dainty forehead was observed to wear an irritable frown at all times.

Even then Grandpère Dulac did not fear for his cynic, for Bertrand did not seem to notice these things—and Jeanne continued to overlook Bertrand. Alas, says grandpère, he was too smug in his enjoyment of the great man's savageries to give the matter the careful thought it merited. So that the improbable was able to spring out with a bound and complete its full purpose with one overwhelming stroke before Dulac could take measures to prevent the catastrophe or even so much as stay the course of events for one small instant.

It all happened within two hours of a certain afternoon while Grandpère Dulac sat dozing in his real-estate office. He did not even hear of it until it was all over.

At exactly three o'clock of that day M. Hoolan appeared in the doorway of the bank, guarding a certain paymaster who carried some twenty-five thousand dollars in a little black bag. They came directly across the sidewalk to Bertrand—who sat at the wheel of the president's car.

"Say, Frenchy," smirked the objectionable Hoolan, "Mr. Belknap says you're to drive us out to the Consolidated Groceries Company—because we got a special large pay roll here."

Bertrand nodded and set his motor going without a word. At odd times the bank president did this thing as a favor to large depositors. Never before had Hoolan succeeded in being a passenger, however. The vain bearing of the detective caused the young chauffeur to grit his teeth in fury, but he drove away obediently—eyes to the front—and strove to stop his ears to M. Hoolan's insolent humming of popular songs.

"Go out Benton Street to the city limits and then take Fallon Street to your right," ordered Hoolan after a little. "Don't miss Fallon Street. It's the only way there."

"I know the road," snapped Boullet.

Of a sudden he had realized that the trip was being made in Belknap's car at Hoolan's suggestion. Doubtless for purely personal motives, too, as the bank had other cars for this purpose and, as has been said, guards rarely accompanied the car of M. le président. Bertrand swore under his breath. Oh for a chance to make himself even with Hoolan! Oh, for the revenge!

Meanwhile he was slowly following the designated route, for Bertrand had never made the run before and did not wish to let Hoolan see him make a blunder after bragging of his certainty.

A desultory conversation took place behind him.

"Quite a crime wave we're havin'," said M. Hoolan.

"Yes, indeed," replied the paymaster. "Coming in the automobile was a good idea of yours. On foot even two of us wouldn't have much chance in the neighborhood near our factory."

Bertrand's lip curled. Praise of Hoolan was distasteful to him.

"Well, I always say to play safe," averred the detective. "Though they ain't many of the strong-arm boys that care to take me on. I made a bad reputation with 'em when I was on the force!"

The chauffeur coughed with dry sarcasm. If praise of Hoolan was distasteful Hoolan's praise of himself was abhorrent. Bertrand opened the muffler to drown the hated voice—and soon had become fairly content, through listening to the perfect operation of the machinery.

Ten minutes passed and the improbable was upon him!

When he started to make the turn into Fallon Street the roadway was perfectly clear. As the car came about, shaving the curb of the narrow street, a man appeared from nowhere and stepped squarely into his path. Bertrand swung the wheel. The man perceived him and, apparently panic-stricken, ran the wrong way. Bertrand drove his foot on the brake and reversed the wheel. The man, with a cry of terror, turned about and ran directly in his new path. With the pace of the motor slowed to a walk Bertrand again changed direction to clear the pedestrian, but that unfortunate, now helplessly confused, turned again, slipped and sprawled in the street. Applying both brakes Bertrand brought the huge car to an instant standstill, with its radiator towering above the fallen man.

Upon the instant four other men appeared from doorways and from behind telephone poles. They ran toward the car. Before one could think they were on the running board of the machine. Bertrand found himself looking into the muzzle of a revolver; meanwhile he listened to a savage struggle going on behind him.

Quite mechanically he elevated his hands.

"Kamerad!" he ejaculated.

It was the middle of the afternoon in a warehouse-and-factory district near the edge of the city. Such a small commotion attracted no attention. Within the minute two limp figures had been carried from the car to the entrance of a small tobacco store. The detective and the paymaster were flung inside and the men returned on the run. The highwayman who had fallen in the street now appeared, masked, as were the others. The man who was covering Bertrand opened the door and sat beside him, his pistol concealed under folded arms, with the muzzle at the chauffeur's ribs.

"*Alors, mon cher*, you drive this car and drive like the very hell itself—and make no signals for the assistance or I shall blow you wide open!"

These, M. Dulac is certain, were the exact words of the bandit.

Bertrand nodded, shifted gears and moved away. The four other men clambered aboard.

"Now," said the bandit beside him, "march the car straight out into the country—and drive fast! If you don't drive fast enough I'll kill you."

"*Compris!*" answered Bertrand. "Understood, monsieur!"

Bertrand was away with a rush, but in the instant of time since the hold-up his adroit young mind had conceived a plan—or rather the possibility of a plan—to outwit the highwaymen. He commenced to put it into execution at once.

Both the gear lever and the hand brake were equipped with spring locks to make the car thiefproof. With an easy gesture he felt of both levers as though to assure himself they were properly placed. He sprung both locks. The emergency brake was locked off and the gears were locked in high.

Now he put his left foot forward of the foot brake in such a position as to hold it tightly rearward—which would prevent the operation of that pedal as long as his foot remained in place. Also with the leverage thus obtained he would be able to hold the foot throttle wide open, when he was ready.

At this time the car was running under heavy throttle and making great speed. Bertrand glanced at the man beside him.

"Sufficiently fast, m'sieu?" he inquired.

"Excellent!" is the reported reply of the brigand.

They cleared the city with a bound and began following one of those rough, extremely busy roads that are found near city boundaries. A street-car line followed it and it was frequently crossed by railroad tracks. Their progress began to attract attention.

"Conduct the car at a less rapid rate," commanded the bandit.

Bertrand nodded. A couple of miles ahead he knew there was a street opening into this road. It was the end of Belleview Boulevard—a fashionable drive which led straight to the heart of the city. With a little inward laugh he slowed momentarily as though to comply, and reached forward to the carburetor choke, wedging it in its place with a pin from his coat. Now he considered things ready—so he permitted himself to smile craftily. He looked aloft in a meaning way at the telephone wires. The bandit followed his action and swore suddenly.

"Cut loose," he directed. "I'll outrun the damned telephone! *Allez!*"

Instantly Bertrand threw the hand throttle wide open, braced down the foot throttle and clenched the steering wheel. He had his work cut out for him. The car was running wide open—with every means of slowing speed locked—and that car had a factory guaranty of one thousand dollars to every driver who could drive it throttle open for five minutes!

The big machine fairly flew. The bandits at first seemed to enjoy it.

"Whee!" yelled a man behind. "He is some driver, that one!"

"Whoop!" howled someone else.

But the needle of the speed indicator was steadily mounting. The shoutings of the banditti seemed for a moment to die into the distance—but they suddenly quieted. The wind began to come into the tonneau in huge buffeting gulps. The car slewed from side to side and leaped uncontrollably toward the ditches.

They struck a hollow. The head of one man on the rear seat crashed into the top

(Concluded on Page 77)

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(Concluded from Page 74)

so heavily that he yelled in pain. They dodged two wagons and a motor truck—by inches. They flashed between a street car and a pile of stones. They catapulted over a narrow bridge no more than an instant before it was totally blocked by a team.

"Slower!" yelled the man with the pistol. His voice trembled.

Bertrand gave no heed. Just ahead the watchman at a crossing was lowering the railroad gates. With a blast of the horn Belknap's car leaped under the near gate and brushed the nose of a freight engine. There was a scream from the tonneau.

"Stop him! Stop him!" was cried in chorus.

The far gate, still descending, caught the top of the car and tore it from above their heads. A howl of panic came from the men behind as the heavy wooden bar threatened to decapitate them.

But the car only ran more easily being clear of the drag of the top!

"Slower!" commanded the bandit on the front seat. "*Doucement!* Go sweetly or I'll shoot!"

"Shoot!" mocked Bertrand, laughing shrilly. "Shoot! Where the hell you go then?"

He stole a glance at the man's face. It was livid.

"You kill me," roared Bertrand so loudly that all could hear—"you kill me, and the car he turns over!"

He laughed again with insane daredevilry as the car began to descend a long grade, gaining speed with every bound.

The man beside him tore savagely at the emergency brake—locked fast. He tore at the gear lever. He tried to choke the carburetor.

Bertrand struck at the bandit's hand—and the car all but escaped him as it swerved under one-arm control. There was another scream from behind—telling the leader to desist and let the driver alone.

"Give him half if he stops!" yelled one man piteously.

Bertrand roared with laughter. Now came Belleview Boulevard. This was a crucial point for him. To make the turn was no easy matter—but he did it by using a trick known only to racing drivers. Disengaging the clutch as he turned he jammed down hard on the foot brake and breathed a prayer that his tires would hold. The car skidded round, with locked wheels—to a chorus of wails from behind. Then Bertrand released the clutch and shot ahead in the new direction with no lessening of speed.

"Half if you stop!" yelled the leader of the bandits.

"How much is it?" asked Bertrand.

"Twenty-five thousand!"

Bertrand nodded slowly, as though considering. He was looking two blocks ahead, where, on the right, was the Eighty-ninth Street Police Station. As they leaped nearer he saw that the door of the garage where the motor patrols were kept was open. With a chuckle he swerved toward the opposite side of the street.

"All right!" he yelled; and then with a sudden jerk he repeated his skidding turn of a moment before. Pointing straight for the garage door he blew a tremendous blast on the siren and hurled the car over the pavement and into the garage. The man beside him leaped for life as he saw them start toward the building.

They flashed through the doorway. Bertrand, yelling "Help! Help!" at the top of his voice, stood up on the pedals. The car slid across the greasy floor and stopped at the far wall, with a crash of front fenders and headlights.

Policemen swarmed into the place. The bandits who had remained in the car were arrested at Bertrand's request. The money was carried into the office. The leader was picked up, unconscious, from the pavement outside.

Then Bertrand told his story. A few minutes later the captain of the district returned from the telephone with grave features.

"You're all of you wanted at the bank," he said. "There's something funny here!"

At the bank it was found there were indeed several funny things to be explained. For when Bertrand was ushered in with the bandits he found M. Belknap, Hoolan, the paymaster and several policemen—among them the chief of police himself.

"There he is!" cried Hoolan vindictively.

"I see him," said the chief of police. "Now, let's get at this!"

"Wait," cried M. Belknap. "Let's have a stenographer here! Send for—for Miss Jean!"

The girl was summoned.

"Now," said the chief of police to Hoolan, "tell your story again!"

Hoolan told what had happened very correctly up to the moment of stopping the car. Then he said:

"And he could have dodged the man easy—but he stopped. Then they assaulted us. I saw at once it was a frame-up because they did not touch him! He was in on it—as I said—because after they had placed us in the store he drove them away. There's people saw him do it!"

"Liar!" screamed Boullet when the import of it had come home to him.

"Sh!" said the chief of police. "Now listen, M. Hoolan! This talk of conspiracy sounds odd to me for two reasons: First, because I know you and I know if there'd been a conspiracy you'd have been party to it; and second, we've deceived you a little, M. Hoolan. We told you we had captured the bandits and this M. Boullet—but we did not. He captured them himself—and brought them in! Now—does that look like he conspired against you?"

"Yes," said M. Belknap, "and how did he know you were going to suggest to me that you use my car this afternoon?"

The countenance of Hoolan became mottled. He bit his lips. He glared.

"Now," said the chief, "this is a twenty-five-thousand-dollar hold-up and someone is going to serve a long sentence for it—and I intend to procure the facts."

Here one of the bandits solved the riddle. It was that man who had first suggested that Boullet be given half if he would stop

"It wasn't a real hold-up, monsieur," he said pleadingly, "so nobody can't be sent away for it. The boss said it was just a joke! We was to get the money, drive out in the country, put some of it in that chauffeur's clothes when we tied him up—and then beat it. Later Hoolan was going to find it all and pay us for a day's work. I ain't no stick-up man! I'm a shoe worker, I am!"

A few more questions—Bertrand's story told—the producing of the leading bandit's gun by a sergeant from Eighty-ninth Street, and it was all over—except what M. Belknap said to Hoolan.

That was a talk, *mes amis!* Never before in this world has so scathing a denunciation been delivered! Hoolan fairly squirmed as he heard it.

Then M. Belknap changed his tune. He spoke to Bertrand and complimented him.

"You have more brains and nerve than ten thousand such Hoolans," he said. "And any position in the bank is open to you!"

"I should like to be the money guard, myself, then," said Bertrand.

"If you will take my advice, Bertrand," interrupted Mlle. Jeanne suddenly, "you will remain a chauffeur. It is much the more romantic!"

Bertrand smiled—for the first time in many weeks. "So be it, *ma chérie*," he said. "I remain monsieur's chauffeur!"

And so—pouf!—the improbable had spoiled a cynic. For when Grandpère Dulac met Bertrand the next day he greeted him as follows:

"Allo, my brave! And how goes the bitter world with M. of the Sour Tongue this morning?"

And he received this reply:

"M. of the Sour Tongue? Bah! Who calls me that? What aged dotard names me cynic? Cynic I may have been, but cynic I am no longer! To-day, Grandpère Dulac, I am d'Artagnan! I am youth! I am romance! With adventure I float in the clouds of love and there is no one to hinder me. *Mon Dieu!* I am life! I am hope! I am happiness!"

And this—why, this was nothing more than sentimental foolery, as Grandpère Dulac and you and I will all agree.

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THE FIT, THE SIT—THE STYLE, THE SERVICE AND THE EASE WITH WHICH THEY LAUNDER MAKE IT WORTH YOUR WHILE TO ASK FOR ARROWS

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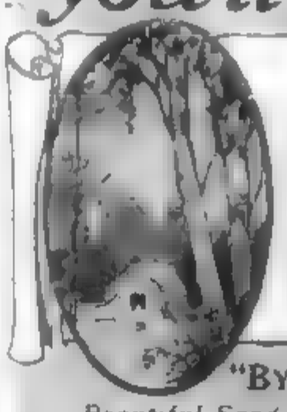

BY THE CAMPFIRE

Come where the camp fire is gleaming. Come where the fire-flies are beaming. Down where the river is a-stream-ing by— There I'll be wait-ing for you, wait-ing where the flames are glowing.

"BY THE CAMPFIRE"
Beautiful Song and Dance Number

THE warmth of a sunbeam the cheerfulness of a smile the delightfulness of recreation all rolled into your heart through this beautiful new song!

Everybody and hearts lighten at the wistful melody of "By the Campfire"—a melody whose lure is equally fascinating alike for dancing and singing.

"By the Campfire" is spreading throughout America, and at the roof-garden, cafe and restaurant, on piano, player-piano or talking machine

"WHEN YOU LOOK IN THE HEART OF A ROSE"
Wonderful Melody Ballad

As you drink in the exquisite melody of "When You Look in the Heart of a Rose" and the entrancing words etch themselves deep in your heart you feel good all over with a happy spirit that brings a smile, a warm heart and a good nature.

"When You Look in the Heart of a Rose" is an irresistible blend of wonderful melody and beautiful words. It is the song hit of that big show, "The Better Ole" famous all over America.

Whenever you go where there is music, ask the leader to play these wonderful songs. Get them for your home piano, playerpiano or talking machine.

OTHER FAMOUSLY BEAUTIFUL SONGS YOU'LL ENJOY

Melody Ballads — *Instrumental Numbers*

On sale now wherever good music is sold or we will supply you direct at 35c a copy, any 3 for $1.00. Band or orchestra, 25c each.

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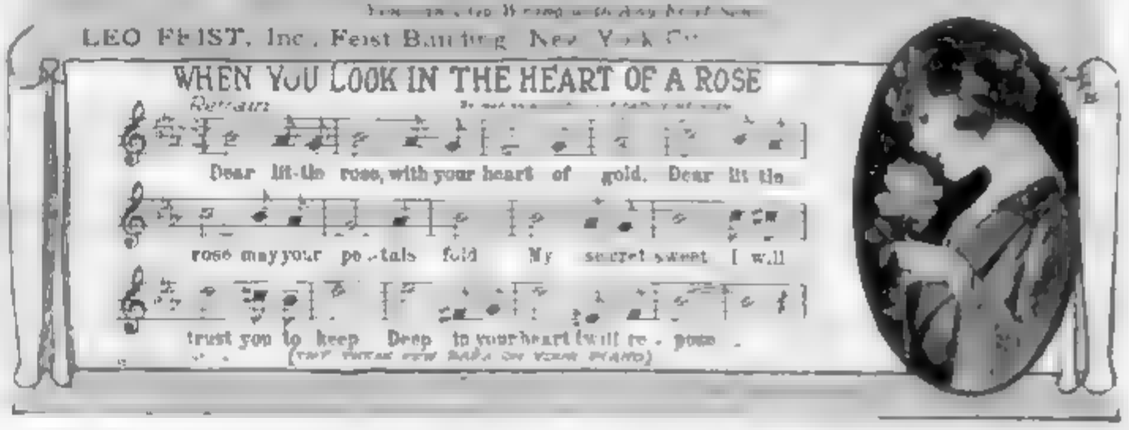
WHEN YOU LOOK IN THE HEART OF A ROSE

Dear lit-tle rose, with your heart of gold. Dear lit-tle rose may your pe-tals fold My secret sweet I will trust you to keep Deep in your heart I will re-pose

"The World's Right Arm"

STRENGTH! Might sustained by right. The Huns backed across the Rhine facing two million straight-shooting Yanks.

To supply Colt's Firearms to the gallant boys who went over there was our business. To use them right was theirs. Did they? THEY DID.

And *now* we are making COLTS so *you* can own a Colt Automatic Pistol or Colt Revolver.

Do not accept "the next best." You want *Colt* protection for your home. For accuracy, dependability and safety—every world struggle since 1836 has proved there is nothing like a *Colt*. Its glorious associations will make you proud to own one.

It would be well to tell your dealer the size and model Colt Automatic Pistol or Colt Revolver you prefer, to guide him in his order.

Over There
Over Here

COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO.
HARTFORD, CONN., U. S. A.
Manufacturers of
Colt's Revolvers
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Colt's (Browning) Automatic Machine Guns
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BATES

Black Vici Kid, $7.50
This same Oxford in Dark Brown Chrome Leather, $7.00

NOT every man wears the long, slender, "fashionable" type of shoe.. Neat, full-toe styles, like this Bates model, are bringing foot-comfort to sensible men everywhere.

Bates styles for this season comprise the best of the narrow and the full-toe shapes—also numerous attractive modifications of each.

High in value and *moderate* in *price*, every one of them.

But see Bates Shoes for yourself, at your local store.

We Have Been Making Good Shoes Since 1885

A. J. BATES COMPANY
General Offices, Webster, Mass.
Stock Distributing Headquarters, Chicago, Ill

SHOES

GLADHANDING THE LANDERS

(Concluded from Page 50)

"Well, David, you did respond on pretty short acquaintance! Of course I have known you for a long time. And my, how I looked forward to your coming out!"

"Say, where do you get this old-friend stuff, Helen? Two days ago you didn't know I existed."

"You silly boy, did you think I could be so bold on so short an acquaintance? Way back in December, when your family first decided to come here, I was given a report on the Dentons, among others, for we get data on all colonists coming into the state." Out of the recesses of a pocketbook came a card, from which she read: "'David Denton, son, 26, middle size, olive skin, extremely dark, clean shaven, heavy hair, college graduate, traveled extensively, taste—art and architecture.'

"Something told me I was going to like David Denton and as soon as you got off the train I identified you, and I knew — Didn't you see a look of recognition in my eyes when we met in the hotel?

"I really meant what I said about an excuse to go to Belmont Heights, but really I felt like an adventuress when you dashed right off and bought that lot; and I told Mr. Hayes that I didn't want my commission. I simply couldn't take money from ——"

"Well, you go right back and get it!" I stammered. "We'll use it for a first payment for a bungalow out there."

"This very moment?" she asked

"No-o-o, not this very moment," I answered as I ——

Followed a time lapse in which things happened it's nobody's business to know; but had location hunters happened along at that hour they would not have had to visualize the dissolve at the end of the film.

Four o'clock found us still dreaming our semitropical romance.

"I'll always love this spot," said Helen, "and it is ours by right of discovery."

"We'll keep it a secret from the whole world and come here as to a holy shrine," I answered; and I lay back on the mossy carpet, but—I got right up again in cruel pain, for I had been stabbed in the back!

Carefully uncovering the offense we beheld a square stake, upon which was marked: "Lot 303, Elmwood Tract."

"Elmwood Tract! Why, this is the place Reynolds has been touting!" I cried.

"What's the use?" sighed Helen. "There is no getting away from them this side of heaven."

"And what makes you think the dear departed of Angel City won't try to sell celestial lots to the other angels?" I asked.

The Poets' Corner

Rune of the Road

IT WAS a golden rune that the road writ on the hill;
It quickened all the heart of me; it would not leave me still.
It would not leave me still by night nor give me peace by day,
But it wove before me like a spell that summoned me alway.

For there it is the foot-free folk go faring up and down,
And never thought for roof have they, and never wish for town.
No buskins have they to their feet, no kerchief to their head,
But the good white dust and the singing sun to warm their souls instead.

And when at night they lay them down, what could they have more sweet
Than a ceiling hung with dewy stars, and the red coals at their feet?
Under them the throbbing world, and over them the night—
Oh, surely they be happy folk who live their life so right!

And ever winds the golden road, and ever runs its rune;
Bidding me quick unbind my hair and cast away my shoon.
But oh—my hearth is wondrous warm, and stout my roofen-tree,
And the latchet of my oaken door it will not let me free!

—Edith Ballinger Price.

A Memory

SEEN dim, as through a gathering fog,
One memory fond I guard;
'Tis of that dear old cast-iron dog
That stood in our front yard.

Such ornaments were owned by few.
Joe Simms' folks had a fawn
That couldn't hold a candle to
The dog on our front lawn.

How fine his shape, his pose how free;
And when I gave a hail
He almost seemed to wag at me
His iron, befeathered tail.

It was—my father would declare—
A work of strength and grace;
And mother thought it gave an air,
And set off our whole place.

I let the fellows I liked best
Take turns with him for stunts;
But I knocked Joe Simms galley-west
Because he kicked him once!

Oft by his side I used to stand,
And gaze with happy look
O'er peaceful fields and pasture land,
Down to the meadow brook.

You think me foolish, I've no doubt,
But after all these years
I can't recall that dog without
A flood of scalding tears.

Now I've art treasures of such fame
As set men's eyes agog;
But none of them is quite the same
As that old cast-iron dog!

Through all the art shops I ransack,
But cannot find one such;
What would I give to get it back!
Oh, well—not very much.

I value it at its real worth—
All the above is bunk—
I'd greet it with a howl of mirth,
And sell it for old junk!

—Carolyn Wells.

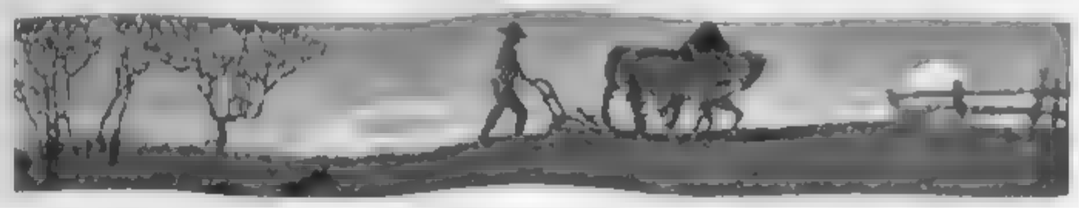
Shipping

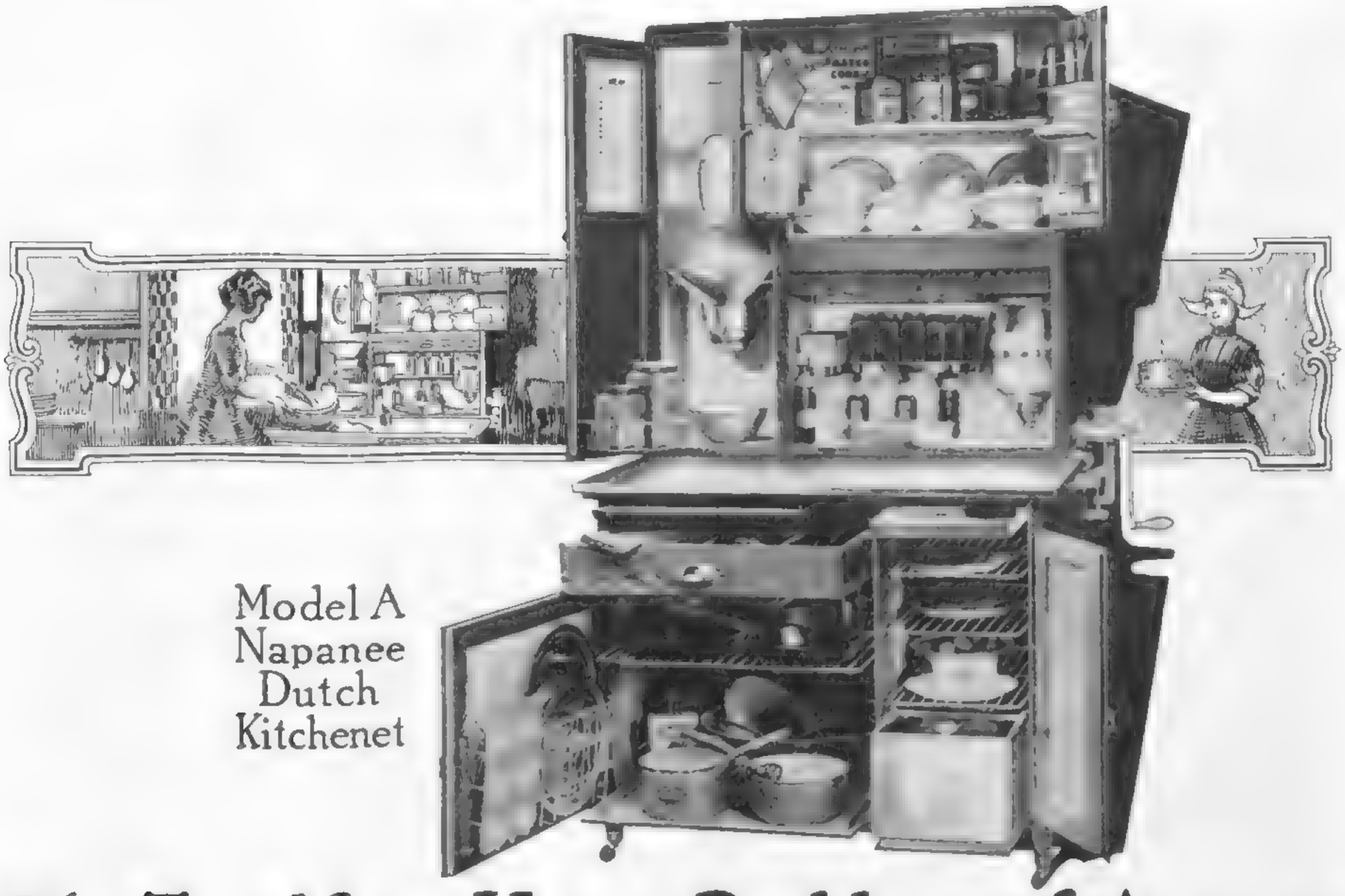
HERE the gray wharf, crawling with jostling men,
Redolent of the barter of the world!
Strange smells of unknown East and alien South,
Hemp that reeks of damp Luzonian cellars,
And hill on hill of bawdy-smelling hides;
Mattings swarming with strange sprawling marks
Seeming a lyric poem of Japan,
Instead of makers' stenciled business signs.
Faint breaths of cinnamon and aloe smells
Mixed with the knife-sharp fragrance of the sea;
Great sacks of beans, like pearls, from Italy,
And logs of teak by Burmese coolies cut.

And by the wharf the great ship silent sleeps
In beauty, as she were some huge sea cat
Stretched in the morning sun to take her ease.
A slow sea dowager of swelling flanks,
Her long voyage done, who waits another day
When, heavy-laden, she sets forth again
To carry barter round the girdled globe.

Here is the meeting place of all the world—
A nest of phantasies where sleeps Romance
Under the sun of a long still summer morn.

—Archie Austin Coates.





Model A
Napanee
Dutch
Kitchenet

For The New Home Builders of America

WHEN you start housekeeping start right. Do not neglect the kitchen, which is the workroom of the house. Remember that cheerfulness which starts in the kitchen soon finds its way all over the home. Of all the things you buy with which to equip your home, none will ever equal the happiness and comfort made possible by a Napanee Dutch Kitchenet.

A woman can sit down at a Napanee Dutch Kitchenet and do her work. Everything needed is right there in its proper place ready for use. There is no hunting for misplaced things. Hundreds of wearying steps back and forth are saved. There is no strain—no worry—no mental or physical fag. The Dutch Kitchenet is almost human in its handiness. Drudgery does not exist for the woman who has a Dutch Kitchenet in her kitchen.

The Napanee Dutch Kitchenet Has Every Possible Convenience

The Napanee Dutch Kitchenet has been improved and perfected to the last degree. It has every possible convenience and many special features.

As Attractive As It Is Practical

The Napanee Dutch Kitchenet is as attractive as it is useful. It is built by skilled cabinet craftsmen for years and years of use. Only materials of selected quality go into its construction. A clean, well-kept kitchen is every housekeeper's pride. Thousands of good housekeepers are enthusiastic over their Napanee Dutch Kitchenets. Put a Dutch Kitchenet in your own kitchen. See how it stops the drudgery and starts cheerfulness in YOUR home.

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NAPANEE DUTCH KITCHENET

COPPES BROTHERS AND ZOOK — NAPPANEE INDIANA

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Sold by First Class Dealers Everywhere

OUT-OF-DOORS

The Homing Instinct of the Hound

WE ARE credibly informed that man is little lower than the angels. It may be true. None the less it is equally true that he is a good deal lower than the dog in respect to certain senses, instincts or attributes. In fact, man is about the most helpless of all animals and in all likelihood is an object of pity and compassion in the mind of the average yellow dog, there are so many things which he cannot do.

Often I am impressed by the feeling that a dog must have six or seven senses as against a man's accredited five. Take, for instance, the homing instinct, or sense of orientation, which is common to many animals. Almost no man has even a rudimentary instinctive knowledge of direction, though it is well known that some men can find their way home in a wilderness country better than others. Put the average man down in a forest where he does not know the country and where he cannot see out and if he is not lost at once he probably will be very soon, even if he has a compass with him. Blindfold him, carry him on a railway train for two or three days, tie him up in a sack and put him under a buggy seat and then kick him out in a place where he doesn't know which way is north or which way is home—and then you will see how helpless is man, little lower than the angels. The cow, the cat, the hen or the yellow cur has him beat by all the miles which lie between him and his wonted fireside.

The specialized and trained instinct of the homing pigeon is a thing generally known and often used by man to his own advantage. The cat, which comes back home in spite of all, displays the same mysterious ability to come across lots even in country it has never seen before. The homing instinct is seen in other animals as well. I recall that when I was a boy my family owned an old white cow with a wall-eye and a bent horn, which had been bought some forty miles away and brought to our town by a roundabout route. One morning old Whitey disappeared and no trace was found of her until a week later, when a farmer brought in word that he had seen that sort of a cow plodding along the road by his farm twelve miles out of town, going easy and steadily. A tracer was sent and old Whitey was followed some forty miles over a route entirely different from that by which she had been brought into our county, but a route very much more direct. We brought her back home. Four months later she ran away again, and repeated this performance pretty much all of her natural life. She always went home by air line and attained fame for her nomadic methods.

Of all four-footed animals perhaps the dog is most adept in orienting himself. Hounds are thought to be especially endowed with the homing instinct. Indeed the thought of getting back home ought not to trouble any good hound when he starts on a trail. He may turn up twenty, thirty or fifty miles away if he hits, for instance, the trail of a wandering gray wolf, before he thinks of leaving the trail and looking for home. Of course the place where he strikes the trail may not be near his home at all.

Mr. Castner's Plucky Hound

In our bear hunts in the dense canebrakes of Mississippi some twenty years ago we might start out for a big hunt with perhaps fifty dogs in the pack when we left the plantation for the hunting field. If at the end of a couple of weeks we got back home with half the pack we felt well satisfied. Some of the dogs would get killed by bears in fighting, others perhaps by wild hogs or other animals; some would be crippled, some stolen and some strayed; sometimes we would hear of them at a line of railroad forty miles away from where our hunt was made. But one by one, perhaps weeks after the hunt, members of the pack would come straggling in, lame and sore-footed and blear-eyed, though they had never seen their hunting country before. Of course in any hunting country a stray hound, if noted, is taken up and cared for and inquiry made for its owner; but in that wild country there were few settlers and the hounds got home the best way they could.

One instance of a homing hound was recounted to the writer not long ago by Mr. Ely T. Castner, of Steubenville, Ohio. He said that in 1892 a hound belonging to George Bear, of his county, was lent to a man in West Virginia, across the Ohio River. Mr. Castner saw something swimming toward the Ohio shore one winter day when the thermometer was close to zero and the river full of ice cakes. The river at that point is about twelve hundred feet in width. He made out that the floating object was a dog, waited until the creature reached shore and helped it up the bank. It was almost exhausted and could scarcely stand. He knew the dog, cared for it and saw that it got home. This dog, for reasons sufficient to itself, had taken a notion to go home. The fact that the Ohio River lay between him and home was a mere detail.

Old Seminole's Return

The classical American case of the homing hound I take, however, to be that of the hound once famous as Old Seminole, now gathered to her fathers, but once well known at Hot Springs, Arkansas, where she was owned by a fox hunter, Judge C. Floyd Huff. That gentleman recently told the facts to the writer, so that they may be depended upon as correct.

At eleven A. M. on the morning of November 12, 1912, at Crab Orchard, Kentucky, Old Seminole with six other dogs was put down on a rather cold trail of a red fox. Her owner had brought the hound there and entered it in the annual meet of the National Fox Hunters, of which society he was a member. There were present at the time these dogs took the trail such famous hunters as Col. Jack Chinn, of Harrodsburg, Steve Walker and Ed Walker, of the famous Walker family of Kentucky—the same family which established the great strain known as the Walker hounds something like a half century or so ago.

These three gentlemen, with Judge Huff, waited as the dogs puzzled on the cold trail for a time, but it was late and the morning was dry, so they gave it up. All the dogs but one came back that morning. Old Seminole did not come back that night. She was at that time about 600 miles from her own home, which was at Hot Springs, in the Ozark Mountains of Arkansas. She had been brought by rail to this Kentucky country, with which she was entirely unfamiliar.

Old Seminole was given up as a lost dog. She was well known to be a cold-nosed dog and slow to give up any trail. But the limit of hope was past and her owner had to go back home to Arkansas, leaving his dog lost in a strange country. He had circulars printed and distributed offering a reward for knowledge of the missing hound and had advertisements placed in the local papers of several counties round Crab Orchard. Naturally, also, all the local fox hunters were eager for him to find his hound and promised to do what they could for him.

But no word came back of Old Seminole. She had disappeared absolutely. Naturally this caused her owner much grief, for she was of the old Walker strain of hounds, a strong upstanding specimen and not of the type scientifically described as Pothekerus Kentuckiensis.

A personal peculiarity of Old Seminole was the aloofness of her disposition. She was very slow to make friends with anyone outside her own family.

On January 22, 1913, more than two months after Old Seminole had disappeared in Kentucky, she came limping into her owner's yard at Hot Springs, Arkansas. She was then as lean, ragged, sore-eyed and footsore a dog as any man ever laid eyes upon. She was apparently on her last legs and just able to walk. At first it did not seem she would live, but with good care she recovered, to live and hunt many another day.

No word ever was had of this hound by anyone in or near Crab Orchard. If anyone aided her on her way home that fact was never known. It would have been impossible for anyone but a very few in Kentucky or Arkansas to have told whose dog it was. So far as reasonably may be believed, therefore, Old Seminole made her way home absolutely on her own hook. It is thought that her case is the most extraordinary one ever recorded of the homing instinct of the foxhound.

In order to make the journey from Crab Orchard, Kentucky, to Hot Springs, Arkansas, Old Seminole would have to travel in a bee line about 600 miles. She had to cross the Mississippi River, as well as the Arkansas River, the White River and countless lesser streams. This was in the dead of winter. No one knows where she did it or how she did it. If anyone carried her across any river on a boat or railway train no record of that is known. The fact that the Ohio hound was seen swimming the Ohio River in midwinter is the best ground for the belief that Old Seminole swam the Mississippi, no doubt at a point where it was half a mile or more in width, not counting the bayous which may have run alongside. No fox hunter doubts for a moment that this hound swam these rivers. We shall have to accredit her journey home to the indomitable courage, the high heart of a hound following the unerring instinct of direction which the hound has, but which no human being is able to understand. Old Seminole wanted to get back home; she went there.

There are curious side lights to this story of Old Seminole. At that time a young newspaper man by the name of Douglas Hotchkiss was local correspondent for several of the great newspapers of the North and East. Hot Springs quite often furnished a bit of news—there were not less than one hundred and sixty murders committed there in thirty-five years, and something might be expected to break almost any day. Young Hotchkiss was a lover of hounds, and himself a sportsman. When he learned that Old Seminole had come back home he sent out the story, without even querying his papers by wire that night. One of his papers, a leading morning journal in St. Louis, came back at him with the hot query as to what in blazes he meant by pulling such nature-faking stuff as that on a serious-minded newspaper. Hotchkiss replied hotly that he knew a story when he saw it and that this story was true. St. Louis replied by wire that it did not credit either his judgment or his veracity. Hotchkiss resigned or was fired by wire that night—and had the telegraph tolls of his story thrown back on him to boot.

Fox-Hunting by Motor

Others of his string of papers chided or guyed him but printed the story. One paper, the New York Sun, came back by wire that night and asked for a thousand words additional on Old Seminole's march. This story, well played up, was of the sort which adapts itself to reprint. It traveled all across the country. Old Seminole became famous almost overnight—afterward she wore the endearing adjective "Old." Her puppies later on became valuable and when the old lady died at last it was at the close of an illustrious life. Her owner mourns her yet and has her picture over his desk in a place of honor.

As for the young newspaper man, let us say, with not too much of romance in the statement, that he was disgusted with being discredited by any of his papers. At least he bought a daily paper of his own and you can find him there to-day at Hot Springs running a morning daily and looking for another story as good as that of Old Seminole. It is doubtful if this one will soon be surpassed in the annals of the hound.

Speaking of fox-hunting in America we might go further and give what I fancy to be the last word in modern sport—fox-hunting in a motor car. Gone are the dangers of the chase, gone all the zip and zest of the cross-country ride to hounds. Why pay for a high-class hunter when you can get a good motor car for half the money and ride to hounds with much more comfort? It is the latest thing in head sports, though, so far as I know, it has been practiced up to date by only one man, the same Mr. Castner who rescued the swimming hound from the Ohio River. Mr. Castner has grown a trifle old and heavy for riding, but he has lost no whit of the perennial zeal of the born fox hunter. He rather set me back by saying that for fourteen years he always had gone fox-hunting in his motor car.

"I do not hunt in any ordinary flivver, but in a real car," said he; "one of the best I have in my garage. I put in plenty of rugs and something to eat and we take along a lantern in case we really want to leave the car to go into the woods after the dogs. My chauffeur has been with me for twenty years and he likes my hounds. When a good night comes in the season we take a bunch of them out in the car and put them down where we know they are apt to make a strike. We don't have to wait long before we get a run. We know all the roads and have a pretty good idea of the general direction of any run. We drive over that way by the nearest road, pull up on top of a hill and wait until we hear the dogs coming.

"Maybe it is moonlight, with stars overhead and the air crisp and cold. On such a night you can hear a hound for miles if he has a good voice. If we hear the pack passing us by we head in their direction and pull up again when we come to the right hill. In this way we get about everything out of the chase that we could if we rode horseback in an old settled country such as this is where wire fences are so common. I do not care to go fox-hunting any more in anything but a good motor car. There should be sandwiches, or something, of course."

Some Favorite Strains

Each breed of dogs has its own fanciers and each fancier considers it idiosyncrasy for all the rest of the world not to love his particular sort of dog. Perhaps you may be interested in learning something of the foxhound in America. Of all the breeds this is the most ancient and honorable, and most of our other sporting breeds are descended from him.

Perhaps—not to be too specific—you may have heard of the July hound. Most fox hunters call this a Georgia strain, but accredit it to the Birdsong strain of Maryland, July being simply a Birdsong dog which turned out extraordinarily well and so came to found and name a separate strain.

Again, you may hear of Red-bone hounds, long a famous Southern type. Other fox hunters will say that the Red-bones are slower trailers than some of the others and hence adaptable for bear and deer in specialized hunting. Again, the Walker hounds got their name from the Walker family of Kentucky, who for generations have been interested in foxhounds. The original ancestor of this strain came across the Appalachians into Kentucky at the tail gate of a wagon driven by a cattle drover who was taking cattle into Kentucky.

Mention has been made of Col. Jack Chinn, of Kentucky, somewhat well known, among other reasons, for his enthusiasm as a fox hunter. Colonel Chinn tells many a good story and is sportsman enough to tell one upon himself betimes. He says that once upon a time he was visiting a friend who fancied hounds and the latter was talking about putting out the dogs for a chase that night. All at once in the dusk they heard the rush of many feet and a great tonguing of the full pack. Not far from the house there passed a dark mass of animals, pursued at a considerable distance by another animal.

"For heaven's sake, Chinn," exclaimed his friend, "shoot that hound of yours—kill him—call him off! He's after my flock of merinos. Can't you do anything to stop him? He'll teach my dogs to kill my whole flock of sheep."

"No, he won't," replied Colonel Chinn—according to the account; "them ain't sheep that you saw—them is your own hounds running a fox, and my dog is just trying his dangest to catch up with yours, that's all."

MICHELIN

full-size tubes

Actual photograph showing difference in width between Michelin Tubes and other tubes

Michelin Tubes being made full-sized fill the inside of the casing even before inflation.

Other tubes, being smaller in diameter than Michelins, must be stretched by inflation to fill the casing. The flexing of these stretched tubes under constant tension when inflated causes destructive heating which kills all the natural life and resiliency of the rubber, making it porous and less resistant to cuts and punctures.

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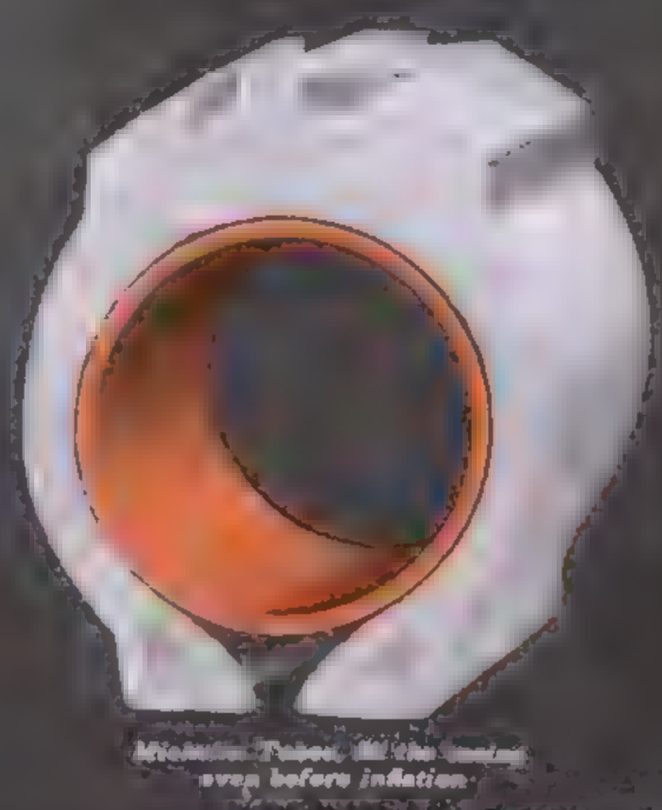

Michelin Tubes, fill the casing even before inflation

Other tubes must be stretched by inflation to fill the casing

MICHELIN TIRE COMPANY, MILLTOWN, NEW JERSEY

Michelin Tire Co. of Canada, Ltd., 782 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal

Dealers in all parts of the world

Uncle Peter on Prohibition

By BLANCHE GOODMAN

"I AIN'T seed you fo' a week," remarked Viney to Uncle Peter as the latter stood beside her watching her set out tomato plants in her little garden patch. "Whar is you been keepin' yo'se'f?"

Uncle Peter carefully stepped across the freshly turned clods of earth that lay between himself and a rickety-looking wheelbarrow, and as carefully distributed his bulk upon it.

"Ise hus'lin' dese days," he informed Viney. "Evah sense las' Monday Ise been as busy as a bee in a tar bar'l."

"You don't tell me so! How come you's so busy?"

"Ise totin' loads fum de spress office," he responded. "Dey's some pack'ges out yondah on my dray now fo' my white folks. Dat box whut's wropped up in tarpoleon, hit's fo' Majah Buffo'd. He say ef anyone look sup'stitious at hit, an' axes me whut hit is, to tell 'em hit's a special kind er flo'-wax pepperation. Dem six jimmyjohns aside of hit am shoe polish dat Cap'n Taunton bought up de road a li'l' way on wholesale; an' dem three suitcases wuz sent ovah heah fum Kintucky to Jedge Newton by a cousin er his'n, filled wid tonic fo' de skyattic ne've. Dat big bun'le is got 'Glass; han'le wid ca' writ on de top side. Hit's fo' Gen'l Beavah. W'en I 'livahs dem all Ise thoo fo' de day." Uncle Peter's eye twinkled. "Dem gen'lems sho' is patternizin' outside trade dese days, 'stid er home p'ojuice."

"Well now!" exclaimed Viney, as she interpreted Uncle Peter's twinkle to her own satisfaction. "Dat splains somepin to me."

"Whut am dat?"

"Henry Clay wuz readin' to me outen de papah yistiddy dat Mistah Tawm Clinch's ol'est boy wuz arranged befo' de court fo' bein' 'tossicated.

"'"Tossicated!' I says. 'W'y, how come he 'tossicated, en dis heah town done gone dry? Ain't we havin' p'o'bition heah?' An' Henry Clay, he say: 'Sho' we's havin' hit! But we ain't havin' hit fo' de rich; we's havin' hit fo' de po'. Dat's w'y hit's call' p'o'bition, I reckon.'"

"Well, hit look lak my wagonload prove dat, don't hit?" queried Uncle Peter.

"Hit do so!" responded Viney. "An' I sho' is s'prised at dem white folks. Heah is Mis' Lucy Clinch an' Mis' Buffo'd, an' all dem, carryin' on whut dey calls a champaigne 'ginst liquor, an' dey husban's fillin' up dey cellahs an' garricks wid Ol' Bou'bon an' rye, an' sich."

"'Twuz boun' fo' to be dataway," Uncle Peter told her.

"I done thought p'o'bition wuz gwine to stop all er dat."

"Stop hit!" Uncle Peter chuckled. "Is you evah seed a wall dat'd keep boys fum a orcha'd?

"De way I looks at hit, p'o'bition am a wall; an' a wall am a dare to climb hit to a lot er folks."

He hitched himself over to a more comfortable position and then resumed:

"I tell you, wid dis heah p'o'bition I feels somepin lak de pahson whut seed bofe sides er a queshion so plain he couldn't argyfy on either.

"Dat am de trouble wid mos' things in dis worl'. Dey's two sides to 'em; an' hit's a confusement to de mind. Now ef some un wuz to ax me dis: 'Am hit wrong fo' a man to drink mo'n is good fo' him?' I could answeh dat right off. But ef I is axed ef hit am wrong to drink a-tall, den you's got me studyin'."

"Don't you b'lieve, Uncle Peter," asked Viney earnestly, "dat p'o'bition gwine to mek folks mo' temp'rancer en dey wuz w'n dey warn't no p'o'bition?"

"Hit's gwine to mek some folks mo' temp'rancer en dey wuz. Dem whut couldn't 'ford hit, in de fust place, am gwine to have to do widout hit." He paused thoughtfully.

"I ain't made up my mind yit ef de way to mek folks stay 'way fum a thing whut's hahmful to 'em am to put up a fence 'tween dem an' hit. Some say dat ef a man's so sof'-haided dat he cain't let whut's bad fo' him alone, de onliest thing to do am to let him go on an' teck de cons'quinces. Maybe a fence am right, an' maybe 'tain't. Ise wonderin' ef Eve would a-bothe'd huh haid 'bout dat apple tree ef she hadn't been tol' to keep 'way frum hit. She wuzn't tol' to stay 'way fum de lions en de tigers; an' dey ain't no mention er her gittin' chawed up by 'em, in de Book er Generation. People is funny folks anyway. Dey goes mos'ly by contraries. Tell 'em to don't do sech an' sech a thing, an' hit's de surest way to git mos' of 'em to do hit."

"You's right in dat," interrupted Viney. "I'll lay you dey wouldn't be a bachelor in dis town to-morrow ef Mis' Fanny an' dem champaigned 'ginst mat'imony to-day."

Uncle Peter, as became the male sex, took no notice of this side remark.

"I cain't he'p but heah de argyments 'twix' de Majah an' Mis' Buffo'd on de subjic' er drink. Dey wuz at hit nip an' tuck on de po'ch all aft'noon de day befo' de 'lection come off."

"W'y, I didn't know de Majah wuz a drinkin' man."

"He ain't. He don't tetch nothin'—not even beer. Ise heerd him say many a time dat he'd as soon drink a glass o' salts ez beer. But evah sence his boys has been of sizable age he's made a p'int er havin' some liquor in de house. Dey's always a bottle er applejack standin' in de cupbo'd; an' dem boys knows hit's dere. An' no one ain't nevah tol' 'em to tetch hit, er not to tetch hit. Hit's one er de things de Majah an' Ol' Mis' had a un'erstandin' 'bout long 'go. She swallered hit hahd; but she swallered hit anyhow. De Majah say dat ef ary one er his sons evah gits roped an' branded by whisky 'tain't gwine to be 'cause he kep' hit out er dey sight, an' give 'em a itchin' fo' hit. An', fum de kind er young mens dey is now, I don't spec' he'll have no cause to lay 'wake nights 'bout 'em."

"I degrees wid Mis' Buffo'd," said Viney tartly. "You's puttin' timptation right in dem boys' way ef you sets out whisky whar dey kin see hit day an' night. S'posin' one of 'em tecks de notion to gone on an' drink, hit's right whar he kin lay his han's on hit widout steppin' outside er de do' to git hit."

"Well—gre't day!—whut you reckon timptation's fur? You ain't gwine to mek no kind o' man outen a boy ef you runs ahaid er him all de time he's growin' up, shooin' timptation outen his road. How's I'm gwine to learn to resis' timptation ef I ain't 'lowed to meet hit face to face? Dat's whut mek a man's will powah muscledy. I 'members my young marster learnin' me how to swim when I wuz a boy. I wuz holdin' on to a chunk er wood at fust an' practicin' de back kick. 'Leggo er dat log, Peter; leggo er dat log!' hollers my marster. 'I cain't leggo,' I says. 'Ef I does I'll git drowned.' Wid dat he come swimmin' ovah to me an' grabbed dat log fum under me. 'Now swim, you young rapscallion!' he says, whiles I wuz swimmin' an' mighty nigh squallin' my haid off. 'Whut you gwine to do,' he axes me aftahwa'ds, w'en I had done swum to de bank, 'ef dey ain't no log fo' you to grab holt on?'

"Naw; dis heah p'o'bition ain't gwine to stop mens fum gittin' into mischief. W'y, didn't I heah of a man gittin' lit up on liniment oncet w'en he couldn't git rum? Hit seem lak to me dat de Lawd made jes' so many er one kind er folks an' jes' so many er de yuther; an' ev'y oncet in so oftin one er dem sets o' folks gits de notion dat de earth is gwine to run offen hits tracks ef dey don't hustle roun' an' change de ways er de yuther set. Maybe dey's right. I don't know, an' no one ain't gwine to know 'twel Gab'el blows his trumpit on Jedgment Day.

"But I has dis to say 'bout hit: How does we know but whut whisky am one er de things de Lawd put in dis worl' fo' de puppose er testin' ouah will powah—jes' lak de serpient wuz put in de Gyahden o' Edom? An' ef dat am de case, who is I dat Ise got to go an' try to p'vent folks fum havin' hit by votin' 'ginst hit?

"I used to know a man oncet—he wuz a ol' white gen'l'man I stayed wid right aftah de wah—whut ca'ied a li'l' flask er brandy in his pocket. Ev'y oncet in so oftin I'd see him teck dat bottle out an' look at hit, an' den put hit back agin. He seen me lookin' sorter queshionous an' cur'ous at him one day when he done dat. An' heah's whut he tol' me:

"'Peter,' he says, 'I used to be a hahd-drinkin' man in my time. An' when my wife died I tuck de pledge. Ez long ez I couldn't see whisky ner git near hit, I used to have hit on my mind so bad I mighty nigh went crazy. Den I struck on de plan er havin' hit whar I could look at hit ef I wanted to; an' dat's how come I ca'ies dis flask roun'. Ef I gits to thinkin' 'bout hit hahd I takes it outen my hip pocket an' I says to hit: "Heah you is, right in my han'! I kin drink you ef I wants to—ev'y drap in de bottle—'cause Ise got you. But, bein' you's heah, Ise gwine to let you alone."'

"He tol' me he had kep' dat bottle upwa'ds er ten yeahs an' hadn't nevah jerked de cork. You see, not havin' no stoppage put in de way er timptation, dey warn't no timptation fo' to stop."

Uncle Peter took out his pipe and knocked it on the wood beside him.

"Does you reckon you's evah gwine to settle de devil by shuttin' de front gate on him? He's perzackly lak dis heah Bermudy grass we's been tryin' to git outen Mis' Fanny's yahd fo' de las' twenty yeahs. Pull hit up by de roots an' git de groun' all ready fo' blue-grass seed, an' heah come dat pesky Bermudy sproutin' up thoo de dirt, as imp'dent as if hit hadn't nevah been tore up. Clean hit away fum one side er de lawn an' heah hit come up on de yuther. 'Twel you finds out hit ain't a queshion er killin' hit off. De mos' you kin' do am to keep on nippin' de sprouts. Hit's down un'er de sod watchin' an' waitin' fo' ev'y li'l' chancet hit kin git fo' to come thoo de top.

"So dat's whut I tol' Mis' Clinch an' Mis' Fanny an' dem when dey come to me to ax me to vote de p'o'bition ticket. I jes' says to 'em dat I ain't done studyin' de matter ovah, 'cause my mind's bavided on de subjic'."

"Uncle Peter"—Viney rose indignantly and shook the clods of earth from her skirts—"is you mean to tell me dat you wuz axed to vote fo' p'o'bition by Mis' Fanny an' dem, an' you didn't do hit? Ise plum' 'shamed er you; Ise wonderin' whar yo' bringin' up am!"

"Didn't do hit! Who say I didn't do hit? I nevah had no intention er not doin' hit!"

"Den you voted fo' hit?" The severity of Viney's look relaxed somewhat.

"Who? Me? Co'se I voted fo' hit! Me an' Majah Buffo'd, an' Cunnel Slocum, an' Gen'l Beavah—us all voted fo' hit. You see, we-all knows we kin take a li'l' dram now an' den. An' ef p'o'bition come to stay we knows, too, dat hit ain't gwine to do de right kind er folks no hahm to git 'long widout whisky; an' hit ain't gwine to do de wrong kind no good fo' to have hit!"

THE MONKEY GLEN

(Continued from Page 23)

Ratna Ram begged the priest to be seated for the present under the kadamba tree. Rising up, he gathered his utensils of writing and put them in a cotton bag and, with a glance at Skag to follow, left the place, walking toward the city. Skag knew well at this time that his teacher, the scribe, considered the matter at hand as all-exceeding in seriousness. They reached the steps of a deep veranda of an English bungalow; and Skag would have retired, but Ratna Ram would not hear, wishing him to keep a record of this affair.

"It is clear that the priest of Hanuman trusts you—an unheard-of thing," he said; "and my righteousness to him, as well as to the foreigner, must have witness."

He knocked. A full-grown girl came to the door. All life was changed for Skag. . . . The girl saw the shadow on the face of the Pundit and inquired whether he sorrowed with any sorrow.

"Only the sorrow that overshadows this house."

Ratna Ram explained with many words that he had not come in warning, but in equal service for the priests of Hanuman, who wanted the life of her cousin—A. V.—the young stranger from England. The fact that the young man was away from the city this day was lucky for him, because he had shot and wounded a great monkey, the king of his tribe. . . . Also, Ratna Ram told her certain traditions concerning the matter.

In the next few minutes Skag missed nothing, though his surface faculty was merely winding spools compared with the activity of a great sewing machine within. He grasped that A. V. stood for Alfred Vernon, this creature's cousin, a young man recently from England, who had gone to a near village for the day. . . . Yes; A. V. had occasionally gone into the Jungle with a light rifle. Sometimes he had brought in a wild duck or a gray Mahratta hare; once a black-horned gazelle; but usually a parrot, a peacock or a jay. . . . Yes; sometimes he had been gone for hours. . . . Yes; she had told him about the evil and also the danger of shooting monkeys.

Skag now recalled the young person with the rifle—a well-fed, well-groomed, well-educated young Englishman, thoroughly qualified sometime to make a successful civil engineer, and a career and fortune for himself in India.

The girl apparently had not seen Skag so far. The Pundit had called her Carlin Sahibah. And now he informed her that, though the cousin might scoff, it would be only because he was foolish with the foolishness of the ignorant.

"But I do not scoff, I understand," the girl said. "I am only considering swiftly what can be done."

"All is waiting on the death of the great monkey."

The girl's eyes were filled with shadows and great energies also.

"If his life could be saved?"

"Then his life could be saved," the scribe replied briefly; but Skag knew he meant the life of the cousin.

"Is it far?"

"Yes; two hours' walk into the Jungle."

The girl Carlin glanced into the house, which was apparently empty. The burden was upon herself.

"Did one of the priests of Hanuman come to you with this story—just now?" she asked slowly.

"Yes."

"Is he waiting?"

"Yes."

"Will he take me to the wounded one?"

The Pundit considered. Skag felt very sure the priest would do this.

"I will put it before him. It is all that can be done. Your only chance is that the monkey still lives—your cousin's only chance that some ministration of yours may be fortunate enough to save his life."

"Wait; I will go with you to him now."

Skag released his breath deeply when she had reëntered. Apparently she had not seen him so far.

The old priest rose as the three approached the kadamba tree.

"Peace, brother!" the girl said to him.

"Unto thee also peace," he replied.

Skag marveled at the inflections of her voice—low trailing words that awoke at intervals into short staccato utterance. It was all awake and then all alive with feeling. There was not the farthest faintest whimper of hysteria; yet she did not miss the fact the wisest English often miss—that there are certain unwritten laws of

(Continued on Page 85)

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U. S. Pat. No. 1,133,727, April 16, 1915. U. S. Pat. No. 1,216,140, Feb. 13, 191[illegible] Other Patents Pending

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these elder people which are as powerful and unswerving as any mind-polished tablets that have come down to the British Government from Greece and Rome.

It was an hour of marveling to Skag. He saw something he had not seen so far in India—a half-caste who profited by the best of the two peoples. To her face the darker Indian blood was but a redolence. Doubtless it was because of this—some ancient wonder and depth of lineage that Skag had looked twice. He had never looked upon a woman this way before. No array of terms can quite convey the innocence of his admiration. . . . She was tall for a girl—almost eye to eye with him.

He didn't quite follow her words of Hindi, but his mind was running deep and true to hers in meanings. She told the priest that she had come to save her cousin, who never could be made to understand what he had done, even though he lost his life in forfeit. She said the monkey people would be devastated if he paid his life; that the priests of Hanuman would be driven deeper and deeper into the jungles; that her heart was with them in the soundness of understanding, for she was bred of their own people, who hear and understand. She held up a little basket, saying she had brought bandages and lotions, stimulants, nourishments; and had come asking permission to go with the priest now to the wounded one to nurse him with her own strength. . . . Also, she had been taught what can be taught of nursing in one of the great cities of the English.

Skag saw that her scorn for the ignorance that had caused the wound was a true thing; that she felt something of the vague mystery of pity for the monkey people; that she could be very terrible in her rage if she let it loose, but that she loved this stupid cousin also. All Skag's faculties were playing at once; for he perceived, at the same time, that this girl would see many things of life in terms of humor, and it would be good to travel the roads with her because of this. . . . Apparently she had not seen him—Sanford Hantee—to this moment.

The priest weighed her words and spoke coldly, after the manner of those who care for severest truth and none other, saying that members of his order did not reckon with the ephemeral worldly consequences in an affair like this. A monkey king had been shot. The wound was now eating his life away. It was *dusthoor*—unwritten law, which may not be broken—that the life of the hunter should be taken by the priests of Hanuman. Up through the ages this law had not served to devastate the monkey tribes, but rather to protect them.

The girl said gently:

"Let me go to him. . . . Do you not see that I am indeed of this our land, with its very blood in my veins?"

Ratna Ram had taken his seat once more under the kadamba tree. It was early afternoon and the three were traveling through the Jungle. The girl Carlin was always looking ahead—one thing only upon her mind—time and distance and words as clearly obstructions to her as the occasional branches across the path. Once, when Skag fixed a big stone for her to pass dry across a shallow ford, she turned to thank him; but her eyes did not actually fill with any image of himself. He missed nothing—neither the standpoint of the priest nor of the English, nor the vantage of this girl who stood between.

It was a queer breathless day for him, altogether to his liking, but more intense than he understood. The girl's lithe power, the tirelessness of her stride, the quick grace, low voice and steady shaded eyes, full of full of ——

Skag hadn't the word at hand. Cadman Sahib would know. . . . That look of the eyes seldom went with young faces, Skag reflected; in fact, he had only found it before in old mothers and old nurses and old physicians. Certainly it had to do with forgetting oneself in service.

The priest began to talk or chant as he strode along. It was neither speech nor song. It did not bring the younger two closer together, though they saw that monkeys followed from time to time up in their tree lanes.

At times, when Skag dropped behind, he wondered why the girl did not see the things that delighted him—a pool of the river especially sparkling; the gleam of damp rocks; the velvet moss with restless etchings of sunbeam. Yet he knew it was only to-day that she looked past these things; that these really were her things; that she belonged to the Jungle, not to the house. . . . She must greatly love this stupid cousin. . . . Skag never tired of watching the firm light tread of her—like the step of one who starts out to win a race. . . . There was jubilant music of a waterfall—so that the priest reverently stopped his chanting.

Then they came to the rock that marked the end of the journey; and the second priest rose, his eye glancing past Skag and Carlin to the eye of his fellow of the order of Hanuman. For an instant the silence was of an intensity that hurt.

"Is he—is he ——" Carlin began.

The priest who had brought them answered, though there had been no words:

"No; the king yet lives."

Under the shadow of the overleaning rock, stretched on fresh wet leaves, the monkey was lying. His eyes were bright, but a thin haze of fever was over them; thin gray lips parted and parched, a congealed look about the mouth. His panting was light and quick and painful. There was not enough life working in him for him to be afraid as Carlin leaned over; but there was a queer sound and forward movement in the overhanging branches, a sort of swift breathless shifting of the monkeys.

She opened the little basket of bottles and surgical dressings. Skag watched her face as she first laid her hand on the monkey's head. He saw the thrill of horror and understood it well, for this was alien flesh her hand touched—not like the flesh of horse or dog or cow, which is all animal. She struggled with a second revulsion, but put it away. She found the wound in the shoulder and asked for hot water, which a priest hurriedly prepared and brought in an earthen pot. She bathed the wound and from a little vial she placed drops of some liquid upon his dry lips, doubtless to reduce the fever.

The tree man was too full of alien suffering to be cognizant, except distantly, of the things going on; but the great test was now when under her hands appeared a little instrument of jointed steel. . . . She was talking to him softly, as to a sick child. He drew a quick breath; then there was a low cry from him, but no anger. The whole forest above seemed to quiver with a suffocating interest, monkeys ever pressing nearer. Skag saw one little brown hairy hand stretch forth—twisting as if to bury its thumb—and lay hold of Carlin's dress. . . . Then there was a sigh from him, like a whip of air when a spring is released, and Skag saw the bullet in the grip of the instrument.

It was held before him. She dropped it in Skag's hand, thinking it was the priest's. . . . Then she dressed the wound, giving medicine and nourishment until the tree man slept.

Skag saw that the afternoon was spent.

In the lull Carlin appeared to have no thought of going back to the city. The younger priest made her comfortable with many dry leaves. Skag brought the butt of a log for her to lean against. For the first time she appeared to notice that he was not one of the priests of Hanuman. . . . She did not speak. Dusk was falling. At intervals she would look into his face. The priests brought fruit and chupatties.

Delicate sounds of a wide stillness began to steal across the dusk. The creatures of the jungle crept out from their lairs and called to one another. Away down toward the river a tiger coughed, and there was a shiver of horror along the branches above them where the monkeys sat; but only a few ran away. The priests had merely glanced at each other. Carlin had not seemed to hear.

Three torches were kept blazing, and by their light the girl gave medicine and nourishment to the wounded one from time to time. She did not speak to Skag, who often sat before her for an interval; but she would occasionally look into his face, her eyes dwelling with curious calm upon him. She was holding fast to her concentration upon the task.

In the morning the wounded one was more frightened than yesterday, which was a sign that the numbing of fever was less. That day the suffering wore down upon him, and they brought wet leaves as the sun rose higher and kept them changed beneath him for coolness. The fever left him after the heat of that day. Not until then did Carlin look upon Skag and speak at the same time.

"Have I seen you before? . . . Who are you?"

When Skag heard himself speaking in answer he realized his voice had something in it he had never known before.

That night the monkey breathed lightly and easily. His body was not hot. In the morning Carlin laughed. The younger priest presently went to the village for food, carrying two messages to be delivered to Ratna Ram—one from Carlin for her people; one from Skag for Cadman Sahib. And that afternoon the turn of the monkey's condition for the better was decisive; so the elder priest said unequivocally:

"He will live."

"Yes," Carlin repeated softly.

"But you don't seem glad," Skag said presently.

She was looking back toward the city.

"I was wondering whether I could make them see what it means to spend the afternoon in the Jungle with a rifle."

"Couldn't they understand that this work of yours means you have delivered your cousin from death?"

"Oh, no; they would laugh at that. They would tell me I am half mad, reminding me that I have always been strange. Even if they took the life of my cousin, they would not learn the lesson. It would be called an act of fanatics and all the priests would suffer, and all the monkey peoples."

Skag could see that.

"Why do you not leave them?"

"Oh, I do not hate my people. I have many brothers, real men; and then, you must know the English Government does many wonderful things."

They were starting back toward the city, leaving the two priests for the present. Most strangely, like no one Skag had ever met, Carlin could see the native and the English side of things. He felt that Cadman would say this of her too. He wanted sanction on such things, because he felt that already his judgment was not cold on matters that concerned her. Everything about her was more than one expected. The word half-caste in its current use implied all that she was not. To Carlin it seemed to mean an open consciousness, which saw two or all sides of a question before speech.

A great weakness had come upon Skag. It was in his limbs and in his voice and in his mind. It had not been so when the priests were near or when there was work to do. Now they were alone; the Jungle was vast with a new vastness. The girl Carlin was taller and more powerful—her sayings veritable, equitable. There were golden flashes among the rich shadows of her mind, like the cathedral dimness of the Jungle on their right as they walked, slanting shafts of sunlight raining through.

They walked slowly. Skag reflected that since his first sight of the sambar he had watched and done nothing. All his life had been like that. Yet this girl watched and worked too. She loved the English and the native too. She had skilled hands, a trained body, a cultured mind—certainly a wonderful mind, as full of wonder as this Jungle with a sacred river flowing through it.

Moreover, she could ask questions like Cadman, but of a different kind—not facts so much as the spirit of things. He told her of his mother; of his running away from school when he first saw the animals at Lincoln Park Zoo; how they enveloped him, so that he thought of nothing but them, lived only for animals later as a circus trainer, and had come to India to see the life of the wild creatures outside of cages. His tongue fumbled in the telling.

"But I do not yet see how the priests of Hanuman let you go with them."

"Nor I," said Skag.

"They must know you are not an animal killer."

They walked rather slowly. Night was upon them when they reached the edge of the Jungle and heard voices. The back of Skag's hand nearest Carlin was swiftly touched and she whispered breathlessly:

"It is my people. They are coming for me. Good-by!"

The last few words had been just for him. A man always knows when that happens the first time; when he first shares the central point from which the woman looks out at her world and all relatives. The words had been just for him; the tone might have come up from the center of himself.

Skag was alone, but he did not hurry to find Cadman. There was more in the solitude than ever before; more mystery in the Jungle; more in the dusty smells of the open roads after the cattle had passed. Greater than all, in spite of all doubting and realization of insignificance, there was unquestionably more in himself.

Early the next morning Skag was abroad in the city and saw the two priests of Hanuman come for conference with Ratna Ram. They raised their hands in silent greeting as he approached and immediately rose and turned toward Carlin's bungalow. Skag was glad to follow when they signified he might, for the thing at hand was his own deep concern. There was a catch in his throat as Carlin hastily appeared on the veranda. Her eyes met Skag's before she spoke to the priests:

"Have you come to take me back? Does he need me? Is he worse?"

The elder man spoke for both, as is the custom:

"Peace be on thee, thou of gentle voice and skillful hands! We greet thee in the name of Hanuman; and are come not to take thee again to the king of the monkey people but to render up to thee the forfeit life, even according to our covenant; for thou hast saved the wounded king and he will not die. Behold the cloth with the shape of the foreigner's sign in it. This we held for a token that the foreigner's life was ours; this we render now to thee; his life is thine and not ours."

And the old man laid the silk kerchief at Carlin's feet.

Skag had thought the danger was over late yesterday, but he saw that the young Englishman's life, held in ransom, had only just now formally been returned to the girl.

That forenoon was the time to Skag of the great tension. Carlin had stood for a moment longer than necessary on the veranda after the priests had turned away. It was as if she would speak; but that might signify anything or nothing. It was just a point that made the hours more breathless now, like the sentence of quick low tones last night when the voices of her people were heard at the edge of the Jungle. Were these everything or nothing—glamour or life-lock? Often he remembered that her eyes had sought his to-day, even before looking to the priests for news.

He stood at the edge of the Jungle at high noon. The city was filmed in heat. Faint sounds from it seemed to come out of the sky. Skag was watching one certain road. The trance of stillness was not broken. He turned back into the green shade. . . . He would not delay in Hurda. He would not linger. To-night he would say to Cadman Sahib that he was ready to leave. His friend had been ready for some days. Yet about going there was a new and intolerable pain.

Skag forced himself back from the clearing. He felt less than himself with his eyes fixed upon that certain road; a man always does when he wants something terribly. Still he did not enter the deep Jungle. At last he heard a step. He turned very slowly; not at all like a man to whom the greatest thing of all has happened. . . . Carlin was saying:

"I heard their voices in the house this morning when you came. I knew they were listening; so I could not speak. . . . Something—I don't know what—keeps growing; something about our work in the Jungle. I want to go to the Monkey Glen again—now."

It was like unimaginable riches. There were moments in which Skag had counterpart thoughts for hers in his own mind; as if she spoke from another lobe of his own brain. Her words expressed himself.

"I thought you would be here," she told him presently. "I wanted to see you again."

She was flushed from crossing the broad area tranced in noon heat, and now the green cool of the Jungle was sweet to her, and they were close together, but not walking so slowly as last night.

Loneliness came to them when they reached the empty place where the wounded one had lain in the shelter of the rock. They felt queerly excluded from something that had belonged to them. All the wide branches above were empty. Still, that was only one breath of chill. Tides of life brimmed high between them; they had vast mercies to spare for outer sorrows.

"He may not have done so well after being moved," she whispered.

Skag was thinking of the cough he had heard. The monkeys had understood that well. . . . Just now the younger of the

two priests of Hanuman appeared magically. There was quiet friendliness deep in his calm desireless eyes.

"All is well," he told them. "They have carried their king to a yet more secret place, where we may not bring any ——" He did not finish that sentence, but added: "Only we who serve them may go there. All is well. They would not have moved him had they not sure knowledge that life again was fixed in him."

The priest did not linger. Then Carlin wanted to know everything—how India had called Skag at the very first. . . . Was it all Jungle and animal interest? Or was he not called a little to the holy men? Did he not yearn to help in the great famine and fever districts; long to enter the deep depravities of the lower cities with healing, and to reach the mystic brotherhood of Vindhya if possible?

Skag had listened in a kind of passion. Wonderful unfoldment in regard to these things had come to him from Cadman Sahib; but as Carlin touched upon them they loomed up in his mind like the slow approach to cities from a desert. Carlin's eyes, turned often to his, were like all the shadows of the Jungle gathered to two points of essential dark and pinned by a star veiled in its own light.

"I thought only the wild animals called to me; but now I know better," he said. "And my friend Cadman has opened so much to make me understand. He often speaks of the holy men until one has to be interested."

Carlin halted and drew back, looking at him with a kind of still strength all her own.

"You do not know that the natives think you are something of the kind?"

"I! A holy man?"

"I heard them speak of you last night. You see, they have heard of your deliverances of the people."

Skag was learning how wonderfully news travels in India.

"Of course it was all easy to believe after what I saw."

"What did you see?" he asked.

"That the two priests of Hanuman permitted you to follow them here—deep into this Monkey Glen."

Then Carlin repeated what Cadman had said—that the priests make no mistake in these things. . . . Presently Skag was listening to accounts of Carlin's life. He was insatiable to hear all. In some moments of the telling it was like a phantom part of himself that he was questing for through her words. Again, he saw a lithe flying sun-darkened child or girl in stories running from the Vindhyas to the Western Ghats touching plain and height and shore—but not yet the High Himalayas; touching Grass Jungle and Tree Jungle, civil station, railroad station and cantonment; stories including a succession of marvelous names of cities and men; intimations that many great servants of India and England were of her name; that she had seven living brothers, all older, all at work over India.

Finally Skag heard that Carlin had spent eight years in Europe studying nursing, medicine and surgery; and that the natives called her the Gul Moti, which means the Rose Pearl; and often added Hakima to it, which means Physician.

When they came back to the edge of the Jungle again it was the hour of afterglow. Its colors entered into him and were always afterward identified with her. Carlin left him laughingly, abruptly, and Skag was so full of the wonder of all the world that he had not thought to ask whether he would ever see her again.

As night came on Skag thought more and more of the parting, and that there had been no words about Carlin's coming again. He felt himself living breathlessly toward the thought of seeing her; and it was not long before this fervor itself awoke within him a counter resistance. Manifestly this pain and yearning and tension were not the way to the full secret. As carefully stated before, Skag approved emphatically of the Now.

The present moving point was the best he had had at any given time. He thought a man should forget himself in the Now—like the animals.

He knew that pain is weakness—the pain of waiting even. He knew that pain has its one good point—of showing up the weakness. One must recognize a fault before he can deal with it. . . . Yet the hours tortured and that night had little sleep for him; and the marvels of Carlin—face and voice, laugh, heart, hand—grew upon him, contrary to all precedent. This was a battle against all the wild animals rolled into one; most terribly a battle because there seemed such a beauty about the yearning the girl awoke in him.

He was abroad early next day. The thought had come that she might find him in the Jungle at noon, or soon afterward, as yesterday. As the dragging forenoon wore on Skag was in fighting tension. He hated himself for this; but the fact stubbornly remained that all he cared for in the world was the meeting again. It seemed greater than himself—this agony of separation. It brought all fears and self-diminishing. It told him that Carlin would run from him, if she knew he wanted her presence so. He knew that her kind of women love self-conquest—the mastery that commanded the tiger in the pit; the man who could powerfully wait and not be victimized by his own emotions.

So it was that Skag fled from himself when there was still half an hour before noon. He could not meet her, longing like this. He knew, somehow, deep within his soul what most men have not yet learned—that no matter how much a woman might be flattered by the furious impetuosity of a lover, it is only the power to wait and contain and surpass time and space, if need be, which awakens the reverence she must give to him who is to be her great and enduring one.

There was sweat on Skag's forehead as his limbs quickened away from the place of meeting yesterday. The more he left it behind, the more sure he became that Carlin would come. It seemed he was casting away the only dear and holy thing he had ever known. Yet it resolved to this: He dared not stand before her with his heart beating as if he had run for miles and his chest suffocating with emotions—the very features of his face uncertain, his voice unreliable.

If a man entered the cage of a strange tiger as little on top of himself as this it would be taking his life in his own silly hands. Skag couldn't get past this point, and he had a romantic adjustment in his mind about Carlin and the tiger—one all his own.

Deeper and deeper into the Jungle he went along the sacred river, but all paths appeared to lead him to the Monkey Glen; and there he sat down at last and he remembered all that Alec Binz had told him about handling himself in relation to handling animals, and all that Cadman Sahib had told him from the lips of the wise men of India. But all Skag could find was pain—rising, thickening clouds of pain.

He kept seeing her continually as she entered the Jungle—walking so silently and swiftly, her face flushed from crossing the open space this side of the city in the terrible heat of noon—and then not finding him there. Something about this hurt like degrading a sacred thing, but he didn't mean to. He repeated that he didn't mean to hurt her.

Then suddenly it occurred to him that it was all his own thinking about her coming at noon. There had been no word about it. She might not have thought of coming again. This was like a cold breath through the Jungle. It was as intolerable as the other thought of her disappointment.

There was an almost indistinguishable slithering of soft pads in the branches. Skag looked up suddenly and the air seemed jerked with a concussion of the start. The monkeys were back. They had been watching; the branches were filling. When he looked the whole party jerked in nervous accord.

Skag laughed. It was good. There was but one formulated thought—that Carlin would be glad to hear this; she would appreciate this. The return of the people had a deep significance to Skag, because he had really first seen the wonder of Carlin just here, while she had worked over the wounded one; and the immediate tree lanes were filled with watchers in suffocating tension then. It was curiosity now—nothing covered, but playful.

Skag wished he could chant like the priests for the monkey folk. He wished he had many baskets of chupatties to spread out upon the rock for them. . . . As he sat, face upturned, he heard that tiger cough again.

The monkeys huddled a second—a reign of panic; then began to streak off. It was like the swift blowing away, one by one, of the top papers of a deep pile on a desk.

Skag was now essentially absorbed. It couldn't be a mistake. The monkeys knew. He himself knew from days and nights with the big cats. There was no cough just like that. It was from a different direction now—back toward the city this time; but, as before, it was muffled and close down to the river bed.

Nothing of the cub was left in that cough; neither was there hurry or hunger, or any particular rage or fear. A big beast finishing a sleep down in some sandy niche by the river; a solitary beast, full of years, a bit drowsy just at this moment, and in no particular rush to take up the hunt. Such was the picture that came to Skag with a keen kind of enjoyment. The thrill had lifted his misery for a minute. This was something to cope with. It took away his heartbreaking sense of inadequacy.

It wasn't the thrill of a hunt that animated Skag. The fact is, he hadn't even a six-shooter along. This was the closeness of the real thing again—the deep joy, perhaps, of testing outside of cages once more the power that had never failed. And just now—along the river and beyond the place from which the cough had come—Carlin was coming!

The last of the monkeys had flicked away. Skag rose and held his hand high, palm toward her. She beckoned, but still came forward. Skag moved without haste, but rapidly. He had something! All the beauty and wonder of Carlin was the same; it lived in his heart, integrate and unparalleled as ever, but some power had come to him from the cough of the tiger. Round all the fear—for her life, even—was the one splendid thing—that she had followed him in to the Monkey Glen!

She was nearing the place where the cough had come from; yet Skag did not run. A second time he held up his hand, palm outward; but still she came forward, laughing.

"You ran from me! You wanted to know whether I would come?" she said breathlessly.

"No; I did not think of your coming so far—to-day."

Skag had stepped between her and the river, turning her toward the city; but Carlin drew back.

"I have come so far; I want to go to our—to the Monkey Glen!"

She was watching him strangely. Skag understood something at that moment—that he might know of Carlin's delight through her eyes, of all joy and good which he might bring; but that he should never know from her eyes if he brought hurt. Skag put this back into the deep place of his mind.

"All right! We'll go back," he said. "They were here—the whole nation. Just a minute ago they swung away."

He saw for an instant her wonderment that he had come alone. She would have been very glad to see the troop again. She could not quite see why she should have missed this; she did not understand his words—that he had not expected her to follow into the Glen.

She was sitting down on her own log; but he stood. Skag was impelled to speak. The need had now to do with one of his favorite words. It was a matter of equity that he should speak. The words came in a slow ordered tone:

"I was waiting for you there—back at the edge of the Jungle; but it came to me that I was not ready."

Carlin had been looking away into the tree lanes. Her eyes came up to his.

"Not ready?" she said.

"All night I could only remember one thing."

"What thing?"

"That you had not told me you would come again."

Carlin's shoulders lifted a little. She cleared her throat, saying:

"I thought of it too."

"This morning the idea occurred to me that you might come to the Jungle at noon—like yesterday; but the hours wouldn't pass after that. I met something different, which would not be quiet."

"Where?"

"I mean in myself."

Carlin's lips pursed roundly, as if she were about to whistle; but, instead, she said.

"Oh!"

"It would not rest. I could not wait in calm. I was afraid you wouldn't come; yet I was afraid of your coming. My face worked of its own accord, and my words would not say what I knew ——"

"When was that?"

"It was worse when I reached the Jungle a little before noon and began to watch for you."

"And you ran away—you ran away?"

"I was not good to look upon."

"But you are not like that now. You are even cold; so controlled now—like blue ice."

Skag turned his eyes slowly back along the path by the river.

"I am better now."

"I wonder if anyone—I mean white men—ever thought of running away like that. They would run to the thing; they ——"

"It is not a good feeling to be at the mercy of oneself," Skag said.

Carlin caught a quick breath. And just about that instant she forgot herself! There was a steadiness in his eyes that made her think of High Himalayas, which she had not yet seen but dreamed of much. It was steadier than anything she knew. The light of it was so high and keen that it seemed still beyond vibration—a still strength.

"Nothing like this has happened before," he said quietly.

Carlin rose.

Their eyes met, level.

"Everything is changed," he went on. "It was like a grief that you were not here when the monkeys came in. . . . I'm not right. I did not know before—that a girl was part of me. It was all animals before. I'm not ready; but I will be. You are good to listen; but really you had to."

Carlin let her lids fall a second; her eyeballs ached.

"I mean I couldn't stop when it started."

There was silence before he finished:

"I know everything better. I know all the creatures better—all the cries they make. And yet I'm less—I'm only half ——"

It was then her hand came out to him.

"Does it mean anything to you?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Does it mean everything to you—too?"

Her voice trailed. It was closer. It was everywhere. It was like a voice coming up from his own heart:

"Yes; everything—especially because you could run away. . . . I could not stay back—feeling like that. . . . Oh, don't you see I had to follow—away in here? I had to come to you."

They were walking back among the shadows, Skag closer to the river. He looked back at last, with a smile. . . . The night was coming with a richness they had never seen—tinted shadows of amethyst, orange and deep rose almost a living gleam to the colors, the evening air cool and sweet.

Carlin told him that all her great family must understand and be considered and give approval; that a man could not come and take her in India as he would in America. . . . First of all, there was an eldest brother in Poona who must be seen and give consent. . . . The arrangements must be made with him. Skag said he would go to Poona at once.

They were lingering now at the edge of the Jungle. The dry air of the open space blew to them with the smell of distant cattle coming in.

"And I will wait here," Carlin was saying. "You may be gone many days. You may not find him at once, and you will have to wait at Poona; but I shall know when you come.

"The train coming up is before noon. Listen: You will not find me at the bungalow. No; that would not be the way for us. . . . This will be perfect! I shall be waiting for you at our trysting place—back in the Monkey Glen."

Skag laughed.

"It is the perfect thought; but you must not go back there alone," he said. "I had not meant to tell you now, but it was that which made me steady—a tiger back there! He gave me nerve for your coming: a good turn it was—the most needful moment in a man's life to bring his nerve to him. . . . Yes; a tiger was lying down on the river margin as we talked; so do not go in deeper when I am away. . . . And on the day I come meet me here, at the edge of the Jungle; and we will go in there to our place—together."

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of stories by Mr. Comfort and Mr. Dost. The third will appear in an early issue.

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A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS

(Continued from Page 27)

"What's all this?"

George liked policemen. He knew the way to treat them. His voice, when he replied, had precisely the correct note of respectful deference which the force likes to hear.

"I really couldn't say, officer," he said with just that air of having in a time of trouble found a kind elder brother to help him out of his difficulties, which made the constable his ally on the spot. "I was standing here, when this man suddenly made his extraordinary attack on me. I wish you would ask him to go away."

The policeman tapped the stout young man on the shoulder.

"This won't do, you know!" he said austerely. "This sort o' thing won't do 'ere, you know!"

"Take your hands off me!" snorted Percy.

A frown appeared on the Olympian brow. Jove reached for his thunderbolts.

"'Ullo! 'Ullo! 'Ullo!" he said in a shocked voice, as of a god defied by a mortal. "'Ullo! 'Ullo! 'Ul-lo!"

His fingers fell on Percy's shoulder again, but this time not in a mere warning tap. They rested where they fell, in an iron clutch.

"It won't do, you know!" he said. "This sort o' thing won't do!"

Madness came upon the stout young man. Common prudence and the lessons of a carefully taught youth fell from him like a garment. With an incoherent howl he wriggled round and punched the policeman smartly in the stomach.

"Ho!" quoth the outraged officer, suddenly becoming human. His left hand removed itself from the belt, and he got a businesslike grip on his adversary's collar. "Well, you come along with me!"

It was amazing. The thing had happened in such an incredibly brief space of time. One moment, it seemed to George, he was the center of a nasty row in one of the most public spots in London; the next, the focus had shifted; he had ceased to matter, and the entire attention of the metropolis was focused on his late assailant, as, urged by the arm of the law, he made that journey to Vine Street Police Station which so many a better man than he had trod.

George watched the pair as they moved up the Haymarket, followed by a growing and increasingly absorbed crowd; then he turned into the hotel.

"This," he said to himself, "is the middle of a perfect day! And I thought London dull!"

V

GEORGE awoke next morning with a misty sense that somehow the world had changed. As the last remnants of sleep left him he was aware of a vague excitement. Then he sat up in bed with a jerk. He had remembered that he was in love.

There was no doubt about it. A curious happiness pervaded his entire being. He felt young and active. Everything was emphatically for the best in this best of all possible worlds. The sun was shining. Even the sound of someone in the street below whistling one of his old compositions, of which he had heartily sickened twelve months before, was pleasant to his ears; and this in spite of the fact that the unseen whistler only touched the key in odd spots and had a poor memory for tunes. George sprang lightly out of bed and turned on the cold tap in the bathroom. While he lathered his face for its morning shave he beamed at himself in the mirror.

It had come at last. The Real Thing.

George had never been in love before—not really in love. True, from the age of fifteen, he had been in varying degrees of intensity attracted sentimentally by the opposite sex. Indeed, at that period of life of which Mr. Booth Tarkington has written so searchingly—the age of seventeen—he had been in love with practically every female he met and with dozens whom he had only seen in the distance; but ripening years had mellowed his taste and robbed him of that fine romantic catholicity. During the last five years women had left him more or less cold. It was the nature of his profession that had largely brought about this cooling of the emotions. To a man who, like George, has worked year in and year out at the composition of musical comedies, woman comes to lose many of those attractive qualities which ensnare the ordinary male. To George, of late years, it had begun to seem that the salient feature of woman as a sex was her disposition to kick. For five years he had been wandering in a world of women, many of them beautiful, all of them superficially attractive, who had left no other impress on his memory except the vigor and frequency with which they had kicked. Some had kicked about their musical numbers, some about their love scenes, some had grumbled about their exit lines, others about the lines of their second-act frocks. They had kicked in a myriad differing ways—wrathfully, sweetly, noisily, softly, smilingly, tearfully, pathetically and patronizingly; but they had all kicked, with the result that woman had now become to George not so much a flaming inspiration or a tender goddess as something to be dodged—tactfully if possible, but if not possible, by open flight. For years he had dreaded to be left alone with a woman, and had developed a habit of gliding swiftly away when he saw one bearing down on him.

The psychological effect of such a state of things is not difficult to realize. Take a man of naturally quixotic temperament, a man of chivalrous instincts and a feeling for romance, and cut him off for five years from the exercise of those qualities, and you get an accumulated store of foolishness only comparable to an escape of gas in a sealed room or a cellarful of dynamite. A flicker of a match, and there is an explosion.

This girl's tempestuous irruption into his life had supplied the flame for George. Her bright eyes, looking into his, had touched off the spiritual trinitrotoluol which he had been storing up for so long. Up in the air in a million pieces had gone the prudence and self-restraint of a lifetime. And there he was, as desperately in love as any troubadour of the Middle Ages.

It was not till he had finished shaving and was testing the temperature of his bath with a shrinking toe that the realization came over him in a wave that, though he might be in love, the fairway of love was dotted with more bunkers than any golf course he had ever played on in his life. In the first place, he did not know the girl's name. In the second place, it seemed practically impossible that he would ever see her again. Even in the midst of his optimism George could not deny that these facts might reasonably be considered in the nature of obstacles.

He went back into his bedroom and sat on the bed. This thing wanted thinking over.

He was not depressed, only a little thoughtful. His faith in his luck sustained him. He was, he realized, in the position of a man who has made a supreme drive from the tee and finds his ball near the green but in a cuppy lie. He had gained much; it now remained for him to push his success to the happy conclusion. The driver of luck must be replaced by the spoon—or possibly the niblick—of ingenuity. To fail now, to allow this girl to pass out of his life merely because he did not know who she was or where she was, would stamp him a feeble adventurer. A fellow could not expect luck to do everything for him. He must supplement its assistance with his own efforts.

What had he to go on? Well, nothing much, if it came to that, except the knowledge that she lived some two hours by train out of London and that her journey started from Waterloo Station. What would Sherlock Holmes have done? Concentrated thought supplied no answer to the question; and it was at this point that the cheery optimism with which he had begun the day left George and gave place to a gray gloom. A dreadful phrase, haunting in its pathos, crept into his mind. Ships that pass in the night! It might easily turn out that way. Indeed, thinking over the affair in all its aspects as he dried himself after his tub, George could not see how it could possibly turn out any other way.

He dressed moodily, and left the room to go down to breakfast. Breakfast would at least alleviate this sinking feeling which was unmanning him. And he could think more briskly after a cup or two of coffee.

He opened the door. On the mat outside lay a letter. The handwriting was feminine. It was also in pencil and strange to him. He opened the envelope.

"Dear Mr. Bevan," it began.

With a sudden leap of the heart he looked at the signature.

The letter was signed "The Girl in the Cab."

"*Dear Mr. Bevan:* I hope you won't think me very rude, running off without waiting to say good-by. I had to. I saw Percy driving up in a cab, and knew that he must have followed us. He did not see me, so I got away all right. I managed splendidly about the money, for I remembered that I was wearing a nice brooch, and stopped on the way to the station to pawn it.

"Thank you ever so much again for all your wonderful kindness.

"Yours,

"THE GIRL IN THE CAB."

George read the note twice on the way down to the breakfast room and three times more during the meal; then, having committed its contents to memory down to the last comma, he gave himself up to glowing thoughts.

"The Constable Said: 'Well! Well! Well!' and Marched Him to a Dungeon Cell"

What a girl! He had never in his life before met a woman who could write a letter without a postscript, and this was but the smallest of her unusual gifts. The resource of her, to think of pawning that brooch! The sweetness of her to bother to send him a note! More than ever before was he convinced that he had met his ideal, and more than ever before was he determined that a triviality like being unaware of her name and address should not keep him from her. It was not as if he had no clew to go upon. He knew that she lived two hours from London and started home from Waterloo. It narrowed the thing down absurdly. There were only about three counties in which she could possibly live; and a man must be a poor fellow who is incapable of searching through a few small counties for the girl he loves. Especially a man with luck like his.

Luck is a goddess not to be coerced and forcibly wooed by those who seek her favors. From such masterful spirits she turns away. But it happens sometimes that, if we put our hand in hers with the humble trust of a little child, she will have pity on us and not fail us in our hour of need. On George, hopefully waiting for something to turn up, she smiled almost immediately.

It was George's practice, when he lunched alone, to relieve the tedium of the meal with the assistance of reading matter in the shape of one or more of the evening papers. To-day, sitting down to a solitary repast at the Piccadilly Grillroom, he had brought with him an early edition of the Evening News. And one of the first items which met his eye was the following, embodied in a column on one of the inner pages devoted to humorous comments in prose and verse on the happenings of the day. This particular happening the writer had apparently considered worthy of being dignified by rime. It was headed:

THE PEER AND THE POLICEMAN

"Outside the Carlton, 'tis averred, these stirring happenings occurred. The hour, 'tis said—and no one doubts—was half-past two, or thereabouts. The day was fair, the sky was blue, and everything was peaceful, too, when suddenly a well-dressed gent engaged in heated argument and roundly to abuse began another well-dressed gentleman. His suède-gloved fist he raised on high to dot the other in the eye. Who knows what horrors might have been, had there not come upon the scene old London city's favorite son, Policeman C-231? 'What means this conduct? Prithee stop!' exclaimed that admirable slop. With which he placed a warning hand upon the brawler's collar band. We simply hate to tell the rest. No subject here for flippant jest. The mere remembrance of the tale has made our ink turn deadly pale. Let us be brief. Some demon sent stark madness on the well-dressed gent. He gave the constable a punch just where the latter kept his lunch. The constable said: 'Well! Well! Well!' and marched him to a dungeon cell. At Vine Street Station out it came—Lord Belpher was the culprit's name. But British justice is severe alike on pauper and on peer; with even hand she holds the scale; a thumping fine, in lieu of jail, induced Lord B. to feel remorse and learn he mustn't punch the force."

George's mutton chop congealed on the plate untouched. The French-fried potatoes cooled off, unnoticed. This was no time for food. Rightly indeed had he relied upon his luck. It had stood by him nobly. With this clew all was over except getting to the nearest free library and consulting Burke's Peerage. He paid his check and left the restaurant.

Ten minutes later he was drinking in the pregnant information that Belpher was the family name of the Earl of Marshmoreton, and that the present earl had one son, Percy Wilbraham Marsh, *educ* Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, and what the book with its customary curtness called one *d*—Patricia Maud. The family seat, said Burke, was Belpher Castle, Belpher, Hants.

Some hours later, seated in a first-class compartment of a train that moved slowly out of Waterloo Station, George watched London vanish behind him. In the pocket closest to his throbbing heart was a one-way ticket to Belpher.

VI

AT ABOUT the time that George Bevan's train was leaving Waterloo, a gray racing car drew up with a grinding of brakes and a sputter of gravel in front of the main entrance of Belpher Castle. The slim and elegant young man at the wheel removed his goggles, pulled out a watch, and addressed the stout young man at his side:

"Two hours and eighteen minutes from Hyde Park Corner, Boots. Not so dusty, what?"

His companion made no reply. He appeared to be plunged in thought. He, too, removed his goggles, revealing a florid and gloomy face, equipped, in addition to the usual features, with a small mustache and an extra chin. He scowled forbiddingly at the charming scene which the goggles had hidden from him.

Before him, a symmetrical mass of gray-stone and green ivy, Belpher Castle towered against a light-blue sky. On either side rolling park land spread as far as the eye could see, carpeted here and there with violets, dotted with great oaks and ashes and Spanish chestnuts, orderly, peaceful and English. Nearer, on his left, were rose gardens, in the center of which, tilted at a sharp angle, appeared the seat of a pair of corduroy trousers, whose wearer seemed to be engaged in hunting for snails. Thrushes sang in the green shrubberies; rooks cawed in the elms. Somewhere in the distance sounded the tinkle of sheep bells and the lowing of cows. It was, in fact, a scene which, lit by the evening sun of a perfect spring day and fanned by a gentle westerly wind, should have brought balm and soothing meditations to one who was the sole heir to all this paradise.

But Percy, Lord Belpher, remained uncomforted by the notable coöperation of man and Nature, and drew no solace from the reflection that all these pleasant things would one day be his own. His mind was occupied at the moment, to the exclusion of all other thoughts, by the recollection of that painful scene in Bow Street Police Court. The magistrate's remarks, which had been tactless and unsympathetic, still echoed in his ears. And that infernal night in Vine Street Police Station . . . the darkness . . . the hard bed . . . the discordant vocalizing of the drunk and disorderly in the next cell! Time might soften these memories, might lessen the sharp agony of them; but nothing could remove them altogether.

Percy had been shaken to the core of his being. Physically, he was still stiff and sore from the plank bed. Mentally, he was a volcano. He had been marched up the Haymarket in the full sight of all London by a bounder of a policeman. He had been talked to like an erring child by a magistrate whom nothing could convince that he had not been under the influence of alcohol at the moment of his arrest. The man had said things about his liver, kindly beware-in-time-and-pull-up-before-it-is-too-late things, which would have seemed to Percy indecently frank if spoken by his medical adviser in the privacy of the sick chamber. It is, perhaps, not to be wondered at that Belpher Castle, for all its beauty of scenery and architecture, should have left Lord Belpher a little cold. He was seething with a fury which the conversation of Reggie Byng had done nothing to allay in the course of the journey from London. Reggie was the last person he would willingly have chosen as a companion in his hour of darkness. Reggie was not soothing. He would insist on addressing him by his old Eton nickname of Boots, which Percy detested. And all the way down he had been breaking out at intervals into ribald comments on the recent unfortunate occurrence which were very hard to hear.

He resumed this vein as they alighted and rang the bell.

"This," said Reggie, "is rather like a bit out of a melodrama. Convict son totters up the steps of the old home and punches the bell. What awaits him beyond? Forgiveness? Or the raspberry? True, the white-haired butler, who knew him as a child, will sob on his neck, but what of the old dad? How will dad take the blot on the family escutcheon?"

Lord Belpher's scowl deepened. "It's not a joking matter," he said coldly.

"Great heavens, I'm not joking! How could I have the heart to joke at a moment like this, when the friend of my youth has suddenly become a social leper ——"

"I wish to goodness you would stop."

"Do you think it is any pleasure to me to be seen about with a man who is now known in criminal circles as Percy, the Piccadilly Policeman Puncher? I keep a brave face before the world, but inwardly I burn with shame and agony and what not."

The great door of the castle swung open, revealing Keggs, the butler. He was a man of reverend years, portly and dignified, with a respectfully benevolent face that beamed gravely on the young master and Mr. Byng, as if their coming had filled his cup of pleasure. His light, slightly protruding eyes expressed reverential good will. He gave just that touch of cosy humanity to the scene which the hall with its half lights and massive furniture needed to make it perfect to the returned wanderer. He seemed to be intimating that this was a moment to which he had looked forward long, and that from now on quiet happiness would reign supreme. It is distressing to have to reveal the jarring fact that, in his hours of privacy when off duty, this apparently ideal servitor was so far from being a respecter of persons that he was accustomed to speak of Lord Belpher as "Percy," and even as "His Nibs." It was, indeed, an open secret among the upper servants at the castle, and a fact hinted at with awe among the lower, that Keggs was at heart a socialist.

"Good evening, your lordship. Good evening, sir."

Lord Belpher acknowledged the salutation with a grunt, but Reggie was more affable.

"How are you, Keggs? Now's your time, if you're going to do it." He stepped a little to one side and indicated Lord Belpher's crimson neck with an inviting gesture.

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

"Ah. You'd rather wait till you can do it a little more privately. Perhaps you're right."

The butler smiled indulgently. He did not understand what Reggie was talking about, but that did not worry him. He had long since come to the conclusion that Reggie was slightly mad, a theory supported by the latter's valet, who was of the same opinion. Keggs did not dislike Reggie, but intellectually he considered him negligible.

"Send something to drink into the library, Keggs," said Lord Belpher.

"Very good, your lordship."

"A topping idea," said Reggie. "I'll just take the old car round to the garage, and then I'll be with you."

He climbed to the steering wheel and started the engine. Lord Belpher proceeded to the library, while Keggs melted away through the green-baize door at the end of the hall which divided the servants' quarters from the rest of the house.

Reggie had hardly driven a dozen yards when he perceived his stepmother and Lord Marshmoreton coming toward him from the direction of the rose garden. He drew up to greet them.

"Hullo, mater! What ho, uncle! Back again at the old homestead, what?"

Beneath Lady Caroline's aristocratic front agitation seemed to lurk.

"Reggie, where is Percy?"

"Old Boots? I think he's gone to the library. I just decanted him out of the car."

Lady Caroline turned to her brother.

"Let us go to the library, John."

"All right. All right. All right," said Lord Marshmoreton irritably. Something appeared to have ruffled his calm.

Reggie drove on. As he was strolling back after putting the car away he met Maud.

"Hullo, Maud, dear old thing."

"Why, hullo, Reggie! I was expecting you back last night."

"Couldn't get back last night. Had to stick in town and rally round old Boots. Couldn't desert the old boy in his hour of trial." Reggie chuckled amusedly. "'Hour of trial' is rather good, what? What I mean to say is, that's just what it was, don't you know."

"Why, what happened to Percy?"

"Do you mean to say you haven't heard? Of course not. It wouldn't have been in the morning papers. Why, Percy punched a policeman."

"Percy did what?"

"Slugged a slop. Most dramatic thing. Slashed him in the midriff. Absolutely. The cross marks the spot where the tragedy occurred."

Maud caught her breath. Somehow, though she could not trace the connection, she felt that this extraordinary happening must be linked up with her escapade. Then her sense of humor got the better of apprehension. Her eyes twinkled delightedly.

"You don't mean to say Percy did that?"

"Absolutely. The human tiger and what not. Menace to society and all that sort of thing. No holding him. For some unexplained reason the generous blood of the Belphers boiled over, and then—zing! They jerked him off to Vine Street. Like the poem, don't you know. 'And poor old Percy walked between with gyves upon his wrists.' And this morning, bright and early, the beak parted him from ten quid. You know, Maud, old thing, our duty stares us plainly in the eyeball. We've got to train old Boots down to a reasonable weight and spring him on the National Sporting Club. We've been letting a champion middleweight blush unseen under our very roof-tree."

Maud hesitated a moment.

"I suppose you don't know," she asked carelessly, "why he did it? I mean, did he tell you anything?"

"Couldn't get a word out of him. Oysters garrulous and tombs chatty in comparison. Absolutely. All I know is that he popped one into the officer's waistband. What led up to it is more than I can tell you. How would it be to stagger to the library and join the post mortem?"

"The post mortem?"

"Well, I met the mater and his lordship on their way to the library, and it looked to me very much as if the mater must have got hold of an evening paper on her journey from town. When did she arrive?"

"Only a short while ago."

"Then that's what's happened. She would have bought an evening paper to read in the train. By Jove, I wonder if she got hold of the one that had the poem about it. One chappie was so carried away by the beauty of the episode that he treated it in verse. I think we ought to look in and see what's happening."

Maud hesitated again. But she was a girl of spirit. And she had an intuition that her best defense would be attack. Bluff was what was needed, wide-eyed, innocent wonder. After all, Percy couldn't be certain he had seen her in Piccadilly.

"All right."

"By the way, dear old girl," inquired Reggie, "did your little business come out satisfactorily? I forgot to ask."

"Not very. But it was awfully sweet of you to take me into town."

"How would it be," said Reggie nervously, "not to dwell too much on that part of it? What I mean to say is, for heaven's sake don't let the mater know I rallied round."

"Don't worry," said Maud with a laugh. "I'm not going to talk about the thing at all."

Lord Belpher, meanwhile, in the library, had begun with the aid of a whisky and soda to feel a little better. There was something about the library with its somber half tones that soothed his bruised spirit. The room held something of the peace of a deserted city. The world, with its violent adventures and tall policemen, did not enter here. There was balm in those rows and rows of books which nobody ever read, those vast writing tables at which nobody ever wrote. From the broad mantelpiece the bust of some unnamed ancient looked down almost sympathetically. Something remotely resembling peace had begun to steal into Percy's soul, when it was expelled by the abrupt opening of the door and the entry of Lady Caroline Byng and his father. One glance at the face of the former was enough to tell Lord Belpher that she knew all. He rose defensively:

"Let me explain."

Lady Caroline quivered with repressed emotion. This masterly woman had not lost control of herself, but her aristocratic calm had seldom been so severely tested. As Reggie had surmised, she had read the report of the proceedings in the evening paper in the train, and her world had been reeling ever since. Cæsar, stabbed by Brutus, could scarcely have experienced a greater shock. The other members of her family had disappointed her often. She had become inured to the spectacle of her brother working in the garden in corduroy trousers and in other ways behaving in a manner beneath the dignity of an Earl of Marshmoreton. She had resigned herself to the innate flaw in the character of Maud which had allowed her to fall in love with a nobody whom she had met without an introduction. Even Reggie had exhibited at times democratic traits of which she thoroughly disapproved. But of her nephew Percy she had always been sure. He was solid rock. He at least, she had always felt, would never do anything to injure the family prestige. And now, so to speak, "Lo, Ben Adhem's name led all the rest." In other words, Percy was the worst of the lot.

Whatever indiscretions the rest had committed, at least they had never got the family name into the comic columns of the evening papers. Lord Marshmoreton might wear corduroy trousers and refuse to entertain the county at garden parties, and go to bed with a book when it was his duty to act the host at a formal ball; Maud might give her heart to an impossible person whom nobody had ever heard of; and Reggie might be seen at fashionable restaurants with pugilists; but at any rate evening-paper poets had never written facetious verses about their exploits. This crowning degradation had been reserved for the hitherto blameless Percy, who, of all the young men of Lady Caroline's acquaintance, had till now appeared to have the most scrupulous sense of his position, the most rigid regard for the dignity of his great name. Yes, here he was, if the carefully considered reports in the daily press were to be believed, spending his time in the very springtide of his life running about London like a frenzied Hottentot, brutally assaulting the police. Lady Caroline felt as a bishop might feel if he suddenly discovered that some favorite curate had gone over to the worship of Mumbo Jumbo.

"Explain?" she cried. "How can you explain? You, my nephew, the heir to the title, behaving like a common rowdy in the streets of London . . . your name in the papers ——"

"If you knew the circumstances ——"

"The circumstances? They are in the evening paper. They are in print."

"In verse," added Lord Marshmoreton. He chuckled amiably at the recollection. He was an easily amused man. "You ought to read it, my boy. Some of it was capital."

"John!"

"But deplorable, of course," added Lord Marshmoreton hastily, "very deplorable." He endeavored to regain his sister's esteem by a show of righteous indignation. "What do you mean by it, dammit? You're my only son. I have watched you grow from child to boy, from boy to man, with tender solicitude. I have wanted to be proud of you. And all the time, dash it, you are prowling about London like a lion, seeking whom you may devour, terrorizing the metropolis, putting harmless policemen in fear of their lives ——"

"Will you listen to me for a moment?" shouted Percy. He began to speak rapidly, as one conscious of the necessity of saying his say while the saying was good. "The facts are these: I was walking along Piccadilly on my way to lunch at the club, when, near Burlington Arcade, I was amazed to see Maud."

Lady Caroline uttered an exclamation.

"Maud? But Maud was here."

"I can't understand it," went on Lord Marshmoreton, pursuing his remarks. Righteous indignation had, he felt, gone well. It might be judicious to continue in that vein, though privately he held the opinion that nothing in Percy's life so became him as this assault on the force. Lord Marshmoreton, who in his time had committed all the follies of youth, had come to look on his blameless son as scarcely human. "It's not as if you were wild. You've never got into any scrapes at Oxford. You've spent your time collecting old china and prayer rugs. You wear flannel next your skin ——"

"Will you please be quiet," said Lady Caroline impatiently. "Go on, Percy."

"Oh, very well," said Lord Marshmoreton. "I only spoke. I merely made a remark."

"You say you saw Maud in Piccadilly, Percy?"

"Precisely. I was on the point of putting it down to an extraordinary resemblance, when suddenly she got into a cab. Then I knew."

Lord Marshmoreton could not permit this to pass in silence. He was a fair-minded man.

"Why shouldn't the girl have got into a cab? Why must a girl walking along Piccadilly be my daughter Maud just because she got into a cab? London," he proceeded, warming to the argument and thrilled by the clearness and coherence of his reasoning, "is full of girls who take cabs."

"She didn't take a cab."

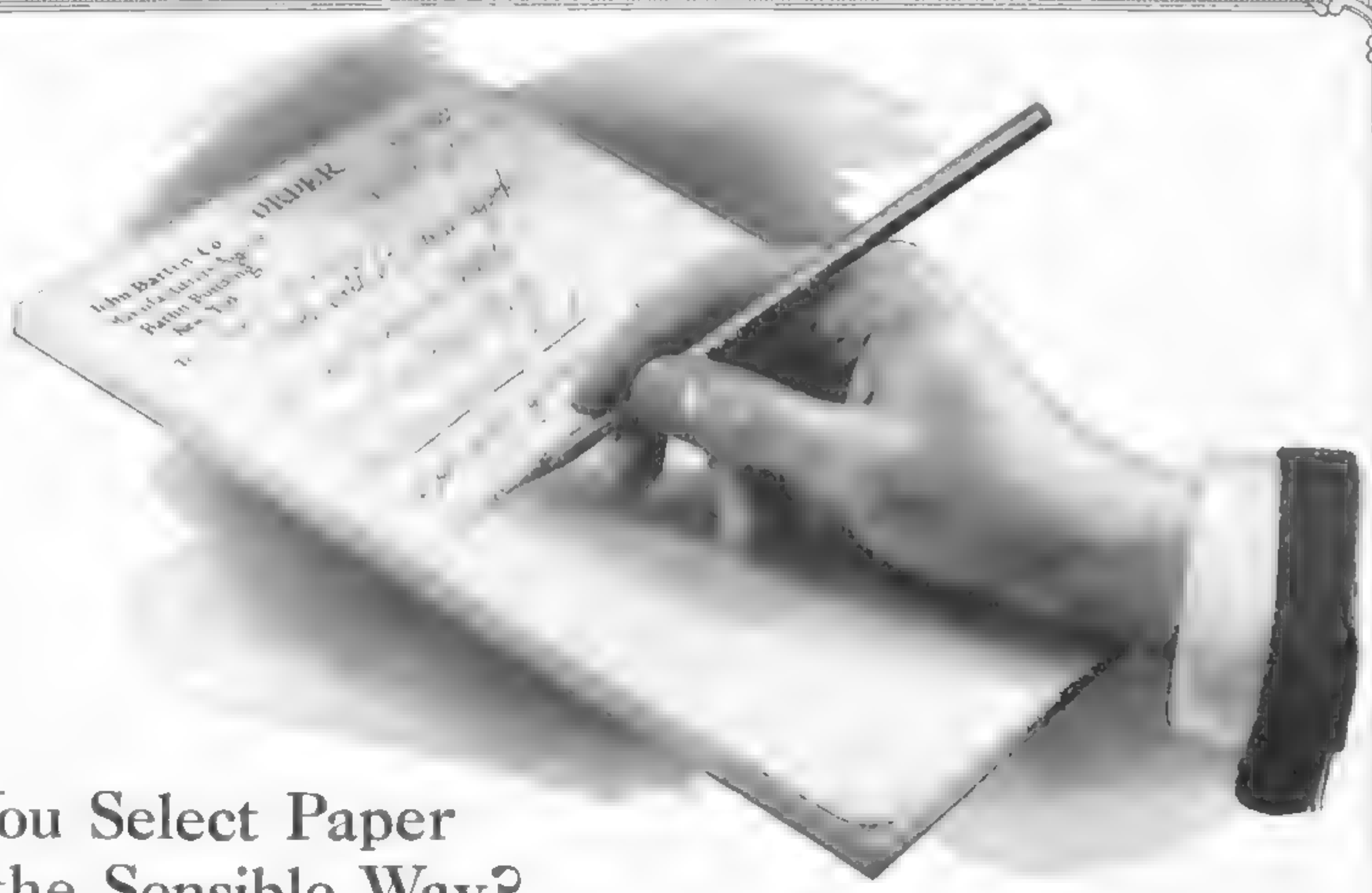
"You just said she did," said Lord Marshmoreton cleverly.

"I said she got into a cab. There was somebody else already in the cab—a man. Aunt Caroline, it was *the* man."

"Good gracious!" ejaculated Lady Caroline, falling into a chair as if she had been hamstrung.

"I am absolutely convinced of it," proceeded Lord Belpher solemnly. "His behavior was enough to confirm my suspicions. The cab had stopped in a block of

(Continued on Page 92)



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(Continued from Page 90)

the traffic, and I went up and requested him in a perfectly civil manner to allow me to look at the lady who had just got in. He denied that there was a lady in the cab. And I had seen her jump in with my own eyes. Throughout the conversation he was leaning out of the window with the obvious intention of screening whoever was inside from my view. I followed him along Piccadilly in another cab, and tracked him to the Carlton. When I arrived there he was standing on the pavement outside. There were no signs of Maud. I demanded that he tell me her whereabouts ——"

"That reminds me," said Lord Marshmoreton cheerfully, "of a story I read in one of the papers. I daresay it's old. Stop me if you've heard it. A woman says to the maid: 'Do you know anything of my husband's whereabouts?' And the maid replies ——"

"Do be quiet!" snapped Lady Caroline. "I should have thought that you would be interested in a matter affecting the vital welfare of your only daughter."

"I am. I am," said Lord Marshmoreton hastily. "The maid replies: 'They're at the wash.' Of course I am. Go on, Percy! Don't take all day telling us your story!"

"At that moment the fool of a policeman came up and wanted to know what the matter was. I lost my head, I admit it freely. The policeman grasped my shoulder and I struck him."

"Where?" asked Lord Marshmoreton, a stickler for detail.

"What does that matter?" demanded Lady Caroline. "You did quite right, Percy. These insolent jacks in office ought not to be allowed to manhandle people. Tell me, what was this man like?"

"Extremely ordinary looking. In fact, all I can remember about him was that he was clean shaven. I cannot understand how Maud could have come to lose her head over such a man. He seemed to me to have no attraction whatever," said Lord Belpher, a little unreasonably, for Apollo himself would hardly appear attractive when knocking one's best hat off.

"It must have been the same man."

"Precisely. If we wanted further proof, he was an American. You recollect that we heard that the man in Wales was American."

There was a portentous silence. Percy stared at the floor. Lady Caroline breathed deeply. Lord Marshmoreton, feeling that something was expected of him, said "Good Gad!" and gazed seriously at a stuffed owl on a bracket. Maud and Reggie Byng came in.

"What ho, what ho, what ho!" said Reggie breezily. He always believed in starting a conversation well and putting people at their ease. "What ho! What ho!"

Maud braced herself for the encounter.

"Hullo, Percy dear," she said, meeting her brother's accusing eye with the perfect composure that comes only from a thoroughly guilty conscience. "What's all this I hear about your being the scourge of London? Reggie says that policemen dive down manholes when they see you coming."

The chill in the air would have daunted a less courageous girl. Lady Caroline had risen and was staring sternly. Percy was puffing the puffs of an overwrought soul. Lord Marshmoreton, whose thoughts had wandered off to the rose garden, pulled himself together and tried to look menacing. Maud went on without waiting for a reply. She was all bubbling gayety and *insouciance*, a charming picture of young English girlhood that nearly made her brother foam at the mouth.

"Father dear," she said, attaching herself affectionately to his buttonhole, "I went round the links in eighty-three this morning. I did the long hole in four. One under par, a thing I've never done before in my life."

"Bless my soul!" said Lord Marshmoreton weakly, as, with an apprehensive eye on his sister, he patted his daughter's shoulder.

"First, I sent a screecher of a drive right down the middle of the fairway. Then I took my brassy and put the ball just on the edge of the green—a hundred and eighty yards if it was an inch. My approach putt ——"

Lady Caroline, who was no devotee of the royal and ancient game, interrupted the recital:

"Never mind what you did this morning. What did you do yesterday afternoon?"

"Yes," said Lord Belpher. "Where were you yesterday afternoon?"

Maud's gaze was the gaze of a young child who has never even attempted to put anything over in all its little life.

"Whatever do you mean?"

"What were you doing in Piccadilly yesterday afternoon?" said Lady Caroline.

"Piccadilly? The place where Percy fights policemen? I don't understand."

Lady Caroline was no sportsman. She put one of those direct questions, capable of being answered only by Yes or No, which ought not to be allowed in controversy. They are the verbal equivalent of shooting a sitting bird.

"Did you or did you not go to London yesterday, Maud?"

The monstrous unfairness of this method of attack pained Maud. From childhood up she had held the customary feminine views upon the lie direct. As long as it was a question of suppression of the true or suggestion of the false, she had no scruples. But she had a distaste for deliberate falsehood. Faced now with a choice between two evils, she chose the one which would at least leave her her self-respect.

"Yes, I did."

Lady Caroline looked at Lord Belpher. Lord Belpher looked at Lady Caroline.

"You went to meet that American of yours?"

"Yes."

Reggie Byng slid softly from the room. He felt that he would be happier elsewhere. He had been an acutely embarrassed spectator of this distressing scene, and had been passing the time by shuffling his feet, playing with his coat buttons and perspiring.

"Don't go, Reggie," said Lord Belpher.

"Well, what I mean to say is . . . family row and what not . . . if you see what I mean . . . I've one or two things I ought to do."

He vanished. Lord Belpher frowned a somber frown.

"Then it was that man who knocked my hat off."

"What do you mean?" said Lady Caroline. "Knocked your hat off? You never told me he knocked your hat off."

"It was when I was asking him to let me look inside the cab. I had grasped the handle of the door when he suddenly struck my hat, causing it to fly off. And while I was picking it up he drove away."

"C'k," exploded Lord Marshmoreton. "C'k, c'k, c'k." He twisted his face by a supreme exertion of will power into a mask of indignation. "You ought to have had the scoundrel arrested," he said vehemently. "It was a technical assault."

"The man who knocked your hat off, Percy," said Maud, "was not—he was a different man altogether, a stranger."

"As if you would be in a cab with a stranger," said Lady Caroline caustically. "There are limits, I hope, to even your indiscretions."

Lord Marshmoreton cleared his throat. He was sorry for Maud, whom he loved.

"Now, looking at the matter broadly ——"

"Be quiet," said Lady Caroline.

Lord Marshmoreton subsided.

"I wanted to avoid you," said Maud, "so I jumped into the first cab I saw."

"I don't believe it," said Percy.

"It's the truth."

"You are simply trying to put us off the scent."

Lady Caroline turned to Maud. Her manner was plaintive. She looked like a martyr at the stake, who deprecatingly lodges a timid complaint, fearful the while lest she may be hurting the feelings of her persecutors by appearing even for a moment out of sympathy with their activities.

"My dear child, why will you not be reasonable in this matter? Why will you not let yourself be guided by those who are older and wiser than you?"

"Exactly," said Lord Belpher.

"The whole thing is too absurd."

"Precisely," said Lord Belpher.

Lady Caroline turned on him irritably: "Please do not interrupt, Percy. Now you've made me forget what I was going to say."

"To my mind," said Lord Marshmoreton, coming to the surface once more, "the proper attitude to adopt on occasions like the present ——"

"Please!" said Lady Caroline.

Lord Marshmoreton stopped, and resumed his silent communion with the stuffed bird.

"You can't stop yourself being in love, Aunt Caroline," said Maud.

"You can be stopped, if you've somebody with a level head looking after you."

Lord Marshmoreton tore himself away from the bird.

"Why, when I was at Oxford in the year '89," he said chattily, "I fancied myself in love with the female assistant at a tobacconist shop. Desperately in love, dammit! Wanted to marry her. I recollect my poor father took me away from Oxford and kept me here at Belpher under lock and key. Lock and key, dammit! I was deucedly upset at the time, I remember." His mind wandered off into the glorious past. "I wonder what that girl's name was. Odd one can't remember names. She had chestnut hair and a mole on the side of her chin. I used to kiss it, I recollect ——"

Lady Caroline, usually such an advocate of her brother's researches into the family history, cut the reminiscences short.

"Never mind that now."

"I don't—I got over it. That's the moral."

"Well," said Lady Caroline, "at any rate poor father acted with great good sense on that occasion. There seems nothing to do but to treat Maud in just the same way. You shall not stir a step from the castle till you have got over this dreadful infatuation. You will be watched."

"I shall watch you," said Lord Belpher solemnly. "I shall watch your every movement."

A dreamy look came into Maud's brown eyes.

"'Stone walls do not a prison make nor iron bars a cage,'" she said softly.

"That wasn't your experience, Percy, my boy," said Lord Marshmoreton.

"They make a very good imitation," said Lady Caroline coldly, ignoring the interruption.

Maud faced her defiantly. She looked like a princess in captivity, facing her jailers.

"I don't care. I love him, and I always shall love him and nothing is ever going to stop me loving him because I love him," she concluded a little lamely.

"Nonsense," said Lady Caroline. "In a year from now you will have forgotten his name. Don't you agree with me, Percy?"

"Quite," said Lord Belpher.

"I shan't."

"Deuced hard things to remember, names," said Lord Marshmoreton. "If I've tried once to remember that tobacconist girl's name, I've tried a hundred times. I have an idea it began with an L. Muriel or Hilda or something."

"Within a year," said Lady Caroline, "you will be wondering how you ever came to be so foolish. Don't you think so, Percy?"

"Quite," said Lord Belpher.

Lord Marshmoreton turned on him irritably.

"Boy, can't you answer a simple question with a plain affirmative? What do you mean—quite? If somebody came to me and pointed you out and said 'Is that your son?' do you suppose I should say 'Quite'? I wish the devil you didn't collect prayer rugs. It's sapped your brain."

"They say prison life often weakens the intellect, father," said Maud. She moved toward the door and turned the handle. Albert, the page boy, who had been courting earache by listening at the keyhole, straightened his small body and scuttled away.

"Well, is that all, Aunt Caroline? May I go now?"

"Certainly. I have said all I wished to say."

"Very well. I'm sorry to disobey you, but I can't help it."

"You'll find you can help it after you've been cooped up here for a few more months," said Percy.

A gentle smile played over Maud's face.

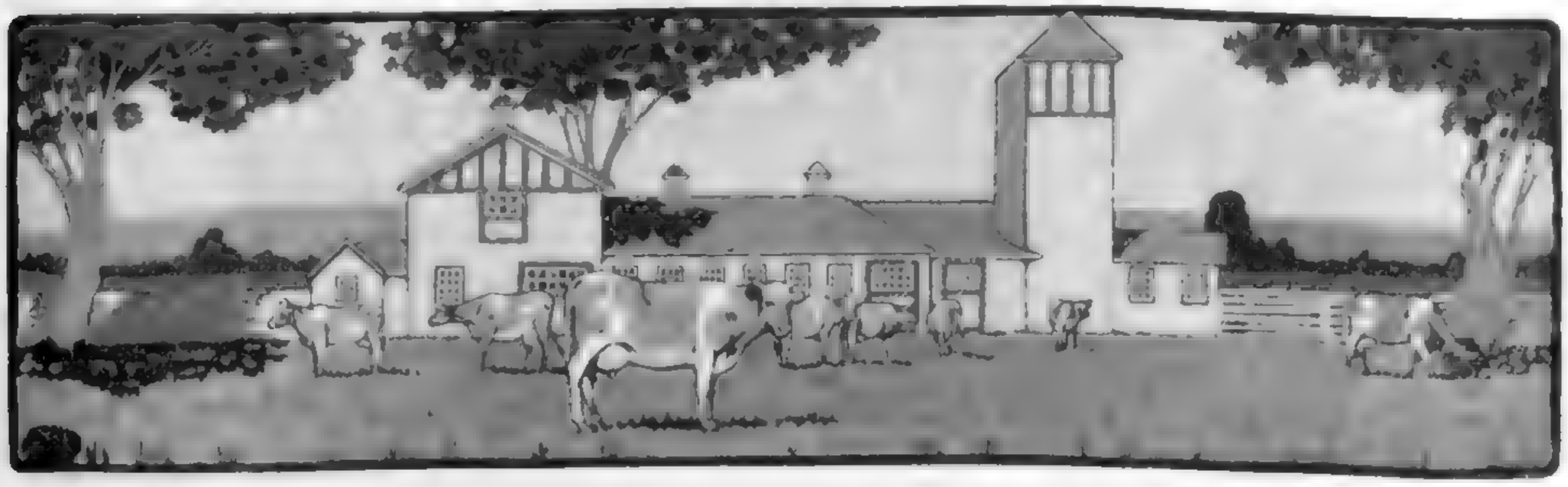
"'Love laughs at locksmiths,'" she murmured softly, and passed from the room.

"What did she say?" asked Lord Marshmoreton, interested. "Something about somebody laughing at a locksmith? I don't understand. Why should anyone laugh at locksmiths? Most respectable men. Had one up here only the day before yesterday, forcing open the drawer of my desk. Watched him do it. Most interesting. He smelt rather strongly of a damned bad brand of tobacco. Fellow must have a throat of leather to be able to smoke the stuff. But he didn't strike me as an object of derision. From first to last, I was never tempted to laugh once."

Lord Belpher wandered moodily to the window and looked out into the gathering darkness.

"And this has to happen," he said bitterly, "on the eve of my twenty-first birthday."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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Quite as smartly, from head to foot, not forgetting the gloves.

For one's hands are so *very* apparent—and expressive of one's tastes.

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No glove so perfectly fulfills all these requirements of men and women, who drive either motor or horse, as the Grinnell Driving Glove, Ventilated "Rist-Fit" model, shown on this page.

Please note the snug-fitting wrist, which may be adjusted through the "Rist-Fit" feature.

No glove for any purpose could be made smarter or have more distinction.

Of washable velvet coltskin; unlined or wool-lined; with ventilated back or unventilated; also fleece lamb or knit lined; for men and women.

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The 1919 edition of the Grinnell Glove Book shows the correct styles for every purpose. We will mail it to you, on request. Select the style you want—if your dealer hasn't it, give us his name and we will send him a pair for your inspection

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(Established 1856)

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Oh

The owner of an Overland owns all out of doors. To him even more important than *where* he drives is *how* he rides. In his Model 90 he goes in comfort, and with an enjoyment possible only because of the high quality and fine appearance of his car. He probably was first attracted to it by the praise of owners.

WILLYS-OVERLAND

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oy!

Now he makes new friends for Overland by his own enthusiasm over the exceptional economy and the faithful performance of his car. This kind of appreciation among the 600,000 Overland owners is a safer buying guide for you than specifications. It explains why so many people are buying Model 90 right now.

C., TOLEDO, OHIO

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VACATION days are near—the days of fun, hard play and wear and tear on clothing. Fit out the kiddies with LEE UNION-ALLS, the ideal play suit. Choose from many styles—a pattern "just like Dad's" or one of the cute little trimmed garments.

For both boys and girls.

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Lee UNION MADE Union-Alls
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

South Bend, Ind.
Trenton, N. J.

DE LUXE FROM PARIS TO VIENNA

(Continued from Page 24)

the receipt and to direct the distribution of all American cargoes of foodstuffs. The lieutenant assured me that I was expected and that they had been looking for me for a week; and was I all fixed up?

I spread my cards out, so to speak, and he called it a raw deal. Then he went up to the little Austrian and said a few words, among which I caught: "seventeen different kinds of a. . . . You know perfectly well you got. . . . This lady belongs to. . . . Friend of ours. . . . You loosen up. . . . Never mind who you've reserved for. . . . Turn somebody out. . . . Attach a first-class room to that bathroom and we'll be perfectly satisfied!"

And there was more that I did not hear. It worked; and with a broad smile on his weather-burned countenance the lieutenant turned back to me and said: "Well, that's all right! If you want anything in this town you' got to knock somebody down and take it away from 'em!

"But you mustn't blame these poor devils if they act a little superior," he continued. "They're not superior really; they're merely downhearted. The wops are treatin' 'em like a lot o' bad peanuts and it makes 'em feel disagreeable. They can't call their souls their own. The proprietors of this hotel are Austrians and they've had orders to get out. The clerk who was behind that counter a few days ago has been deported. Things like that happenin' all the time. You can't expect anything very first class in the service line under circumstances like that, can you? But they've got nothin' against us Americans, because we treat 'em white and we expect 'em to treat us white without doin' any crawlin' round about it."

That was my introduction to the situation as it has been created and is being maintained by the Army of Occupation. I saw at once that here one must be able to smile at all things.

It was after-dinner-coffee time. There is no coffee, but there is a hot black brew of some kind that is called coffee, and for a sufficient bribe the waiter can be induced to produce a bit of sugar to go with it. Principally there is wine, in large quantities and numerous varieties—German, Austrian, Hungarian and Italian. Also, it seems there is whisky and brandy and liqueurs that come in odd-shaped bottles and many colors.

Aching to Get Home

On one side of the entrance hall there is what is known as the coffeeroom; on the other the café. The coffeeroom, I noticed, was crowded with sober-seeming and most remarkable-looking people who really were having after-dinner coffee with bits of liqueurs, perhaps, and cigars and cigarettes. But in the café there was a kind of underworld mob that had sucked down into itself a scattered few American, British, French and Italian officers. For the most part it was a civilian mob with a curious, lounging, leering air. The civilians—ex-soldiers, to a man almost, of the one-time formidable Austro-Hungarian Army—were sipping liqueurs or wines and blowing blue clouds of cigarette smoke into the already too clouded air, while many of them were accompanied by women of the insistently beautiful and too carefully turned out type.

It was an interesting scene, and to make it the more interesting and the more wholly impossible under the circumstances there was an excellent Hungarian orchestra on a platform at the far end of the room scraping and blaring away with the utmost vigor at the worst variety of American music. I stood at the door and looked in until the orchestra—to rest itself perhaps—glided into the soothing and saddening strains of Träumerei. Then I remembered that I had had no food since morning, and the lieutenant and I went to look for some.

We sat at a table in the deserted dining room and he told me about the situation in general. "No American troops in Triest; no Britishers; no Frenchmen; only Italians! All the others at Fiume and down the Dalmatian coast. An American battalion at Cattaro, with orders to proceed to Genoa for transportation home to the good old U. S. A. Some fellows have all the luck! And the Jugoslavs begging for more American troops. Want us to take over all the police jobs. No good. Our boys won't have it. Let 'em fight it out by themselves. But don't you worry about the Slav boys. Good stuff. American detachment at Fiume. We'll go down and look 'em over. Americans all alone on the food job; others fussin' round in Paris about who's to wear the decorations. Meantime Mr. Hoover's got things moving; ship in to-day with six thousand tons of American flour. Fats comin' in too—pork and canned stuff. People up behind the Alps livin' on roots and herbs. Children passin' out like companies o' choir boys up to the Great White Throne. Rotten!

"Wait till you go down the line with me. I've seen it. The outside world knows nothing about this situation, and we've just got to get in with the food. And now a railroad strike!

"And us fellows just achin' for nothing but to get home. We want to go home! The fellows still attached to their regiments are the lucky boys. They'll get sent home and mustered out if they live long enough, but being detached and put on one of these wayside jobs is the worst thing that can happen to a man."

Thinking in Kronen

I could hardly call it the end of a misspent day when I finally clumbed four flights of stairs to my cold but otherwise comfortable room. There was no heat except for two or three hours a day, and then only enough to take the sting out of the air and leave behind a clammy, penetrating cold. There would be hot water on Saturday, but I waked up for the first time in Triest on a Monday morning.

The first pleasing thing I learned was that I had left behind me the bugaboo of modern life that is known to the jocosely inclined as the H. C. of L.

In Paris, where one leads an exclamatory life as regards the prices of things, they had said to me: "Well, wait until you get into Austria and Hungary and countries like that!" implying that only in such countries could one really learn the meaning of the word "expensive."

So I was prepared for nearly anything. Thirty kronen a day for a small room with bath attached sounded reasonable enough, even though the same room would have cost only about ten kronen in peacetimes. Twenty-two kronen for a luncheon of mutton, macaroni and turnips, with five kronen extra for a piece of bread—that was pretty high. But I had been in Paris for some time and had grown accustomed to giving up without a struggle the equivalent of ten dollars for a luncheon quite as simple, if more artistically prepared. And Paris is almost greasy with an oversupply of food. Butter and sugar are the only things that even pretend to be scarce, and even these can be obtained in ample quantities if one has grown sufficiently reckless in one's system of bribery.

But in these regions one is in the real hunger belt, where the scarcity of nearly everything is only too plainly observable. Being curious about it I added up a day's expenses—room and bath, breakfast, luncheon, dinner and a few extras. It amounted to one hundred and ten kronen, and I knew that even in these days of high wages that was more than the average workman of the town could afford to spend in a week. But for me, with my standard of comparison, it was very little. Ordinarily one hundred and ten kronen would be approximately twenty dollars, but now it is approximately six dollars. And therein lies the difference to the American.

These people seem not to have acquired the French habit of thinking in dollars. To them one hundred kronen is still one hundred kronen and a very large sum indeed, while to the Frenchman—or to the Parisian at any rate—one hundred francs is about twenty dollars and therefore a very small sum from the American viewpoint as that viewpoint is conceived by the Frenchman. The French know the art of keeping receipts at par no matter what happens to the world's exchange. For an American in Paris one hundred francs a day is now a very modest expenditure, and for that he can get nothing but shelter and three very simple meals. I mean, of course, the fairly well-to-do American who is used to seeking accommodation in more or less high-class environments.

Thirty francs for a room in Paris would be, as exchange now stands, about five dollars and seventy cents a day, but thirty kronen for a room in Triest—the krone at one time having more value than the franc—is less than two dollars.

But to the native inhabitant it is a different matter altogether. He still thinks in kronen, as I have said; he earns kronen, he spends kronen, and he knows no other standard of value. Prices have increased until they can be nothing in his view but fantastic. For bread alone he must pay more than he paid for the abundance of everything he ate in days gone by, while clothing is so expensive that I cannot see how anybody but the very rich can ever afford a new garment.

Most German-Austrians, I find, regard the loss of Triest as the greatest tragedy that has befallen them. It was their only port. With it they seem to think they might maintain an independent existence, but without it they are inevitably thrown into a German confederation. And this they say they do not want. They are in excellent accord with the South Germans, and they never seek to deny or to gloss with the Austrian title the fact that they themselves are German. But they are afraid of Prussian domination. They have had enough.

Aside from its value as an outlet to the seas Triest is regarded also with a great deal of sentiment. It has been Austrian since 1814. How long the Italians have been in a majority in the population I do not know, but long enough at least to give the town an Italian character. In the solidity, the angular formality and the cleanliness of its modern business quarter and of its quays and port buildings it is Austrian; but all the street names, the names of churches and municipal institutions are Italian, while the wide-scattered city of villas on the vine-clad hillsides is distinctly Italian in appearance.

In 1910—I can obtain no later statistics—there were 170,000 Italians and 43,000 Slovenes in a total population of about 230,000. But there seems to be something wrong with these mere facts when they are compared with the statement that 50,000 German-Austrians and Slavs are now slated for expulsion from the city.

Triest is not a beautiful city, though it lies in a beautiful hill-girt arm of the Adriatic and climbs to sunny heights in picturesque confusion. On a hill crest within the heart of the city stands an ancient church, the basilica of San Giusto. Its foundation was laid on the ruins of a Roman temple and it was developed in its present form from a group of buildings in which Christ was worshiped in the sixth century. It has a quaint old, square, squat belfry, while all round there is a sanded plaza skirted by a low wall which follows the windings of the edge of the hill.

A Stroll About Triest

In wandering round the town, going in and out of shops, pricing this and that and trying to reconcile the situation which exists with the ability of the poor to meet it, I had spent a fatiguing and most discouraging day. So leaving the wide shop-lined streets behind me I ventured into the labyrinth of the old town and began to follow the narrow winding ways that lead upward, going on uncertainly but hopefully until I reached this vantage point from which to see all there is of Triest.

I stood by the old-world wall and looked down a hill slope made charming by a thousand quaint, angular red roofs; I looked a look for remembrance over the well-built modern city on the flat below, following the wide stone-paved avenue which skirts the water's edge the full length of the town, and counting the many massive granite piers that run far out into the harbor. And there were the splendid breakwaters—huge walls against the sea that are thousands of feet in length and that cost millions of dollars to build. Great stone warehouses there were, numbers of them grouped together within a bend of the harbor wall, while a tall lighthouse standing at the far end of a long, curving mole was already flashing pale gleams into the pale light of evening. The sun was just sinking, round and red, in a forbidding bank of colorless cloud, while a bora wind was sweeping down through the crevasses of the Alps, whipping the sea into foam crests and carrying before it swift, scurrying spray drifts that one knew would bite into the faces of the few sailormen on the little ships here and there.

Up from the town floated the repeated and repeating echoes of the blare of evening bugles, and a long column of green-clad troops swung out from the shelter of the town and marched in full view down the long white quay. My mind then wandered off across the snow-flecked hilltops to the near-by thousands of miles of Italian and Austrian trench lines. I saw the battered cities, the pulverized towns, the desolated countryside and the million dead who lie in the midst of the desolation. Then my feet clung to the ancient stones beneath them and my mind swept back through the ages to the peoples of history's morning who had passed that way and left those stones to testify that they were builders.

The bugles, the swinging column in green, the sinister silence of a city, the vast beautiful sea, the great world of economic breathing space beyond, and behind the Alps the teeming millions of intelligent, soul-seared men shut in! It was a wonderful vantage point from which to view the fact that the lives we live, however long we may live, can be nothing but the history of a great war.

I was surprised to note that there were no Italian naval vessels in the harbor. Not one. They were all down the Dalmatian coast, while here there were only Americans: two destroyers—the Stribling and the Lansdale—and a scattered few submarine chasers and patrols. America—the United States—in the midst of it all, and in a sense dominating the whole unhappy situation! The thought of this made cold chills creep up my back, and it occurred to me that our boys express a sentiment that lies deeper than they know when they say: "We want to go home!"

Ticklish Crossings

Over against the farther shore I could see, in the sweep of my mental vision, beautiful Venice afloat on the surface of the sea and in her great lagoon more ships of the United States Navy. The admiral's flagship is the old Olympia, kept in memory of Admiral Dewey exactly as she was when she was his flagship in the battle of Manila Bay. She is an obsolete craft, queer as to outline and antiquated as to inner design and equipment; but flying the Stars and Stripes in the harbor of Venice and ringed about by her own torpedo boats, cruisers, destroyers, chasers and patrols she is impressive enough and makes the American realize his beloved country as one of the star performers in the great drama that is being enacted.

No ship now moves in the Adriatic by night, because it is dangerous—more dangerous than it was when the submarines were operating. When the Austrians were laying their mine fields they ran out of chains and steel rope and began to use hemp. The hemp rotted or broke away in the strong winds that blow in this windiest of seas, with the result that the mines are now strewn all over everywhere, floating about regardless. Fortunately when a mine breaks from its anchorage it comes to the surface and is visible, else there would be many tragedies.

Our destroyers cross and recross between Venice and Triest, but hardly ever does one of them make the trip without picking up one or more of these derelict death traps. The record, I believe, is four in one crossing, while only a few days ago the destroyer Stribling came within a hair's breadth of destruction. Perhaps I ought to refer to the Stribling as "a certain vessel," but anyone having a boy on board of her can be assured that there is really nothing to worry about and that that boy is almost insufferably pleased with himself and his job. Our naval men are like that, and it really is fortunate that some of them can be eased down into the tedium of peace through a few real adventures.

The Stribling on the way across to Venice came so near striking a floating mine that the call to lifeboat quarters was sounded. She missed it by a margin much too narrow for the good of the nerves even of such nervy men, but they will tell you now how they "stood off and blew her up with rifle shots! First-class sport!"

And there were food ships in the harbor of Triest; food ships in faded camouflage looking curiously bedizened and riotous now that the necessity for camouflage has ceased to exist. Ships carrying

(Continued on Page 101)

Un-retouched photograph showing condition of Goodyear Solid Tires after running 50,000 miles on a motor truck owned by the Brooklyn Branch of John Wood Manufacturing Company, Conshohocken, Pa. Five such tires on this truck look fit to travel 25,000 miles farther.

Copyright 1919, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR

AKRON

50,000 Miles—Still Going Strong

"FIVE Goodyear Solid Tires, which have passed the 50,000-mile mark on one of our trucks, undoubtedly will last another year and give us a total of 75,000 miles of continuous service. Their treads are still 1½ inches thick. Due to an accident, the sixth tire in the set had to be removed at 50,000 miles; otherwise it, too, unquestionably would be delivering like the other five today. Our experience with Goodyear Solid Tires makes it easy for us to realize why so many truck owners specify Goodyears."—J. J. Callahan, Local Manager, John Wood Manufacturing Company, Brooklyn, New York.

THIS is the history, still *in the making*, of a set of Goodyear Solid Tires which are evidencing decisively the wearing possibilities of properly compounded rubber.

They came as original equipment on one of the first motor trucks used in Brooklyn and, on this carrier, they have seen nearly three years of constant toil.

A trim two-ton truck, the unit was a dealer's demonstrator before being purchased by the local warehouse of John Wood Manufacturing Company, old established makers of range boilers and storage tanks.

When the photograph at the left was taken last February, the truck's six Goodyear Solid Tires had delivered 50,000 miles under frequently full loads, for the present owner.

And all but one, damaged as the result of a collision, appeared as sleek, evenly worn, and thick with live rubber as the two unscarred veterans on the opposite page.

Witness, too, that these long-mileage tires displayed a complete freedom from chipping, shredding or separation from the base—a feature consistently observed in used Goodyear Solid Tires.

The strains imparted by rolling cargoes of tanks and boilers and the rapid-fire blows of cobblestone pavements, often littered, had failed to find a weak spot in them.

The records show that the set of Goodyear Solid Tires cost $278.28 and, therefore, that the six covered 300,000 miles at the extremely low mile-cost of less than one-tenth of a cent.

Yet the chances are that even this unusual figure will be reduced considerably during the current year by the five Goodyear Solid Tires still hard at work.

It is quite apparent, then, that these tires are continuing in service over a period in which several successive sets are worn out on some trucks.

It is also apparent that they are among the oldest Goodyear Solid Tires now doing duty, noting others which have reached marks in excess of 50,000 miles.

As in the various instances where extraordinary mileage-averages have been obtained, it is found here that the tires benefited from exceptionally careful driving and regular inspection.

This always has the effect of conserving in them the tremendous tire-strength developed by Goodyear during many years of research and invention in the truck-tire field.

Most assuredly it is this stamina in Goodyear Truck Tires which enables the hundreds of Goodyear Truck Tire Service Stations to make their work so immensely resultful.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

SOLID TIRES

Beauty—The Symbol of Perfection

Beauty is the sign of the eternal perfection—therefore is it worshipped. In the great halls of history Beauty has left an undying impression—the canvas of the artist—the marble of the sculptor who toiled and starved for Beauty—everywhere the imprint of Beauty's touch upon some man's soul.

Today, personal beauty may be fully as much a matter of good care as of fortunate accident. The loveliness reflected in the sparkle of the eyes and the bloom of the cheek is the reward of a well-cared-for body.

Of all the important factors in the care of the body, tooth-care stands first. For well-kept teeth, revealed in a radiant smile, touch even the plainest face with the alchemy of Beauty.

Regular visits to your dentist are necessary to keep your teeth sound. And then—the twice-a-day use of a pure, *safe* dentifrice will complete the sensible, thorough care of your teeth. S. S. White Tooth Paste is a dependable dentifrice. It was first made in Civil War days at the request of dentists.

S. S. White's does safely and pleasantly the *only* thing a good dentifrice can do —*thoroughly cleanses the teeth.* It contains no powerful drugs—no coarse abrasives to injure your teeth or the delicate tissues of your mouth.

Start today to use S. S. White's. Pure, velvety smooth and deliciously flavored. Remember the name. Insist upon your dealer's supplying you "The Dentifrice Made for Dentists"—the safe dentifrice.

THE S. S. WHITE DENTAL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

Makers of Dental Supplies and Appliances since 1844

S. S. WHITE

(Continued from Page 97)

food for the hungry millions, and with the United States controlling eighty-five per cent of the available supply! Standing on the ancient rampart I looked, in the last fading light of day, away off to the railway yards and saw acres of freight cars standing on the tracks, line upon line, and with never a column of smoke or other sign of an engine to move them. Then I thought of Colonel McIntosh going from one commanding officer to another, and of Colonel Atwood, director of food distribution for South Europe, off again to Paris for one more interminable conference.

The food organization is interallied, but up to that moment there were only Americans doing the work. Such paving of ways as had been done had been done by them, and the cargoes in the harbor, in the freight cars and the storehouses were theirs.

The British delegation did finally arrive and I met them—four men—in the coffee-room of the hotel. Their chief said to me: "And what are you doing in the midst of this confusion? Trying to learn how not to do things?" He was plainly bewildered by a situation with which the Americans had been contending for weeks.

Going to Fiume was an adventure if ever I had one. It was about eighty kilometers by automobile over one of the finest mountain roads that ever was built. But a bora wind was blowing. I don't know what bora wind means really. It is a local name which nobody takes the trouble to explain. But I know what a bora wind is. It is a blast that sweeps down from the Alps, whips a winter world into stinging snowstorms under a sunny sky and drives the Adriatic into frothing fury.

A Dangerous Ride

The road from Triest to Fiume climbs over a mountain range that is skirted by higher mountains. All round the horizon these higher mountains lie, goldened, empurpled and rose washed in the varying lights, but down from the bleak northeast comes the gusty, hesitating, hurrying, violent, unkindly wind, carrying before it great snowdrifts that cover the roadway, and whipping fitful flecks across one's face like a million stinging nettles. We were told that there was not a chance on earth of our getting through; but we started, the lieutenant and I accepting an invitation to go with Colonel Green, of the 332d Infantry, stationed at Padua, who was on his way with the officer in command of the graves commission to locate and mark some new American graves at Fiume.

About twenty kilometers outside Triest, where the road begins to climb through a wide, windy cañon, there was an overturned automobile, a dead Italian by the roadside, one badly injured man lying near him and four others pacing up and down wringing their hands in the complete abandon of hysteria. The wind had blown the car over when it was running forty miles an hour. That was the explanation. It shook our nerves. It was a miracle that anyone escaped. We did what we could, but a messenger was already on the down trail looking for help and we had to bethink ourselves of the daylight and the slippery slope on the far side of the range that leads down into Fiume. To describe the wind is beyond my power. I had all I could do to hold together the clothes that were on me, while the colonel, behind the wheel, braced himself forward and with his eyes fixed straight ahead risked everything by getting out of the car every ounce of speed that was in it. Never was I so thrilled or so scared in my life!

When we came up near the crest—and oh, what a marvelous panorama was spread out to the horizons on every side!—we found small armies of workmen battling with the drifts and doing their utmost to keep the road clear. We skidded on the edge of a deep ditch and stalled in a three-foot snow bank; we struggled up hills that were like glaciers and slipped and slimmered down others that the sun had touched and turned into rivulets of thin, slimy mud. And all the time, mind you, we were on a perfect road with a surface under the wind-driven snow and the mud that was made of wind-driven dust that would come up presently, after a few days' sunshine, as smooth as the top of a billiard table. It was on long dry stretches where the hills sloped to windward that we made time, knowing that if we were blown at all we should be blown in against a bank and not over a precipice. The road was built by the Romans along about the year 1, and has been slightly improved by the Austrians from time to time during the past half millennium. The old Roman stone foundation lies under the modern metal.

It bids good-by to the sea only a short distance from Triest and strikes inland to the southeastward, so the near-by Adriatic is not seen again until a great pine forest is passed on the down grade and you come up on the top of a rise to the southward. Then—oh, wonders of the earth!—you see Fiume, white, yellow and red, clinging to a rock-bound shore like a city afraid, while far out in the broad sweep of the bay volcanic islands lift snow-capped peaks to the lights of the sun and cast long black shadows over the face of the waters.

What one should be noticing all the time, however, is that it is a desolate land. The hillsides and the hollows are cut up into small pebbly patches fenced in with stones that have been dug out of the soil with infinite patience and labor. It all looks a million years old and one imagines generation after generation as belaboring it hopelessly to make it yield the wherewith by which men might live, and dying in an unequal battle with its unfriendliness.

When people began to appear I noticed they were nearly all ill clad and wretched, while for the first time in my life I saw children—not just one or two but dozens of children—barefoot in the snow and icy mud and going about their business as though being barefoot in midwinter were the most natural thing in the world. But their little feet and legs were purple and their faces were pinched with pain, and I knew they were in the process of being physically and mentally gnarled, and that they were making child memories that would turn them into bad citizens of the world. And I knew the ones I saw were only a few among thousands.

The United States cannot be held responsible for all the miseries of the earth. We do all we can and, save England, we do more than all the others put together. The Italians have been in command of this territory for three months; officers in their automobiles have passed back and forth on this road every day, and I wondered if it had ever occurred to one of them that it would be a good idea in the interest of the Italianization of the population to spend a few lire on children's shoes. I found there was practically no such thing in Fiume and that a pair of canvas shoes with imitation leather soles cost seventy-five to one hundred and fifty kronen. Thinking in the thoughts of these people that would be seventy-five to one hundred and fifty dollars!

The future bad citizens will probably all emigrate to the United States. Fiume has been for years the port of departure for the hundreds of thousands of South Europeans who have sought to better themselves on our hospitable shores, and one of the most conspicuous buildings in the town is a hotel that was built purposely for them, with accommodation for three thousand persons.

A Shocking Performance

The lieutenant and I dined with a group of American officers in a mess room they have reserved for themselves in a dingy side-street restaurant. They were of every rank from second lieutenant to major, and they do themselves the best they can. But I could not help but regard them as enduring quite unnecessary privations. Any one of them would probably tell you in confidence whose fault it is, but in a general way they prefer to be good-natured and casual about it. They sat at long, rough, wood tables covered with linen that was both cheap and soiled; their napkins were paper, and their dinner consisted of unattractive slabs of fried beef, plain boiled potatoes, a kind of grayish variety of bread, very strong butter and very weak coffee without milk. Absolutely nothing else! If they had not been a hungry lot who spend their days outdoors, drilling their men and keeping them engaged in an effort to keep them contented, they could hardly have eaten it at all, because untastier food I never sat down to. They told me I was lucky to get in on a potato day and that it is not often they get potatoes. I asked them why they didn't raid one of Mr. Hoover's food ships, but they said it was the Army Quartermaster's duty to feed them.

"Well," said I, "my advice is to catch him and make him board with you for a while."

We went afterward to a Jugoslav club and listened for an hour or so to Jugoslavian tales of woe, then two or three of the boys offered to show me how naughty Fiume is and how they are all constantly victimized by almost irresistible temptations.

These temptations were localized in one music hall, which I found to be a long, straight and narrow room with a small stage at one end and a low balcony at the other. When we went in about nine o'clock it was filled with tables, but was otherwise quite empty. There was a slovenly kind of man creature sitting at a grand piano in front of the stage, and when we entered he plunged with great gusto in Won't You Come Home, Bill Bailey, with wonderful variations.

We went into the balcony, of course, and tiptoed to a secluded corner, because it would never do to expose me to immediate contact with the unpleasant atmosphere on the floor below! I began to suspect that the boys were having fun at my expense, but they said "Just wait and see!" and assured me that I might hope to be shocked. They told me stories about British officers coming in and throwing the tables about, and things like that. But we seemed to be doomed to disappointment, and they were reduced at last to the necessity of apologizing because somebody had evidently "turned off all the rough stuff."

Nowhere Else to Go

The curtain of the little stage went up presently and disclosed a white-clad nymph about forty years old, poised uncertainly on one knee and holding over her head a wreath of paper roses that had seen better days. The piano man played some dreamy music and she proceeded, with an awkwardness and angularity of motion that I have never seen equaled, to execute a kind of spring-song dance. And she did it with such painstaking solemnity that one of the boys was moved to call out to her: "Cheer up, cully, you'll soon be dead!"

There were two or three other dancers, all equally destitute of dangerous charm, and a funny little square-bodied, tow-headed girl who juggled ivory balls with a surpassing skill and did boomerang tricks with hoops. That was all. Then the curtain went down and the performers came out and began to shove the tables up against the walls, clearing a narrow dancing space in the middle of the room. A group of Britishers had lolled in in the meantime, and two or three Frenchmen, but nobody seemed inclined to start anything, though the man at the piano—doing queer things with his head to keep his cigarette from smoking in his eyes—went from one piece of ragtime to another with commendable persistency.

"And is this where you boys get all your amusement?" I asked.

"It's the only place in Fyoumy!" they replied, laughing with truly American appreciation of the fact.

And it was about then that a young lieutenant came rushing in and laying hold of one of my companions said breathlessly: "Could you lend a fellow a hundred kronen!"

"Why, sure! But why all the excitement? What's happened?"

"Got orders to get a hundred men up to Triest by five o'clock in the morning to take a food train to Vienna. I'm broke and am afraid I'll need some money. Thanks. Great business, what?"

"Got everything ready?"

"Yep! Orders to the men; transportation; food supply. We'll turn up all right, but it's pretty short notice. Say, talk about your Cook's tourists!"

"Yes, you'll freeze to death on that freight train!"

"Sure we will! But anything is better'n being bored to death in a place like this!" And he rushed out.

I was sorry then that I had left Triest, because if I had been there I certainly should have joined that American guard with that first food train to Vienna. It was an Austrian train with an Austrian crew, but I knew that it and everything else had been held up by the strike and I wondered what kind of arrangements the colonel had made.

The strikers were not interfering with passenger traffic, but at that time there were no trains going to Vienna that I could be allowed to travel on. There was trouble between the Italians and Jugoslavs at Laibach and between the Austrians and Jugoslavs at Marburg, so the trip was regarded as being exceedingly dangerous. Besides there was not a car running that had a whole window left in it; there was no heat, and no comforts of any kind; and in going up over the Alps especially one would be exposed to the severest hardships.

Back in Triest after another risky ride over the icy and wind-swept mountain road I was wondering how I was ever going to get to Vienna at all, when one fine day there arrived in our midst Colonel Causey, of the 17th American Engineers and inspector of the lines of communication for the Food Administration. He would stay only a few hours and would then return to Vienna. And he was traveling in a private car! My lucky star was shining in the sky!

He had nobody with him but his aid and would be very glad if I would come along with them. I said I would, and embellished my acceptance with my choicest phrases of appreciation.

The aid, I found, was a linguistic young lieutenant who, as an American, is somewhat of a curio because he speaks English, French, Italian and German with equal fluency, and does not mind an occasional encounter with Czech, Russian or Polish.

When we started I thought we were going straight through to Vienna. It is only three hundred and sixty-six miles from Triest, and express trains of former days usually made it in about eight hours. But it took us three days and three nights, and on the way we had some adventures that I need not hesitate to describe as unique. We called a Peace Conference between the Austrians and Jugoslavs for one thing, getting the commanding general of the Jugoslav forces in the north, the governor of Austrian Styria, the vice president of the Slovene government of Laibach and a few others together at luncheon, where we made them eat cold corned beef off the same plate while the colonel enumerated to them the things they might and might not do. But I must lead up to that with a few particulars.

The only flattering thing that could be said about the car was that it was private. It belonged to some former government railway inspector. Captain Gregory, the executive representative of the Food Administration at Vienna, has the private car of the late Archduke Francis Ferdinand, the one he traveled in as far as the border of Bosnia-Herzegovina on his fatal trip to Sarajevo, but the captain was off for a conference in Paris and his car was sitting on a siding somewhere up on the border of Switzerland. Otherwise we might have had that!

Amateur Cookery

In our car there were three state rooms of the narrowest possible dimensions, and a space at one end furnished with a table and four leather-upholstered chairs, which would be regarded, I suppose, as the smoking room. At one end of this room, against the barred and bolted doors, the lieutenant had stored the food supplies. These consisted of canned corned beef, corned-beef hash, pork and beans and jam, with condensed milk, loose coffee and sugar and some boxes of hard American biscuits. Of fresh supplies laid in at Triest there were eggs, canned butter and a large tin of bacon.

The colonel and the youth had been all up and down the various lines—to Prague, the coal fields of Silesia, Budapest and other places—depending for cooking purposes on a small cup which they set on a flatiron rest—come by goodness knows where or how!—over tins of solidified alcohol furnished by the American Red Cross. So their cooking was limited to "boiling up," as they expressed it, a little hot coffee. For the rest they had subsisted on corned beef and crackers as being "the easiest to undo."

The colonel, however, was tired of all this, so at Triest he made himself a present of an oil stove, some amateur cooking utensils and a can of kerosene.

The trouble was that the stove was a bit top-heavy and seemed disinclined to adapt itself to the rather violent motion of the car when we were under way over the ill-used and wholly neglected tracks. We held a council over it and decided to tie it down. And I think I must record that the only thing we could find to tie it with was some pink baby ribbon that I had to withdraw from other and more seemly service and sacrifice to the occasion. We set the stove up on a cracker box, drove nails all round the edge of the box and secured the walloping, dangerous creature with a dozen tight

double loops. Then the lieutenant insisted on making a few little bows, so when the job was finished it would have satisfied anybody. I wondered what the ponderous old governor of Styria thought of it. But we Americans are suspected of being too good to be true; and in addition most of us are thought to be a little mad, so perhaps nothing we do is ever really surprising.

I became chief cook, of course, and was glad that in my youth I had some useful training and was able to do a few things with corned beef besides serve it cold.

It was late Sunday afternoon when we got to Loitsch, where the Italian division of the railroad comes to an end, and there we had to sit in the bitter cold and wait four hours for another engine. When we were detached from an engine we suffered terribly, but we came in the end really to prefer this variety of suffering because when we were connected up they usually pumped steam in on us until we had to open the windows and fight for the breath of life.

From Loitsch we went on to Laibach, governmental and military headquarters of the Slovenes. I suppose I should now call this town Lubiana. That is its Jugoslav name. But it is Laibach on all the maps and I do not believe in being premature with regard to geographical changes.

At Laibach, then, the local representative of the Food Administration—another young and linguistic American lieutenant—came aboard and reported that the Austrians and Jugoslavs were fighting up south of Klagenfurt and interfering with the railroad at either end of a very important tunnel.

This railroad is the shortest and most direct route between Triest and Prague—the tunnel in question cutting off a long detour round a mountain range—and the commission had an immediate intention of sending some food trains over it. It seemed the contending forces had torn up some track and there was reason to fear that they had damaged the tunnel. In this case the route would have to be abandoned and trains would have to be sent to Prague by the main line, which would mean more coal, more time, more train crews, more everything. A working agreement had already been made with the various peoples with regard to the movement of the food trains and this new complication was annoying.

Unofficial Arbitrators

The colonel had a telegram sent through at once to General Maister, who commands the Jugoslav troops in the north, asking him to get together the necessary conferees for a meeting at Marburg the next morning. Whereupon we attached ourselves to a local train and pulled out.

We arrived at Marburg early enough, but the general was a little too brisk for us. He was down at the station and calling at the car where it stood on a siding, long before anybody was ready to receive him. I was up betimes and had the coffee made and the corned-beef hash all steaming hot and decorated with eggs, but he was not calling on me, so I attended to my rather complicated job of keeping everything hot over one burner while the lieutenant explained that the colonel was not out yet. The general left an A. D. C. and an automobile and took his departure. Which was exactly what the colonel desired. He was not thinking then in terms of private interviews.

General Maister is one of the most active and conspicuous leaders the Jugoslavs have, and he makes his headquarters at Marburg, which claims to be a German-Austrian town. And this was not the first time he had responded to an invitation to confer with an American officer. I am warmly in accord with the Jugoslavs, and especially in their difficulties with the Italians on the Adriatic coast. Incidentally one likes them. But there is no doubt that, like everybody else, they are disposed to favor themselves in their interpretation of the phrase "the self-determination of peoples." Wherever a few Slavs happen to have settled, there is Jugoslav territory.

By conscripting young Germans in the vicinity of Marburg and over to the eastward, round Radkersburg, General Maister brought on a peasant revolt and a return of the German-Austrians to arms, with the result that very recently he has had some rather severe fighting. We have had nothing to do with that, however, the difficulty which the Americans were called upon to settle being connected with a boundary over which the Jugoslavs and Austrians had been struggling most bitterly. They got together finally with an idea of achieving some kind of compromise. But they could come to no understanding, and fresh hostilities seemed imminent when it was suggested that American officers be permitted to fix the boundary without interference from either side.

Threatened in Vain

The Americans consented to undertake this delicate task on the condition that their plan should first be submitted to the Peace Conference at Paris and that all hostilities should cease until the Peace Conference had acted upon it.

With this agreement arrived at Col. Sherman Miles, of the United States Army and a member of the American Peace Mission at Vienna, was appointed to direct the enterprise, and he had with him Maj. Lawrence Martin, a geographer and geologist of the United States Army Intelligence Service, but otherwise a member of the faculty of the University of Wisconsin. Some Americans are having curious adventures these days.

These two officers, with a sufficient staff and a working outfit of automobiles and field kit, eventually repaired to Marburg for a final conference as to the general ideas entertained by both sides of the controversy.

Marburg being General Maister's headquarters the Austrians also were guests, and the whole party gathered together in the general's offices.

Just why trouble should have been anticipated I do not know, but Jugoslav troops were posted round the town with machine guns. The town, as I have said, claims to be German-Austrian and there is no doubt that a large majority of the people are German, but the Jugoslavs regard it as being within their rightful territory. In any case they are holding it.

While the historic party was in conference a vast German mob collected in the street and burning addresses were delivered to the Americans within the building—out of sight, but within hearing perhaps. Then suddenly the whole great throng, filling the streets, the Americans say, until you could have walked on their heads for blocks, broke into Der Wacht am Rhine! It surely was such a serenade as has never before been heard.

During the conference an officer came in with the information that the general was to be assassinated on his way to lunch. That was cheerful news, and the two ranking American officers knew they would have to ride with him. It was not particularly reassuring to them, but it was rather indicative of the general's character that he sent word down to have the top of his automobile lowered.

The luncheon was his—a long-drawn-out and many-coursed affair—and to get to it the party had to drive through several streets. Needless to say, nothing happened; and it might naturally occur to any thoughtful person that the general had given orders to have the top of his car lowered because, knowing that the would-be assassins would probably rather commit suicide than hurt an American, he wanted them to have a full view of his party.

And then something did happen. Along about the fifth course of the luncheon an excited officer came in, called the general aside and reported that the Jugoslavs had been compelled to fire into the mob and that six persons were dead and twenty wounded. In the market square a German had knocked down the officer commanding a machine-gun company and the mob was about to rush the guns. Of course the men had to fire That was what the officer said.

The Americans excused themselves then, climbed into their own cars and started for the frontier, where they were to begin their operations. But on the way they took occasion to drive by the market place and see for themselves the results of what the Austrians were disposed to call "the massacre."

"Say," said the learned map maker to me, "when they called their old war off I thought all the pep had gone out of life. But that was some day! The colonel's car broke down on the way to where we were going and I beat him in. I went to the one and only hotel and asked for accommodation for the night. They showed me a fine big room and told me with great pride and satisfaction that a Jugoslav officer had been murdered in it only the night before. I reserved it for the colonel. Just because I got in ahead of him was no reason why I should be selfish and grab off all the best things in the place!"

This is an interlude while Colonel Causey is off having his conference about the railroad. He came back to the car along about eleven o'clock and said: "I've invited thirteen men to lunch. What can you do?"

Not to dwell on a nervous half hour I will say at once that we decided to give this luncheon in the railway-station restaurant. The restaurant had no food, but we could manage that, and I admitted that for once the best way to serve canned corned beef was sliced cold.

General Maister Comes to Dine

They gave us a private dining room in the station and we sent quantities of coffee to be turned into some kind of a brew in the big restaurant urns. Then there was some veal loaf—also sliced cold—some jam, some of the canned American butter from Triest and the American crackers. We had no bread and it was quite impossible to get any. In fact, it is impossible to get bread anywhere, because everybody is limited to so many grams a week and must produce a card to get even that. Since it is never served in hotels nearly everyone goes about with bits of bread in his pocket, and we rather hoped our guests would come provided with their own. But they didn't. I advised the colonel to have large quantities of wine and admonished the lieutenant to cut the corned beef out of the cans in nice thin slices and not to gouge it out in big chunks as he was in the habit of doing. Then I put on a pair of white kid gloves and went with the colonel to receive the guests.

I was interested in meeting General Maister, and after I had met him I could think of nothing in connection with him but "Morgan and his merry, merry men." If ever a man was born to "sail the Spanish Main" and wield a cutlass it is this General Maister. He stands at least six feet three inches in his high military boots; he has a fierce air and a coaly black mustache with wildly flowing ends that would reach to his prominent Adam's apple if he should pull them down. His eyes are piercing black under pent roofs of bushy bristling brows, and his cheeks are purple streaked as though he had lived always with his face to the wind.

He sat opposite me at the colonel's left, while at my right I had the quaint old governor of Austrian Styria. The governor was the keenest man of the lot, I thought; but he looked less like a diplomatist than like a weary old farmer at the end of a discouraging season. He wore ancient and dirt-crusted leather breeches, high muddy boots and an old gray sack coat that fell open across a corduroy waistcoat. He apologized for this outfit, but said they were the best everyday clothes he had, that he was a poor man and that he could not afford to buy new clothes at the present prices. I told him I liked his clothes; and I did. They harmonized with his general personality. He spoke very nice French.

The general spoke only German and Slav, but he had an interpreter at his elbow. Down the line there were several Jugoslav officers—a colonel or two and a major—all of the general's staff; men in civilian clothes attached to the governor; the vice president of the Slovene provinces and a French captain from the staff of the general commanding the French troops at Fiume. This Frenchman was merely an observer.

An Amicable Adjustment

Through the general's interpreter our colonel explained once more that he had nothing whatever to do with their various political differences, but that he did have a good deal to do with moving foodstuffs in to the suffering populations of the different states and that they must agree among themselves to conduct their operations away from the main lines of communication and to lend him their combined assistance rather than to hamper him in his efforts to keep the railroads open. I thought they acted like a lot of boys who had been caught in a delinquency the consequences of which they hoped they could wriggle out of.

Their discussions on the side were being checked by the colonel's aide, and if one of them happened to trail off into his native language this youth would say: "Speak German, please. I don't understand Slav."

The Austrians declared that they had never interfered with the railroad in question, but eventually acknowledged that there might be a bit of track torn up within their lines. But if so it could be repaired in a few hours and they would attend to it immediately.

The Jugoslavs denied everything and said they were holding the tunnel—if at all—to save it from being injured. So far it was in perfect order, and as soon as the Austrians had replaced the track they had torn up the food trains could begin to run.

We left Marburg that night at eight o'clock, carrying with us back to Gratz the old governor of Styria. On my beribboned stove I made him hot corned-beef hash for his supper, and I was liking him very much until he said to the lieutenant, in German:

"If the Belgians had had sense enough to let the German Army through, the war would have been over years ago and we should not now be worrying our lives out over questions like these."

The lieutenant translated swiftly for me, and I said: "Ask him what kind of questions he thinks we should be worrying our lives out over!"

But the American boy was too young to argue with the ancient German diplomatist.

We reached our destination the next afternoon, and I think maybe nobody ever made a slower trip than that between Paris and Vienna.

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BELOW PAR FOR A DAY

(Continued from Page 21)

"Gray's right. You don't hunt big game with a megaphone, Blackburn," grunted Trimble, of the executive committee.

"No secrets," cried Craddock, another obstructionist, backing up Blackburn.

Gray raised his hand to stop further protest. "Let me reassure you, gentlemen; we're not going to commit you to anything drastic. My plan is the most simple, the most equitable, the most commonplace and the most obvious." He raised his voice: "Yet you couldn't guess it in a thousand years."

Phillips rapped with his gavel. "Gentlemen, the chair will entertain a motion that this meeting adjourn and that the executive committee go into immediate session to consider E. J. Gray's plan."

The motion was made, seconded and carried.

A week later Old Drake got a special-delivery letter at his house. Singularly enough, the senior partner of every important concern in Madgeburg got a special-delivery letter at his house that very morning. Father and son were at breakfast at the time.

"Curious," the old man commented; "one of our envelopes."

Young Drake dropped his newspaper and observed his father. It was as if he were looking at himself in the mirror twenty-five years hence, they were so alike. Young Drake might have been called a popular edition of Old Drake. This interesting pair were, properly speaking, William Henry Drake, Sr., and William Henry Drake, Jr. But they were known far and wide as Old Drake and Young Drake, never anything else. Old Drake and Young Drake was a very good characterization, since age was the only thing that differentiated them, and that not very markedly. Old Drake's hair was white; Young Drake's hair was sprinkled with gray. Both seemed to have the same number of wrinkles, running in the same direction, indicating experiences and passions—for both were worldly men. Old Drake had the arrogance of the man who has worked his way up from the ranks, who knows his own strength and the other fellow's weakness. Young Drake had the same arrogance, but the tact of a mixer, a man of the world, one brought up in the atmosphere of affluence.

Old Drake had been the boss so long that the spirit of domination was woven into his very fiber. He could think only one way. To mix with men was to dominate them. He brooked no opposition, no difference of opinion even, from anyone. He exacted instant obedience from his employees. His orders meant: "Don't think! Jump!" Young Drake had been largely democratized by his college experience. That was about the only difference between them.

"What's up, pop?" asked Young Drake when he'd allowed time enough for the perusal of an ordinary letter to pass.

Old Drake tossed the letter the length of the table to his son; and then said to the butler: "That'll be all for the present, Nichols." He waited until the sleek servitor had closed the door behind him and his footfalls had grown fainter and fainter, then: "What do you think of it, son?"

Young Drake read:

"MESSRS. DRAKE & DRAKE, Madgeburg.

"*Dear Sirs:* We, the undersigned, have individually appealed to you at various times within the last two years to make some concession to our needs, which, as you know, have increased beyond our ability—on the present basis of salary—to supply them. As you know, food products have advanced 70 per cent. The wages of union labor have been advanced 50 per cent, which leaves those workers in a much better position than that of the clerical forces, who have been raised an average of only 10 per cent.

"We feel that you will appreciate the justice of our request at this time for an advance to cover the increased cost of living. We only ask you to see things through our eyes.

"Hoping for an early and a favorable decision we beg to subscribe ourselves,

"Yours faithfully."

The letter was signed in round-robin form. There was no head, no tail, no way of indicating who had signed first or last. It wasn't even signed in the order of the importance of positions. For once, the twins, A to K and L to Z, were separated. Hamilton De Quincey Marbury followed William O'Brien, the office boy, and six signatures later came Wilkinson Rathburne. Gray's name was neither at the very top nor the very bottom. If the round robin had been a watch it would have come about half past seven—the most insignificant location imaginable. He had thus attempted to submerge his claim to leadership.

Presently Young Drake tossed the letter back. "What do you think of it, pop?"

"What do you?"

Young Drake rose from the table, spread his legs apart, and thrust his hands deep into his trousers pockets—a way he'd got from his father, who was his model in all things—and deliberated a moment.

"Pop, I think it's about time we began to take those fellows seriously. I don't like the situation."

"What situation?" snapped Old Drake.

"I hear they've been holding meetings—the cashiers and the bookkeepers and the general clerks of this town. They've been haranguing about low wages and the high cost of living and how they were going to regulate things."

"Oh, bah! Talk! Hot air! Good safety valve! Regulate? How the deuce can they regulate?"

Old Drake crossed to the fireplace, spread his feet apart, and clasped his hands under his coat tails, the occasional flapping of which was the only sign of the storm within. But Young Drake knew that sign. Presently the old man turned.

"So that's the way it impresses you, eh?" The irony in Old Drake's tone warned the young man to acquiescent silence. "Now I'll tell you how it impresses me." Another pause; then: "Son, you're very young. You know a good deal, thanks to me. But a few things have escaped you. I have tried to teach you to know men. But from the anxiety these meetings and this fool letter seem to cause you I reckon my teaching has had little effect. You want to realize, first place, that these men are worried, they're angry, that's why they talk. If they're worried they're afraid. So why should we worry?" He paused; then: "Let me settle this whole question in a word, and then perhaps you'll understand. Why am I the boss? Hey? Because my judgment is better than that of the whole crowd. I know more'n all of 'em put together. I've got more ingenuity. I've got more energy. I've got more enterprise. If I had more hands I could run the whole office alone, because I've got wits enough. That's what these men are—my hands. But"—he tapped his forehead—"they ain't my brains—brains, that's me—Drake, Old Drake, they call me. By gad, I like it. Old Drake means something. It's a trade mark, son. When you hear it look out."

Young Drake remained discreetly silent, as was his custom when his father's agitated coat tails conveyed the danger signal.

Old Drake paused long enough to light a big black cigar.

"I could go into the shops to-day and do the work of any man there. I could go into the office and do the work of anyone there, from Willie, the office boy, to Gray. And so could you." He waved his cigar in the air. "Let 'em talk—let 'em come to me—Old Drake. Let 'em quit, individually or *en masse*—I don't care. They think they're indispensable. But I could fill their places, any one of 'em—in twenty minutes. I could even train a man to take Gray's place in a day—train him myself. I know every detail of his work, chapter, verse and letter." Old Drake paused, relighted his cigar, then: "I suppose you're afraid they're going to do something." He chuckled. "What could those silken-fingered, alpaca-coated, spectacled-and-whiskered, gentle-voiced cusses do?" He paused, then: "Hey?"

"I didn't speak, pop."

Evidently Old Drake was pleased with his humor. "Look at Gray, the head of 'em all—ringleader of the bunch, even if his name is down in the southwest corner of that fool circle. Gray's colorless; colorless as his name; colorless as the shirts he wears. For years he's worn those gray shirts with the little black dots. They've got on my nerves."

"You're observing, pop."

"Don't that show what he is? Gray ain't going to take any stand against me. A man that won't change his shirt won't change his mind, will he? And what has his mind been? It's been my mind. It's been to think as I think. It's been to see as I see. It's been to do as I say and do it quick, like all the rest of 'em. That's all the mind Gray's got. And Gray stands for 'em all—those athletes Number One and Number Two—the whole bunch."

After a discreet silence Young Drake observed: "Then you're not going to do anything about it?"

"That's a silly question. Why should I do anything? It ain't up to me. Let them do the doing." He pointed to the letter. "Any fellow that'll sign that kind of a thing is afraid of his own shadow. I'll bet a nickel they don't any of them dare look me in the face when I go in this morning. Just you watch."

But Old Drake was slated for a mild surprise when he did enter the office that very morning. Everybody was, if anything, more suave, more graciously eager, more eagerly gracious than usual.

"They're acting, son," he said; "just acting. And when folks act they're worried."

There was unmistakable tension in the office for a time. Having committed themselves to the plunge the office force waited for developments. They'd taken the first step. It was now up to Drake & Drake, was the way they regarded it. But neither Old Drake nor Young Drake gave any sign.

"Possibly we'll hear something tomorrow," said A to K to L to Z that evening. "I think they are considering. The old man's figuring out how much he can afford to advance us."

"You mean he's figuring out how little he can raise us and get away with it," said L to Z.

But Old Drake wasn't figuring any such thing, as was indicated by what he said to his son next night at dinner. "Don't you see, son, nothing's happened. Yesterday they were afraid they were going to be sacked. And now they're so glad they ain't, they'll be willing to forget all about that letter. That's human nature."

"Nothing's happened so far, pop."

"Nothing'll keep on happening, son."

But something did happen. Not right away, but two weeks later. It began happening on a Monday morning. And so gradually did it start that it never dawned on Old Drake that something was actually happening until twenty-four hours after it had begun to happen.

On the aforesaid Monday morning Old Drake—under great pressure of business—pressed the button marked "One." Under ordinary conditions he would scarcely have lifted his finger from the button before Hamilton De Quincey Marbury, athlete, society man, arbiter of his own particular set, would have popped in at the door. It had been A to K's custom at first to knock before entering the sanctum, for A to K was a well-bred man. But that sort of thing had got on Old Drake's nerves, as all little amenities that indicated gentle breeding got on his nerves. "Cut out the knocking!" he said peremptorily one day. "I know who it is." Then, as a humorous shot at aristocracy in general: "Just as soon as I touch that button I know who's there." After that, the word being passed along, as Old Drake expected it to be, no one ever knocked when summoned—just popped in. And popped in mighty quick.

But on this particular morning, and following the aforesaid summons, the athletic bookkeeper did not pop in. Instead he kept his eyes steadfastly on a column of figures that he was adding, a process which might have been described as "kidding himself." For as a matter of fact A to K, owing to perturbation within, instantly ceased adding at the sound of the bell; nor was he able to go on with his work. But having committed himself to the Gray-Marbury scheme he was determined to see it through.

At the end of a preconcerted three-minute period Gray gave him a nod, and A to K walked leisurely to Old Drake's private room, turned the knob and entered. But his well-studied leisureliness apparently failed of its calculated effect. For during the aforesaid three minutes Old Drake had been engaged in a spirited but one-sided discussion with his son, and did not notice the delinquency on the part of A to K—except in the retrospect. Old Drake turned, picked up a letter and tossed it across the desk.

"Number One, just write the figures he wants on the margin and bring the letter back to me as soon as you can. I may want to wire Burke."

"Yes, Mr. Drake. Is that all?"

"Yes, Number One."

Old Drake chuckled. "I like that cuss," he commented when A to K had closed the door.

"Why do you call him 'Number One,' pop?"

"He's one of those darned aristocrats, and I like to take 'em down a peg. It kind of eases off my resentment against the whole bunch of 'em, for I never could get over the idea that though they're my servants they're condescending. But," Old Drake chuckled, "I like Number One because he's a good sport. He realizes that while he is in this office he's just the same as the rest of 'em—corking good sport," he added.

A to K returned to his desk and, pursuant to the Gray-Marbury scheme, resumed in a most deliberate way the adding of the column of figures he had been engaged on when summoned to the sanctum. At the end of half an hour he devoted a minute to the jotting down of the figures asked for in Burke's letter.

Again A to K's well-designed leisureliness and much-suffered perturbation fell short of their purpose—except in the retrospect. For Old Drake had been assiduously studying some disturbing clippings from an article by a would-be economist. "Good," he said merely, when A to K laid Burke's letter before him. "Send Stillson in as you go out."

Stillson was the correspondent.

"Yes, Mr. Drake."

A to K stepped quickly to Stillson's desk, delivered the summons, turned and winked significantly at Gray, who was on the job, and then went back to his books and began adding figures with his customary expedition.

Instead of jumping at the magic word Stillson calmly perused some papers—a man peruses when he's calm, or pretends to be; normally he only reads or glances over. Stillson was now seized with the same kind of misery that had afflicted A to K. But he didn't have that gentleman's discipline. On the contrary he showed perturbation to such an extent that his stenographer presently asked him if anything was wrong. Stillson kept his eye on Gray for the preconcerted signal, even as A to K had done, his misery increasing; for if there was one thing on earth that Stillson dreaded it was Old Drake's biting sarcasm. After an interminable three minutes Gray nodded and Stillson jumped to his feet, but instantly remembered, and strolled down the line of desks to the sanctum.

His mind free from the pressing business of the moment Old Drake began to wonder at Stillson's tardiness.

"Well," he snapped, "you here at last?"

"Yes, Mr. Drake." Stillson's lips were dry.

Old Drake eyed his correspondent severely for a moment; then, passing Burke's letter across the table: "Wire him the figures Number One put on the margin."

"Yes, Mr. Drake."

"Son," called Old Drake when Stillson had closed the door. "Get Townley on the wire. I'll take it here."

"Yes, pop," came Young Drake's voice from the next room.

With that Old Drake picked up the morning News. His eye was instantly caught by the customary red-flag scarehead—Bolshevism. He began assiduously to read the stuff, cursing as he went on delivering a general curse, one comprehending all the I. W. W.'s, Bolsheviks, socialists, anarchists and Spartacides in the world. When he was about three-quarters of the way down the column he suddenly remembered. "Ain't you got Townley yet, son?"

"Here he is now."

Old Drake picked up the receiver. "I want Mr. Townley. Didn't they tell you?"

"Yes, sir. But who is this?" said the irritating feminine voice at the other end.

"It's Mr. Drake. Now, hurry up! You ought to have told him long ago."

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(Continued from Page 105)

Several seconds elapsed, then another feminine voice.

"Who's this?" snapped Old Drake. Another pause. "But I don't want his secretary! I want him! . . . What? You'll see if you can get him?" Another exasperating pause, then: "Oh, hello, Townley." There was nothing ingratiating now in Old Drake's tone. "I've been trying to get you for ten minutes!" he snapped. . . . "Curious—I've been here all the time." Then, after a pause: "Well, it's all right—Monday—the twentieth—at eleven. Good."

Old Drake hung up the receiver and turned to Young Drake. "Son, ask that telephone operator why Townley couldn't get me"

A few minutes later Young Drake's report was: "The operator's only explanation is that things seem to get muddled to-day."

"They're muddled everywhere," grunted Old Drake. "Townley's people have lost their wits too. His operator instead of connecting me with J. W. put me in touch with another female, his secretary." He imitated a feminine squeak "'Yes, Mr. Drake I'll see if I can get him—he's in the building.' See if she can get Townley for Old Drake!" He frowned perplexedly. "She's been his secretary for years, and she knows that I own that concern, lock, stock and barrel; and Townley too."

And yet Old Drake hadn't begun to tumble. But he was fast approaching a condition of susceptibility to suspicion.

At one o'clock a special delivery letter was handed Old Drake. "What the deuce?" he muttered. "Why should Outerbridge send me a special and mark it 'personal'?" He read the letter, his scowl deepening as he went on. Then he pushed Button Number Three. Button Number Three was Gray's particular call.

When that gentleman received the metallic signal he looked at the other members of the Big Four and they looked at him. There was no one to coach Gray what to do. So he took out his watch and waited until the long hand had marked the passing of three minutes. Then he presented himself before the stern presence.

"Letter from Outerbridge," said Old Drake curtly. "I thought this had been attended to."

"I'm working on it now, Mr. Drake."

"I've underlined what he says about Wednesday evening being the time limit for that estimate, Gray." The old man emphasized "time limit."

"So I see, Mr. Drake."

When Gray had gone Old Drake crossed to the door of his son's room, stood looking at the young man for a moment, then observed: "Things seem to lag here to-day. Haven't you noticed it?"

"Oh, I don't know, pop."

"Ugh," grunted Old Drake, and returned to his desk.

Old Drake received many prominent business callers that afternoon, yet everything passed off smoothly, amicably, which was rare, for those stubborn old fellows were prone to engage in heated discussions, discussions which invariably left their effect on Old Drake's nerves.

But that night Old Drake went home with a most unusual grouch. And he wondered why. It was the unusual size of the grouch that made Old Drake take note of it, that perplexed him. If he had traced back the happenings of the day he'd have realized that his grouch had started with the delinquency of Number One, followed by the delinquency of Stillson and the mixed-up matter of the telephone to Townley, and had been contributed to by various other incidents of like discordant and irritating character, all of which were being noted by his subconscious mind, working out and taking form, to be developed later.

Under the mollifying influence of two Scotch highballs and a big black cigar Old Drake began to review the affairs of the day, partly because it was his custom to do so but particularly to discover the reason of the grouch with which he'd been afflicted. Things seemed all right, yet he had a curious sense of sand in the machinery.

"Say, son," he said presently, "have you noticed anything unusual about me to-day; or has the whole universe slowed down?"

"Trouble with you, pop, is you have so much steam on that everything else seems to go slow."

"No more steam than usual," said Old Drake. "So that doesn't account for it."

"Sometimes there's a let-down in general efficiency in a force."

"But the same thing happened at Townley's."

"Coincidence, pop; that's all."

"Coincidence, nothing! Everywhere I telephoned to-day—Burbank's, Steinberg's, Clark & Maynard's—there was a general mix-up, confusion, delay."

The same evening the Big Four of the office force of Drake & Drake—Gray, the alphabetical twins and Stillson—got together and compared notes. It had been arranged by all hands, male and female, that the destinies of the force be intrusted to this committee. Only three of the committee had been called to face Old Drake during the day. Not one had noticed evidence of irritability in the old man.

"Never mind," said Gray. "Give him time. It's too early yet."

Simultaneously Big Fours connected with Burbank's, Steinberg's, Clark & Maynard's and all the rest of them were discussing the reaction of the Gray-Marbury plan—which had been put in operation in their respective offices the same morning.

In a general way the reaction to the Gray-Marbury plan was the same in the other offices of Madgeburg as it was in Drake & Drake's. In only one respect did it differ. No other concern had such a man as Old Drake at its head. Quite properly he had been called the keystone of commerce and finance of the town.

Old Drake had immense pride of business acumen. With him an error of judgment was a rare exception. He prided himself that he could sense the attitude of men rather than feel it out; that his business rivals were as easy to read as his employees. Old Drake had only one fear: One day encroaching age might warp him, undermine his judgment, rob him of perspective. If he should weaken in any way the great structure he had reared would crumble. And the great structure he had reared was not only the works, which employed thousands of men, but a reputation for integrity, for sagacity. The fear of the encroachment of age had become an obsession with this great captain of industry. That's why the happenings of the day worried him—worried him for a reason that not another soul would have suspected.

As Old Drake sat alone with his cigar he studied the situation. Was it he or was it the rest of the world that was out of gear? There kept bobbing up in his mind the old story of the intoxicated private who protested that the whole regiment was drunk while he was sober. The old man was about to take another highball. But when Nichols brought it he put it aside.

"No," he resolved, "I'll fight this thing out by myself. I won't let John Barleycorn help me. I won't let anybody help me."

The resolution gave him courage.

But still Old Drake was worried.

Old Drake's first attempt to settle the question that was worrying him was not encouraging. On reaching the office next morning he instantly and nervously pressed the button marked "One." After a considerable pause A to K appeared.

"Well," snapped Old Drake, "you here at last?"

"I was engaged on a column of figures, Mr. Drake. Most important."

"I've been told that my particular bell has an unmistakable sound, Number One."

"Yes, Mr. Drake."

"Aren't you extraordinarily slow this morning or do I only imagine it?" The old man paused, then: "I was beginning to wonder whether there was something wrong with you folks out there or something wrong with me." Old Drake eyed the bookkeeper severely yet anxiously. But Number One's features were inscrutable.

"I don't know, Mr. Drake. Everything's about normal."

"This letter will explain itself, Number One. See to it. And let me know what you've done."

Old Drake sat staring at the door, which had closed behind the athletic bookkeeper, then grunted: "Normal, eh? Your opinion doesn't settle it, Number One."

He turned to a pad and with a pencil sketched meaningless characters over and over, a nervous habit he had when thinking hard. Presently he smiled shrewdly and pressed the Stillson button, consulting his watch as he did so.

Three minutes later Stillson appeared, and Old Drake observed that he was nervous, which was gratifying. Old Drake smiled genially. "I want to see that letter you write Ward & Wilkinson before you send it out, Stillson."

Old Drake noted that Stillson moved without his customary alacrity when he left. He continued to trace meaningless figures on the pad. No other business seemed to interest him now. It was like a psychological chess game. Presently he called out: "Son, get Townley on the wire." Old Drake disengaged his watch from the chain and put it on the desk before him, carelessly dropping a blotting paper over it. Then he fastened the disengaged end of the chain in his waistcoat pocket.

"Here's Townley," cried Young Drake.

"Three minutes," commented Old Drake. "Usually takes twenty seconds."

It seemed to the telephone operator that Old Drake called up every business house in Madgeburg that day. And it took all her presence of mind to act the part Gray had given her. Never had the push button on Old Drake's desk been so assiduously manipulated as on this particular day. Nor was the button any respecter of persons. And how well did each play the particular rôle that had been assigned him. But there was no rasping quick word from Old Drake. Each was met with a genial smile and given quiet-voiced instructions. The Big Four noted this with perplexity and some discomfiture, which was precisely what Old Drake had designed. For Old Drake was a psychologist. He was playing a game that he hadn't played for years, a game that he'd let underlings play for him ever since he had ceased to be a foreman in the shops.

"What have you noticed to-day, son?" said Old Drake that night at dinner.

"What have you noticed, pop?"

"One thing, son. Your accounting for the let-down in the force on the ground of coincidence and my working under high pressure is rot. Nothing to it. There's been a let-down everywhere in Madgeburg."

"Not very encouraging." Young Drake observed.

"Darned encouraging," commented Old Drake enigmatically.

After a moment's deliberation Young Drake observed, rather than asserted: "Pop, it looks as if things were happening."

"Does, eh?"

There was a considerable pause; then: "Say, pop, you've been so engaged in playing this psychological chess game to-day that you don't realize that business is not being attended to. Orders are accumulating; piling up." Then, emphatically: "You want to remember that while business has increased like everything we've only got the same force we had before the war."

"What of it? They've speeded up according to requirements, ain't they? That shows what men can do if they're on the job."

"Well," said Young Drake resignedly, "it means a big loss to us, pop, if we don't get a hustle on."

Old Drake was about to snap something back, but realization that the private was sober while the rest of the regiment was drunk had softened him.

"Don't worry, son," he said indulgently. "I know where I stand now. I'll settle the thing."

Young Drake was silent for a few moments, then ventured: "What are you going to do, pop?"

"Take too long to explain."

Young Drake ignored the snub. It was his business to hold up his father's hands just now. "Can't I help you, pop?"

"Yes. You can keep your tongue between your teeth and obey orders." Then with sardonic satisfaction: "That's the only way any man could ever help Old Drake."

It was ten minutes past five Wednesday evening. The psychological chess game between Old Drake and the office force had been played all day without any noticeable advantage to either party. The Big Four had consulted in the outside office, and Old Drake had kept notes, and also his own counsel, in the sanctum. It had resolved itself into a waiting game. If anything Old Drake was grimmer than usual and more icily polite. And the other force was a little more nervous. That was all.

At five-ten the break came. It came in the form of a telegram to Old Drake:

"Where are those figures? Impossible to extend time beyond to-morrow morning.

"OUTERBRIDGE."

Mechanically Old Drake pushed Number Three button.

"No use, pop. They're all gone. It's five-ten now."

It was a psychological solar plexus that the telegram gave Old Drake. It metaphorically staggered him for a moment. Then he was himself again. And being himself again—normal—Old Drake got mad, mad clean through. He jumped up and thrust his hands under his coat tails and flapped them wildly.

"It's a trick!" he snapped. "A hold-up! I didn't think Gray'd do it. Dammit, I didn't think it of him!" Suddenly his mood changed. "By gosh," he exclaimed, "good luck has put the trumps right in my hands! Son, we'll make out that estimate right away and we'll wire the figures to Outerbridge. We'll show that bunch we can do without 'em, and we'll show 'em, too, we can teach others if necessary."

Young Drake got up. "You're right, pop." Then: "The office force may have gone. But Drake & Drake are here."

It took Young Drake only a minute to negotiate the combinations to the big safe and the strong room Old Drake crossed to the safe and looked in. He hadn't seen the interior of that safe for years except to glance casually at it There were big drawers and little drawers. There were stalls for books. He heaved a sigh and crossed the narrow space to the strong room, the interior of which was illuminated by electric bulbs. For a few moments the first and second edition of Old Drake stood there in silence, looking into that formidable interior. Everything indicated the most perfect system, yet to the two men nothing could have been more chaotic.

"Well," said Old Drake gruffly, "there's only one thing to do—take off our coats and pitch in. All the figures pertaining to that estimate are somewhere in those devilish files"

For five solid hours Drake & Drake toiled at the mass of papers and files; then Old Drake, looking up from his work and regarding his son with strong resentment, growled: "What have you been doing all these years? Haven't I dinned it into you to master all the details of this business?"

"Say, pop," Young Drake retorted, for he had enough of Old Drake in him to retort when pushed too far, "it seems to me that you've been in this business a good deal longer than I have, and you haven't mastered the details of it."

"Hang it all!" cried the old man, forgetting his logic. "I hired those fellows to do that—forty-two men. They've grown gray in my service mastering details. That's what they're for. How do you expect me to do it?" He picked up Outerbridge's telegram. "You know what I'd do?"—showing the resentment that was in him. "I'd throw this contract over before I'd go to Gray for any help, a man that'd throw me down this way."

"Well," said Young Drake resignedly, "we'll go at the figures again."

And at the figures they went again, neither one in any too amiable a frame of mind, a condition which does not facilitate effective work.

They worked assiduously for two hours more, the only break in the silence being an occasional "By heck!" and "I don't see!" and once or twice an "Oh, hell!" from Old Drake. Thus they toiled on.

"Gosh, how this man Gray mixes up his figures," growled Old Drake at one o'clock. "What the deuce does this mean? They used to figure differently when I was in the shops."

Presently Young Drake burst out: "It's no use messing with those figures, pop. There's only one thing to do. Send Outerbridge a rough estimate."

"By jingo, I will!" said Old Drake. "You do the same." Again O. D. applied himself to the job for half an hour, then pushed the pad across the table. "How do these figures compare with yours?"

"A hundred and twelve thousand?" The young man shook his head. "You ought to put on another ten thousand."

"I did. I figured a hundred and two thousand; then to be safe I added ten."

"You want to be more than safe. You want to have a profit, pop."

"Son, that's all the traffic'll stand. There's good profit in those figures, and Hays & Morgan can't cut under 'em and make a profit, 'cause they haven't the facilities."

Young Drake's sporting blood was up. He lighted a cigarette, puffed and calculated; then: "Tell you what I'll do, pop: You put another ten thousand on and if we lose the contract to Hays & Morgan I'll pay Drake & Drake the profit we ought to have out of my own pocket"

"Oh, rats for that kind of talk! I'm not going to make a fool of this house one way or the other. I'm played out. Let's go to a Turkish bath."

Drake & Drake proceeded in silence for a time, then the old man broke out with: "Son, this thing has gone far enough. I'm going to settle it to-morrow morning." Old Drake clenched his fist and with it smote the palm of his other hand. "I'm going to sack Gray."

Instantly there flashed across Young Drake's mind the picture of Gray's little home and his wife and his pretty long-legged daughter that used to remind him of a young turkey. He doubted if he would know her now by sight, but she'd struck him, when Gray had presented them, as a shy gentle-blooded creature.

"Oh, I say, pop," he protested, "Gray's been with us for years."

Old Drake turned and caught Young Drake by the sleeve. "Look here, son. I can forgive a personal insult or a personal betrayal. But I can't let any man throw Drake & Drake down and get away with it. He let that estimate go over. It was a mean, nasty, contemptible, disloyal thing to do. And I'm going to sack him for it."

On Thursday morning the office force of Drake & Drake were summoned in a body to the sanctum. Old Drake was at his desk and Young Drake was standing near the window.

The force filed in, Gray leading, and lined up round the room. Rising, Old Drake lighted a big black cigar, thrust his hands under his coat tails, and backed up against the mantelpiece. He let his shrewd eyes travel deliberately the whole line of faces, then he spoke. It was evident Gray was the favored auditor.

"Men," Old Drake began, "it ain't necessary to waste words. It's evident to me that you're playing some kind of a game. What is it? If it's excusable, what's the excuse? If there's a purpose to it, what is it? Come!"

At this Gray stepped out from the line. "We're not playing a game, Mr. Drake. We wouldn't be so impertinent as to attempt such a thing with you." Gray was grayer than his shirt. He moistened his dry lips. "We're sorry this situation has been forced on us. Mr. Drake, we felt that we were giving proper notice when we sent the round-robin letter more than a fortnight ago. If Messrs. Drake & Drake had paid any attention to that letter ——"

"Well, they didn't," broke in Old Drake, "so go on."

"Well," said Gray, nettled and emboldened by Old Drake's curt interruption, "we felt that we were not being paid equitably for what we were doing, that we couldn't get it by any appeal, so we determined that the only honest thing to do was to render equitable service for the amount of pay we were getting."

Young Drake looked out the window and Old Drake crunched his cigar and Hamilton De Quincey Marbury, who was eying the old man, thought he noticed a relaxing of the lines at the corners of his mouth and a suggestion of something human in his eyes.

"Do you mean to say," broke in Old Drake sternly, "that you let things lag like this before the war, let business pile up this way?"

"No, Mr. Drake," said Gray. "We worked up to our full reasonable capacity and turned off all the business that came in. You'll pardon me if I suggest that things are relative. Business to-day is 'way above the normal, our capacity for work is only normal, so relatively it seems to be below normal."

"But you kept speeding up as business increased."

"We speeded up under the stimulation of the hope that our extra efforts would be appreciated in a substantial way, which was just and reasonable. But what demonstrates the justice of our claim, Mr. Drake, is the fact that the cost of living has advanced 'way beyond our means to meet it."

"Am I to understand you're going to keep this up?"

"We can only agree to render prewar services for prewar pay, Mr. Drake."

Old Drake scowled. "I see. What I don't like about it is that you've been here for years. Your relations with this house are confidential. You're taking advantage of that fact. It's different from a straight out-and-out strike in the works, where I don't know any of them personally."

"It's different in this way, Mr. Drake: Each and every man here will work right along until you have filled his place."

"That's all right. But you know darned well, Gray, I couldn't get anybody. All the office forces in Madgeburg are playing this game."

Old Drake puffed his cigar for a few moments; then: "If I should by any chance concede your claim, you'd speed up as you did before and do the work?"

"We'd be stimulated by the realization that we were receiving justice, Mr. Drake."

Old Drake was quite astonished at this new phase of Gray's character, but he had up his sleeve a card. "I've got a rod in pickle for you, Mr. Gray, that you don't dream of, so I'll let you go on," he said to himself.

"Oh, you would, would you? Well, let me tell you men what I think about this. I don't like it. Here we are, under enormous pressure, and you consider this the right time to execute a hold-up—that's what it is, a hold-up, nothing else. If I should make any concession at all—which ain't at all likely—it would be through generosity," he snapped, "and not through any sense that your demand is just. For you've shown that you can do the work, and that you can live on what you've been getting."

Old Drake didn't mean what he said. He simply did as was his custom in all hot controversies to bring out a rejoinder.

Gray flushed. "It is not a hold-up, Mr. Drake," he exclaimed. "There isn't a man in this force that's capable of any such a meanness as that."

"Well, what do you call it, then?" sneered the old man.

"It isn't a hold-up," reiterated Gray. "It's a proposition."

"Ha!" burst out Old Drake. "Ha, ha! Well, that beats the Dutch! A proposition! Haven't you been here long enough, Gray, to know that a proposition has two sides to it? This thing has only one side—your side. It's like the man that said to his darky servant that brought him the turkey and the buzzard: 'Sam, you can have your choice. You can take the buzzard and I'll take the turkey, or I'll take the turkey and you take the buzzard.' The turkey's all on your side, Gray; the buzzard all on mine. Did you ever hear of Drake & Drake taking the buzzard when they were given that kind of a choice?"

"This is a proposition, Mr. Drake; it has two sides," urged Gray. "What we propose is this: If Messrs. Drake & Drake will advance us in proportion as the cost of living has advanced, we—all of us—will agree to accept a reduction of salary in proportion as the cost of living goes down. Isn't that ——"

Old Drake raised his hand. "Have you fellows figured out what this raise'll stand me in?"

"Yes, sir," said Malcolm, the cashier.

"Oh"—ironically—"you have, eh? What is it?"

"By the week ——" said Malcolm, producing a slip.

"How much by the year?" cut in Old Drake. "That's the way I figure things—by the year."

"Here are the figures, sir." Malcolm passed Old Drake the slip. It was easier than to pronounce the sum total.

Old Drake regarded the sum total for a moment, then snapped out: "I'll do it. But mind you, if you hadn't offered to accept that reduction, I wouldn't—not on your life!"

"Thank you, Mr. Drake. We appreciate it," said A to K.

There was a general murmur, "Yes, thank you."

"Just a minute, Mr. Gray," said Old Drake as the others filed out. "A word with you."

Young Drake thrust his hands deep into his trousers pockets and stared hard at the pretty typewriter across the street without knowing that she was there at all. He liked Gray and he dreaded witnessing what was going to follow.

"As for you, Mr. Gray," Old Drake began, "I can't include you in that bunch out there." His jaw was set hard and the "Mister" had a most ominous sound. Gray felt himself growing cold. "I can't, as I say ——"

The door opened and William O'Brien, office boy, popped in. "Telegram for you, Mr. Drake," he said cheerfully and alertly.

Old Drake broke the envelope and read the wire.

"Estimate received. Figures satisfactory. Thanks. Please send contract at once. OUTERBRIDGE & Co."

"Ahem!" said Old Drake loudly.

Young Drake turned quickly and took the telegram from his father's hand. For a few moments Old Drake chewed the end of his cigar savagely and Young Drake eyed the splendid old actor with real pleasure.

"How about this wire, Gray?"

"Oh, Mr. Drake, I forgot to tell you. I wired Outerbridge the figures late yesterday afternoon."

"Oh, you did, eh? And was that part of your little game too?"

Gray looked at Old Drake quietly for a moment; and then replied:

"Mr. Drake, it wasn't a part of any little game to throw down Drake & Drake."

Old Drake sighed heavily and Young Drake was staring at the typewriter across the street again.

"And what were your figures, Gray?"

"A hundred and thirty-seven thousand eight hundred dollars."

Old Drake was silent. Gray eyed him anxiously. "I had to make them low enough so Hays & Morgan couldn't cut under us, and high enough to make a reasonable profit for the house, Mr. Drake." Still Old Drake was silent. "I—er—I hope they're satisfactory to you, Mr. Drake."

Old Drake picked up the Outerbridge telegram. "Well," he drawled, chewing hard on his cigar, "they seem to be satisfactory to Outerbridge & Co. That's the main thing, ain't it, Gray?" Presently he said genially: "That's all, Gray."

"Thank you, Mr. Drake."

"Oh, Gray, just a minute. I wish you'd tell Malcolm when he's figuring out your advance to consult me. I think I can do a little better in your individual case than I did with the other fellows. You know you've been here a much longer time. And Gray, it isn't necessary to megaphone the fact."

As the Tide of High Prices Had Mossed Up and Up His Slender Bank Account Had Gone Down and Down. If It Should Touch the Zero Point, He Had Often Reflected, What Then? Beyond That Was Debt

Sterling Tires in France

This photograph was made in January, at Base Hospital No. 1, at Neuilly (Paris). Ambulances at base hospitals and at the Front were, from the beginning, largely equipped with Sterling Tires. We are very proud of the evidence we have that thousands of them made good, under what was probably the severest strain ever put upon tires—bad roads, heavy loads, high speed, and no time for care.

The big Sterling Truck Tires have proportionately the same sturdy strength that has made their little brothers give such marvelous mileage on small and medium size cars and trucks.

35 x 5—36 x 6—38 x 7—40 x 8

These are the sizes for truck use on long hauls over bumpy roads. Day after day, year in and year out, they carry heavy loads of Sterling Tires to our own branches—Rutherford to Washington—Rutherford to Rochester—Rutherford to Boston. We know what they do for us—so we know what they will do for you.

Built of superstrong cord fabric in many layers, thickly impregnated with the Sterling rubber compound that knows no parting.

Air bag cured—long time cured—three or four times as long as many tires. And long cure means long wear—if the rest is right. No short cure tire can wear long.

The Vacuum-Bar Tread holds the road and makes chains needless except in severest conditions.

Any good dealer will get Sterling Tires for you—
or you can write or phone our nearest branch

Factory: Rutherford, New Jersey Export Department: 44 Whitehall Street, New York

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Albany, N. Y.	Buffalo, N. Y.	Dayton, Ohio	Kansas City, Mo.	New York, N. Y.	Reading, Pa.	Syracuse, N. Y.
Baltimore, Md.	Chicago, Ill.	Detroit, Mich.	Louisville, Ky.	Paterson, N. J.	Rochester, N. Y.	[illegible]
[illegible]	Cincinnati, Ohio	Hartford, Conn.	[illegible]	Philadelphia, Pa.	Rutherford, N. J.	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Newark, N. J.	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Springfield, Mass.	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Jersey City, N. J.	New Haven, Conn.	Providence, R. I.	St. Louis, Mo.	[illegible]

Sterling Tires

TRADE MARK

MIDWEST Dependable Power

DEPENDABLE POWER

Midwest Engine Company Products

Midwest—Diesel Engines
Midwest—Hvid Engines
Midwest—Parsons Turbines (Reaction Type)
Midwest—Wait Turbines (Impulse Type)
Midwest—Tractor Engines
Midwest Centrifugal, Reciprocating and Deep Well Pumps and Auxiliaries
Werkspoor Diesel American Licensees

WHEN Chas. L. Pillsbury Company, Consulting Engineers of Minneapolis, were asked to recommend the most dependable pumping machinery for use in the great pumping station at Rochester, Minn., they chose Midwest equipment.

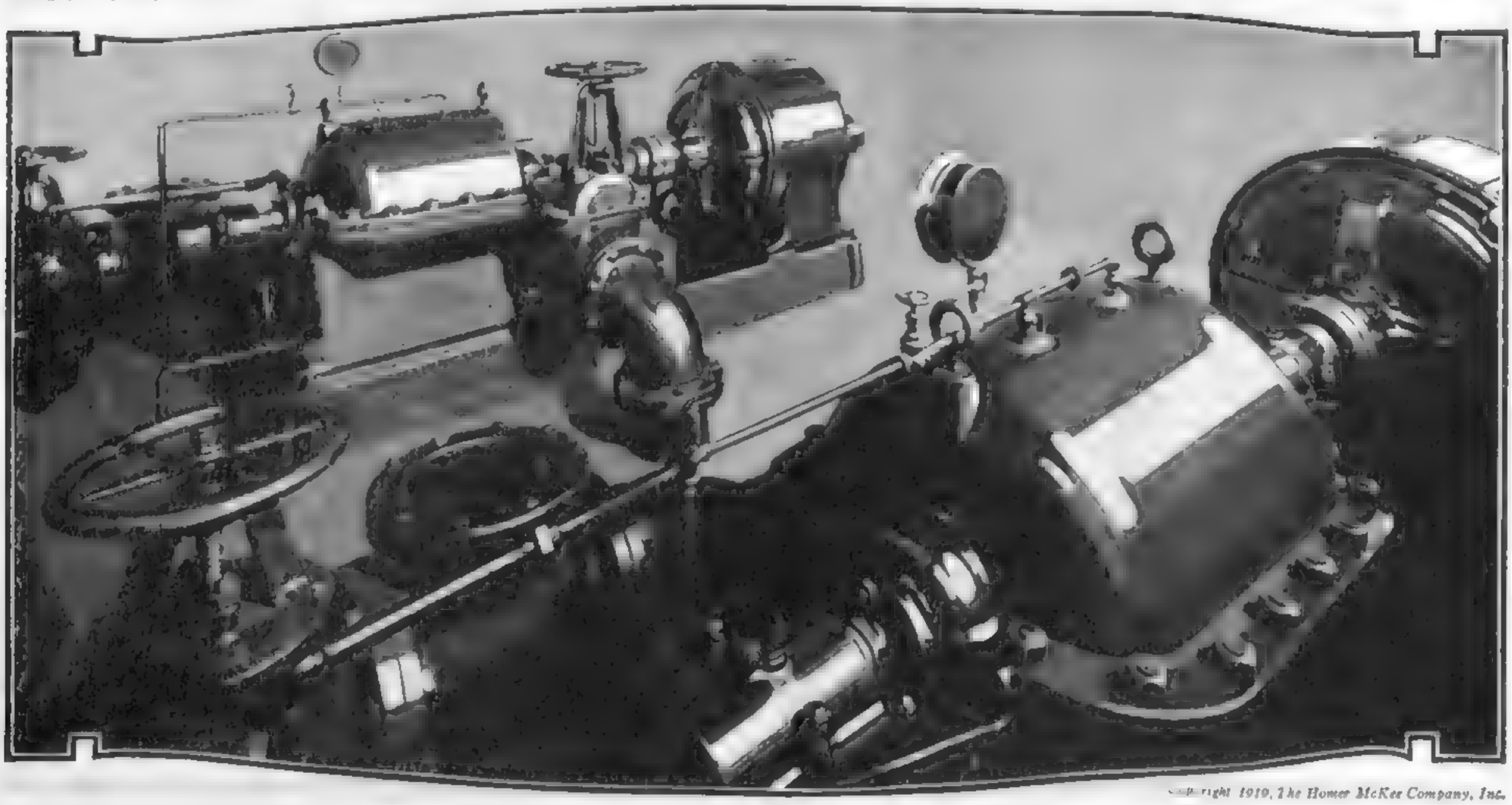
The wisdom of that selection is shown in the record of the two Midwest pumps illustrated below.

These pumps have operated unceasingly for the year they have been in use. There has not been a single instant's pause for repairs or adjustment—but a ceaseless functioning in the dependable Midwest way.

Bring your pumping and other power problems to us. Let our engineering experts counsel with you as to the most efficient and economical installation to fit your conditions.

MIDWEST ENGINE COMPANY
INDIANAPOLIS, U. S. A.

Installation of two Midwest, Two-Stage, High Lift Centrifugal Pumps in pumping station at Rochester, Minn. One operates at 1740 r. p. m., 1000 g. p. m., 238 ft. head, the other at 1740 r. p. m., 1500 g. p. m., 260 ft. head.



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Making the Best of Father Rhine

By LOUIS GRAVES

NOW if there is anything in the world you can be absolutely sure of it is that any officer or soldier in the American Army of Occupation will tell you it is a terrible life, and that something ought to be done about it, and that that something is nothing more nor less than a particularly prompt return home. There are some two hundred and fifty thousand American military men in the Rhine Valley and near by, and proof could be found—if one went out after it—that a few more than two hundred and forty-nine thousand of them have shaken their heads sagely and observed: "This is worse on us than the war was—this waiting round here, with nothing to keep you keyed up, and always wanting to get back."

If the late lamented war had taken place about fifteen years earlier one Mr. Gelett Burgess, when he introduced Bromidioms to an admiring world, would have included this remark with "I'd rather have a horse than an automobile any day," and the "Well, well, what a small world this is, after all!" of the citizen from Wichita who unexpectedly meets on Broadway the man with whom he once spent two days on a Pullman between Waco and Birmingham.

As one of the said two hundred and fifty thousand—who has, moreover, given expression to these self-same identical words—let me tell you in confidence that there is not a syllable of truth in it. I am giving this confidence in the fervent hope that I shall be safely out of the way before all the others find out that I have betrayed them, and thereupon fall upon me and destroy me utterly. It is some dozens or hundreds of times more agreeable than war was, and deep down in his heart every mother's son in the A. of O. knows it. I will go further toward endangering my safety and state that the life is not half bad, considering one thing and another.

Far be it from me to discourage efforts on the part of Congress, the War Department, Mr. Hurley, and our hundred and ten million other friends across the sea, to get us all back as soon as they can; I cheer them on in the task. Father Rhine may be a model parent in the eyes of his own children; but he is an alien stepfather to us, and we can tear ourselves away from him without pangs. In short, we are homesick.

Occupying Germany is not pleasant compared with some things that hover in the memory. The lieutenant who dwells within a pistol shot of the New York Public Library, for example, finds it less to his taste than dining at the Yale Club, sauntering over to a new play at the Gaiety, and later dropping in at a cotillion at the Plaza and dancing with friendly maidens whose looks he admires and with whose language, what's more, he is thoroughly conversant.

Nor, in the esteem of the farmer youth from Georgia, does it rank with a peaceful day's session in the hayfield and a subsequent journey in a famous brand of automobile over a moonlit road, with Somebody beside him, to see the latest film drama. But the meaning I seek to convey is that it is acceptable when considered in connection with incidents more recent and far more poignantly recalled—such as trying to sleep in a muddy trench with the weather slightly below freezing; or marching twenty-two miles with a burden fifteen pounds heavier than the Field Service Regulations ever contemplated; or eluding machine-gun bullets proceeding rapidly from an easterly direction.

Remember Northern France

Now and then someone here in the Occupation Zone gets a letter from the States indicating that our folks at home fear we are being too friendly with the Germans; succumbing to propaganda or something of the sort, I believe the fear is. I don't know whether or not the newspaper dispatches have justified any such impression; I do not happen to have seen many of them. But rest easy. The only thing the American soldiers have succumbed to is an affection for beds to sleep in, three meals a day that are three in fact as well as theory, real and regular sleep, and a surcease of visits from certain little steel-jacketed messengers. The boches are still boches to them, and it will take more than instances of individual kindliness and smiles over shop counters to make them anything else.

The divisions that compose the Army of Occupation, eight in number, are fighting divisions. They are organizations that endured the most trying hardships and went through the fiercest battles. In the four or five months before the armistice was signed they were forced to put up with living conditions that demanded the utmost of courage and spirit and will. During a great part of that time they were actually in the battle zone proper, where privations had to be taken as a matter of course and where even superhuman efforts could not give them the food and rest and warmth that the human body craved. And when they were not in the battle zone proper, but in what are called rest areas, they were in a France that had been stripped and bled and robbed, either by the hand of the invader himself or in consequence of his work; where families had been broken by death; where soldiers, passing back and forth, had been quartered on the inhabitants year after year for four years; where the strain of continuing, ever-growing poverty had left the land bare of the comforts that make life worth living.

From this, when peace suddenly came, they passed into a country that had known nothing of the scourge of war in its actual presence. They found no battered-down homes and churches and factories, no forests with shattered trees, no fields chewed up by shells. All the countryside was peaceful and serene. Men and women went about their business and pleasure in the old peacetime way. From a ravaged nation, a land of want and death and destruction, the Americans entered a region where there were few signs even of hunger.

This is no economic treatise, and I cannot produce statistics of food products and consumption. It may well be that the Germans in the section we hold may have had a few thousand tons less of this or that article in the last year or so than they used to have. But this I do know, that to a quarter of a million pairs of eyes the population of the Rhine Valley round Coblenz look mighty well nourished; and a quarter of a million pairs of eyes can do considerable seeing and are not apt to be entirely fooled. We have been astonished and continue to be astonished at how gently the great war seems to have hit these people. And it cannot help making a good many of us, remembering the shattered France we left, a bit resentful.

If any echoes of undue friendliness toward Germany have reached the United States it can safely be put down as friendliness toward things and not toward persons. This is not to say that there have been displays of unfriendliness. There have not been; that is not the American way, in the occupation of foreign lands. The troops have treated the population with firmness, but without arrogance. Generally speaking they have demanded and got what was due them—what their leaders decided must be granted to them—and they have been impersonal and aloof about it.

The net result is that many Germans in the occupied area, relieved that the war is over and reading every day of troubles in other parts of the Fatherland, are genuinely glad that the Americans are here. This is true not only of humble and rather untutored creatures, who are naturally well disposed toward anybody who treats them well, but of many more highly placed Germans, who perhaps secretly dislike the newcomers, but prefer to have them by—as protectors!—until things settle down.

The Burgomaster's Wish

Last winter the American brigadier general occupying the Krupp hunting lodge about twenty miles out from Coblenz received an intimation that Frau Bertha would like to return and take up her residence in part of the lodge, with her children. The reason for her desire was not given, but from various and sundry talk of the Germans working round the place it was gathered that Essen, with its large industrial population, who might turn any day from orderly labor to revolutionary tricks, did not look healthy to the gun manufacturess, and that she would rather like to come under the protecting wing of the American eagle.

In a village east of the Rhine, in February, the captain serving as town commander found that certain of the army requirements were not being met, and he summoned the burgomaster to lay down the law to him.

When he had done giving his orders and the chief citizen was about to withdraw the captain said: "Now I've been reading the riot act to you. Maybe you've got something to say. Have you any complaints to make about the soldiers, the way they're behaving, and so on?"

"*Ach, Gott,* no!" replied the burgomaster with an emphasis that could leave no doubt of his sincerity. "I vish the Americans vould stay ten years!"

This man, incidentally, had served as an officer in the German Army.

It is a fact that the American soldiers, without being aware of doing anything out of the ordinary, simply obeying orders and conducting themselves as they always have been accustomed to do, have handled the

(Concluded on Page 116)

The Great Tap Root of America's Transportation System

by
Harvey S. Firestone
President Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.

Ship by Truck Broadens the Scope and Multiplies the Usefulness of Our Railroads.

Ship by Truck comes to the fore as one of the greatest aids to the future prosperity of the railroads.

The basic economic reason is, that trucks can haul goods at a profit in territories and under conditions in which railroads would haul them at a loss.

By the judicious extension of truck-express companies, the building of expensive branch railroad lines of doubtful earning capacity may be deferred until such time as the truck has developed sufficient tonnage to justify railroad construction.

The truck is the most adaptable of freight-transport methods. With the universal extension of good roads the truck can penetrate to the centers of freight production. It can follow the lines of richest territory unhampered by considerations of difficult gradients or sharp curves.

The truck operates when and where the traffic calls it. The truck does not involve a great investment in the hope of future returns. It begins at once to show profits. Or if the field of operation does not quickly produce freight in paying quantities, the truck can be transferred to a region of profitable tonnage.

Ship by Truck does more than eliminate the necessity of costly branch-line building.

It relieves the railroads of a large percentage of the short-haul and less-than-car-load-lot shipments, which add to rail difficulties without increasing dividends.

And it swells the volume of profitable long-haul business.

Ship by Truck, the tap-root of transportation, goes deep into the fertile centers of freight production.

Ship by Truck brings to the railroads tonnage that could be obtained in no other way. It brings minerals from the mountain fastnesses, timber from the forests, food products from the inaccessible farms and orchards.

Ship by Truck multiplies the normal tonnage many-fold. It will be one of the most potent agents for increasing the freight haulage of America's railroads and aiding them to a profitable basis of operation.

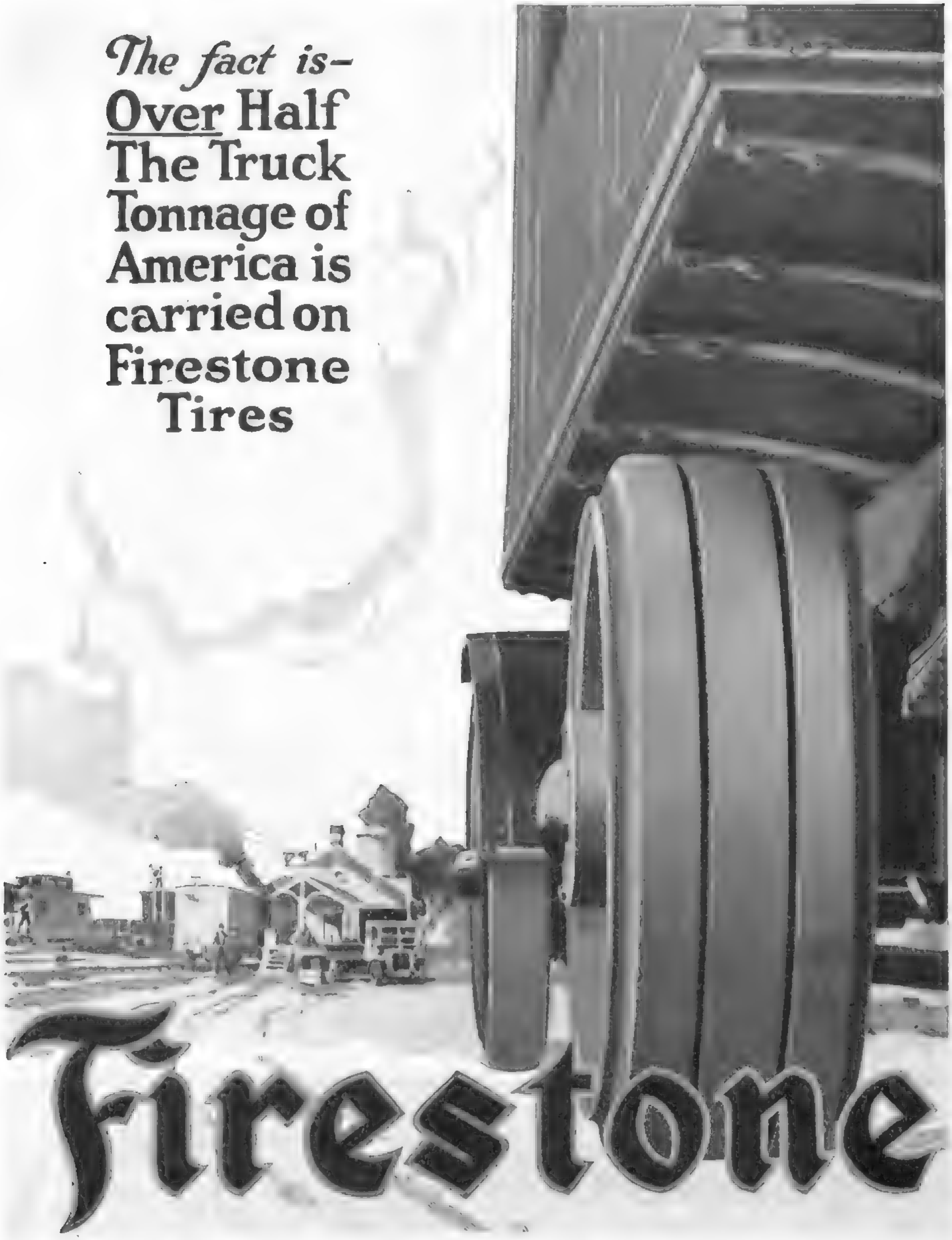
Ship by Truck. Encourage it in your business, in your industry. For by so doing you make more rapid and certain the movement of your own shipments and you aid directly in improving our national transportation.

"Ship by Truck" ©

The Sign of Good Trucking Service: Manufacture — Operation — Maintenance.

The fact is—

Over Half The Truck Tonnage of America is carried on Firestone Tires



(Concluded from Page 113)

population with more consideration than have the Germans' own troops. The people of the United States would be very proud of their own if they could see how naturally and unassumingly and courteously the typical American doughboy goes about his business in any one of a hundred German villages. And what especially pleases the American officer in this is the knowledge that this conduct is not a sign of flabbiness—the knowledge that if trouble suddenly broke out these same soldiers would shoulder their rifles or man their machine guns in a thoroughly matter-of-fact manner and proceed to sow death as they learned so well to do in A. D. 1918.

When the troops came into Germany the order went out from the commander in chief of the A. E. F. himself that they were to be comfortably quartered. They had been sleeping in trenches and shell holes—or at best in dugouts or leaky barns—long enough. If Germans had to make room for them by displacing themselves so let it be. The natives could double up in their sleeping rooms or if need be they could experiment for the first time with sleeping in barns. What a trifle this was, compared with the sorrows the Germans had spread in Belgium and France! A characteristic American touch was added by forbidding the men to send the women out of the choice quarters, and making the household lords themselves suffer whatever crowding and inconvenience were necessary.

So the Americans got real rooms to sleep in, and real beds. There were some places where the accommodations were not so plentiful as the Army would have liked to have them, but generally the level of comfort represented a vast jump upward from what the men had undergone for many months. Available halls, as in public buildings, were taken for messes, and this meant that wherever possible the long queue of men, mess kits in hand, with their feet mayhap in the mud, and the rain falling on their heads, was done away with. Then, in many places in villages where there were no rooms big enough for the meals to be eaten under cover the Army proceeded to build the needed shacks, and the construction of these continues week by week.

Dull Evenings Enlivened

Of course there have been monotony and boredom aplenty, but because of these material things the American in Germany, if you pin him down to the truth, will tell you that the days on the Rhine have not been so bad as in casual talk he is apt to paint them. Not forgetting, too, the great fact that the war is over. There is no fake hero stuff, about the love of fighting for the fighting itself, about the American soldier. He had a disagreeable job to do, and he did it, and would do it again if he had to, but he is not putting up any bluff that he loved it. When he sits in his little billet near the banks of the Rhine and thinks of home so far away he may be saying aloud to his pal: "Gee, ain't this awful over here!" But the days before November eleventh are still fresh in his memory, and you can be sure he is thinking, and thinking hard: "Gee, ain't it fine not to be shot at these days!" And the consciousness of having come out of the fight a complete victor helps further to make his state endurable

The fighting was over November eleventh, but not the war, officially speaking. A regular training program has been maintained. Army, corps and division staffs have laid out the lines of defense; artillery and machine-gun positions have been selected, and troops are kept ready for emergencies by drills and maneuvers. But purposely the training has not had the intensiveness, the strain that wartime training must have. Athletics have replaced a large part of the strictly military practice; and contests in football, cross-country running and other sports have received attention and encouragement to a degree that was impossible before the boche was tamed. And now, with spring at hand, the sport that reigns supreme in the heart of the American—baseball—has begun.

In the way of entertainment, which the military authorities recognized as a prime necessity after the terrific experiences of the war, things have improved marvelously since the first month or two of the occupation. The days and evenings were pretty dull then. The necessary and proper aloofness from the local population put out of the question amusements that would have been possible in an Allied land with the resources of the Rhine Valley—recreation and associations such as men quartered in France and Luxemburg have been free to enjoy. Transportation difficulties stood in the way of bringing up athletic material that would have helped, like boxing gloves and track and football equipment; and the agencies looked to for music, vaudeville and moving pictures were not functioning. Wails about the lack of entertainment for the men began to be heard from commanding officers in every corner of the occupied area.

River Excursions

It was no small job, with railroads having to be rebuilt, and rolling stock scarce and worn, to do even the most essential things, such as quartering and feeding, in connection with installing an army of a quarter of a million in the conquered land. The less essential things, important though they were, had to lag a little. But as soon as the strain of the early period let down, organized merry-making came in with a big push.

When I looked out of my window a few minutes ago I saw a big river steamer, with the name Rheingold painted on it in enormous gilt letters, and with the Stars and Stripes at the stern, filling up with American soldiers. They trooped across the little floating pier and up the gangplank, shouting and laughing; American girls, also in uniform, flitted back and forth across the decks, distributing pamphlets descriptive of the Rhineland; and a military band played furiously on the topmost deck; and presently a section of the pontoon bridge—which we are just learning to call by its correct name—*Schiffbrucke*—detached itself from the rest of the bridge to let the boat pass through; and the soldiers started up toward the Lorelei and the other spots that they will be telling their fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters and sweethearts and wives and children and grandchildren about for the next fifty years. Several of these vessels, in appearance much like the excursion craft in the waters round New York and Chicago, make the trip up the Rhine every day, loaded with soldiers brought into Coblenz from the outlying small towns.

Then there are the open-air band concerts; vaudeville, amateur and professional; boxing bouts at which regimental favorites are cheered lustily when a fist comes into contact with an ill-guarded nose; moving pictures; and dances.

In recent weeks the entertainment agencies have spread themselves abroad, from Coblenz as a center, into the villages where the Americans are quartered; and the recreation offered in the city is reproduced on a smaller scale outside. For it is not possible for each man in the Army of 250,000 to get to Coblenz often—the entertainment there of 5000 a day would mean fifty days to get round.

Whether the Y. M. C. A. did well or badly during the war—and I am not dipping into that controversy—it has certainly taken a new lease on life here in the Occupied Zone in the last month or so, and is spreading itself on all kinds of projects to amuse the soldiers. It has been steadily increasing its personnel, so as to carry on its work in the villages as well as in the larger towns, and has undeniably shown enterprise in opening up restaurants and clubs and finding other ways to make more endurable the soldier's sojourn in a foreign land. Whether this is a continuation of past good deeds or an endeavor to retrieve past failures, I will leave the friends and the critics of the Y. M. C. A. to fight that out. I am merely setting it down that in the Rhineland at present the Y is busy, and is accomplishing something useful; as are also the Knights of Columbus and similar agencies.

Athletic contests here, as in the A. E. F. territory in France, are being carried on to an extent never before attempted in the Army. There are football teams, and basketball teams, and running teams, and every other sort of a team, and by the time these lines reach the United States from here a few hundred baseball teams will have been organized. An exceptionally mild winter has given good opportunities for sport, and now that the winter is gone—except for a few left-over bad days now and then—the spirit of outdoor play pervades the air. The teams travel from town to town to meet each other, and colonels vie with buck privates in shouting for their favorites.

All of which is not to be taken as meaning that military practice proper has been forgotten. It hasn't. The drills and maneuvers still go on, but the hours devoted thereto are shortened. As far as is consistent with the need of keeping the soldiers on proper terms of acquaintance with seventy-fives, machine guns and rifles, the afternoons are kept free for outdoor play. Incidentally it may be recalled that in the American Army athletics have always been officially recognized as a part of military training; and whatever a soldier does in the way of army athletics is done, according to the time-honored phrase, "in line of duty." I remember the surprise of a young reserve officer who, when he declined a request that he play with the regimental football team—this was back in one of our camps at home—was informed by his colonel, in a note: "You will appear for football practice." If one wants to know whether or not "You will" means an order or a request, when coming from a colonel, let him ask anybody in the Army.

Doughboy Pastimes

As for dancing, ever a beloved pastime among soldiers, the shortage of partners is a stumbling block in the way of full enjoyment. But now the shortage is not so serious as at first thought might be supposed. The ever-growing number of women workers in the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A. has reduced the ratio of men to women at a dance from, say, fifty-to-one to twenty-to-one. Any soldier can reasonably count on a round with a real girl once every ten minutes—if he be daring and persistent enough; though it is true he will probably not enjoy the said round more than about twenty seconds before some other aspirant scores a break-in. To compensate for the lack of girls the soldiers have fancy-dress balls and resort to sad substitutes in the form of hard-handed, big-footed youths rigged out in skirts and wigs.

Along with the athletics, dancing, theatricals and moving pictures must not be forgotten a sport that sometimes in the excitement it supplies dwarfs them all. This is the argument about the relative merits of the various divisions in the American Army. There wasn't much time for this before the armistice was signed or even during the march into Germany. But once the Army of Occupation was settled the lid was off! After you have had the story of the war from a man in the Eleventh Division you can't understand how the Americans ever made any headway at all, seeing that the Twelfth Division on the right—I am not using the real numbers—heaven forbid that I should get mixed up in this new war!—and the Thirteenth Division on the left showed such woeful incapacity, and even—this is a strong thing to say, and you mustn't repeat it—and even showed cold feet! Not to mention the notoriously inefficient Fourteenth Division that we had just relieved in the line.

Then it happens, next day, you see somebody who belongs to the Twelfth Division, and you hint to him gently—very gently, for the sake of your life—what you have heard; and he throws back his head and lets forth a laugh—the most scornful and condescending laugh that ever echoed among the Rhine mountains.

A Harmless Diversion

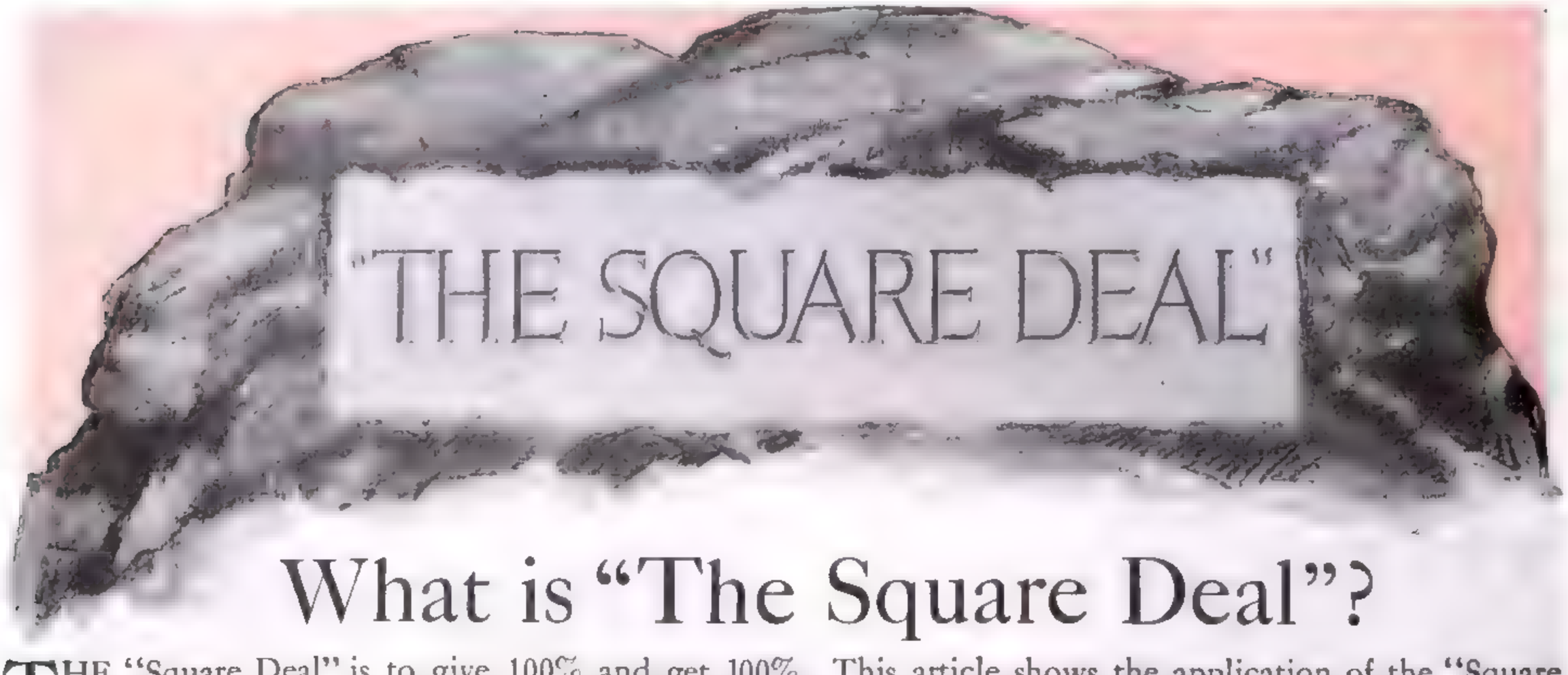
"The Eleventh!" he exclaims. "Did you ever hear the true account of the Eleventh's part in the St.-Mihiel fight?" Or maybe it is the Argonne, or the Château-Thierry salient, or some other battle area. Anyway, in a few minutes you are wondering how you ever got the idea that the poor Eleventh was ever considered good enough to be brought across the ocean at all.

And so it goes, fast and furious. Great sport, this. One that will keep going, no doubt, till all the present participants in it are dead and gone, and then will be taken up and continued, with decreasing acrimony, by their descendants, until there rolls round another day when the only fact people will be interested in will be the same that stood out round the middle of November—namely, that the American Army put the Germans to rout wherever they met.

It is a harmless diversion. There is a lot of time to pass away, even with all the drills and games and so on, and now that the boches are properly beaten and there's got to be some sort of fight to keep the interest up, the soldiers go to it—with words instead of guns. They do not go into a fight, even a verbal one, in half-hearted fashion; and sometimes the visitor who has come to the zone for two or three days is happy to hasten away before two neighboring divisions dispose their artillery on opposite ridges, put their infantry face to face in the valley, and have it out then and there.

While the Americans go about their work and their play in the Occupied Zone, the Germans look on with attentive, interested eyes. There is never a parade, a guard mount, a baseball game, a horse show, where there are not Germans standing about as spectators. What is in their minds? What are they thinking about us and the occupation? Nobody knows. Each one of us has his own idea as to what is the real mental attitude, the real opinion of the German civilian with whom we rub shoulders day by day. Does he secretly hate us? Or does he look at our men, take note of their good behavior, and wish that Germany, too, might have the sort of government that produced such a spirit? Does he wish us to be gone, and the sooner the better? Or does he pray—as a few have said they pray—that we stay on and protect the Rhineland from the Bolshevik terror that seems to threaten the rest of Germany? Is his apparent friendliness a mask? Or does he regard us as a happy substitute for his own military masters? We have our several opinions, but nobody knows.

What we do know is that we let him make us no trouble. Our high command has told him what to do, and he does it; and it has told him what not to do, and he does not do that. That is all we do know, and for the present it is enough.



What is "The Square Deal"?

THE "Square Deal" is to give 100% and get 100%. This article shows the application of the "Square Deal" between those who invest money in industry and those who invest labor in industry. It is the function of management, representing both, to see that each gives 100% and each gets 100%.

THROUGH MANAGEMENT

CAPITAL SHOULD GIVE 100%

Recognition	Men are men—not machines. Recognition of this fact satisfies the worker's self-respect.
Representation	Each group of workers should have representation. The principle of democracy.
Wages	Just returns for work performed, based on the cost of right living, with a thorough knowledge of all conditions.
Opportunity	Full opportunity to learn, to grow, to become more valuable and have that greater value recognized.
Working and Living Conditions	A clean and orderly plant—good sanitary conditions—proper tools and equipment—safety devices—reasonable hours—vacations—hospital and medical attention at plant—restaurant and coöperative store—good housing and favorable community conditions—promotion of wholesome recreation, education and sports—encouragement of thrift.
Protection	Encouragement and assistance in insuring workers against losses caused by accident, sickness, old age and death.

LABOR SHOULD GIVE 100%

Enthusiasm	Machines have a limit. The self-respecting individual has enthusiasm. Enthusiasm knows no limit.
Responsibility	A responsible worker is actively interested in the quality of the product, the care of the property and the company's interests as a whole.
Energy	Man-power, honestly applied to production.
Initiative	Constructive thinking on the part of the individual, coupled with action, reduces costs and betters product.
Regularity	The most valuable worker is on the job every working day. Tardiness and irregular attendance interrupt production and increase costs.
Loyalty	Loyalty is the result of confidence. It causes a man to boost his company, the management, the product and his fellow workers.

For some years we have been making a studious effort to reach this 100% basis with our own people. Our experience has shown a responsive attitude on the part of the workers and leads to the conclusion that as we learn to give our part of the "Square Deal," they will give their part in like proportion. Our confidence in this result is based upon the fact that all those interested—stockholders, workers and management—have experienced that contentment which comes from a harmonious relationship, and the increased profit which comes from energy properly directed.

This is the fifth of a series of articles in this publication. The next will appear on June 14. Reprints of former articles will be sent on request.

HYDRAULIC PRESSED STEEL COMPANY
of Cleveland, O.

HYDRAULIC PRESSED STEEL COMPANY

Volume

Stand for a few moments beside these great machines and watch endless belts of roofing material speed along over and under countless rolls and you will say "Surely, the whole world can be roofed from this source."

Into these great plants go raw materials by the train-load—out of them comes roofing for every kind of building from the sky-scraper in the big city to the barn on the remote farm.

Certain-teed is the universal roof because long service with reasonable price has a universal appeal.

Certain-teed Products Corporation
Offices and Warehouses in Principal Cities.

Certain-teed Products are sold by dealers everywhere

Certain-teed

PAINT VARNISH ROOFING & RELATED BUILDING PRODUCTS

Comment on the Week

The Sheep and the Goats

HOW much sincerity shall we attach to the German willingness now to make peace? What peace is it that she wants, and what alternatives does she propose?

The *Vorwaerts*, of Berlin, may enlighten us somewhat: "Until now," declares that journal, "Germany deliberately has opposed the Russian method of instigating a world revolution through paid agents, but if Germany is forced to refuse to sign the peace treaty it could not fail to effect a great change in her policy. She would center her hope on achieving similar far-reaching changes to the western countries and concentrate her revolutionary energy and resources to the task. Germany would not willingly embark on such a policy, which must mean a sanguinary conflict and terrible sacrifice for herself as well as other nations; but the better way of a peaceful settlement may already be blocked by the Entente's mad and criminal decisions. Thus Germany may be forced to choose the harder fate of resisting the Entente's coercion, not with arms in hand, but by new weapons which recent developments furnished the German people."

Of course that is the open German threat to start Bolshevism in America. She is today at work in that pleasing fashion in South America, where she has an entire corps of propagandists in the field, as she had during the war, and still has here in the United States. German agents are engineering strikes in Argentina, as they did here and still will endeavor to do here. German spies and propagandists are again at work in Mexico.

All the world knows—or ought to know—what German propaganda in Spain has meant. The more she can upset the civil life of all these countries, the more she can embroil the world of industry, the better is her chance for revenge for her own loss in the field of arms.

There are scores of pro-Germans secretly allied with revolutionary movements of a radical sort in America. "Whereas they contributed to German war loans before we entered the war they now contribute to the Socialist Party. Whereas they previously aided Hun intrigues their support is now given to organizations and propaganda teaching internationalism and Bolshevism."

It is a sober-minded publication which prints these last words. It cites also certain American publications which have aided or indorsed German methods in America. Why? Because these publications were catering to a purchasing power. Panders have not lacked, even in the press, in the history of all countries. But brave and strong men always have had hatred and contempt for the pander of any sort whatever. Strong men always will be slow to believe that a woman's virtue or a man's convictions may have their price.

Shall we choose our friends and brothers among folk who still plan our ruin? Why not think of ourselves? These are painful problems for many reasons. But the trouble over the question of how to treat the foreign-born rests quite often on two causes, both of which are bad: Sometimes we have lacked either the cool courage to go straight, and have blinked it; or again, we have tried to ride both sides of the fence, and so have spilled. There is no straddle of such questions humanly possible. The issue is here. If we do not meet it the other fellow wins.

On either side the great danger is the indulgence in wholly illogical generalizations from premises which are not general but specific. The fact that a man has an old American ancestry does not privilege him to be a snob, does not endow him out of hand with any superior virtues, does not entitle him to think that no virtues may be ascribed to others not born in his country in parity with his own ancestral calendar. Neither does the fact that a man was born abroad entitle him to come into our country and whine about fancied discriminations against his rights; any more than it entitles him to band with his racial fellows and try by open or covert force to take a place in the American social, political or commercial sunshine.

Plain common sense is the one need on both sides in the handling of all these new questions. It is no real argument for a foreigner to say to us: "You all were immigrants once, the same as we are now." The one question to be asked of every man is not whether he is an immigrant but whether he is a good and able man. That implies that he shall be honest, that he shall not lie, that he shall not perjure himself, that he shall work, that he shall pay his debts, that he shall learn and keep his own fair place in the picture, that he shall be a student, that he shall be loyal to this country.

Very wrong, surely, would be the generalization that America owes nothing to the second generation or the first generation of foreigners who have so rapidly swelled her population. Wise men, great men, studious men, working men—have come to us in thousands and thrown their lives, their fortunes, their personal ambitions, their souls into our grinding hopper of citizenship. Our grist surely is the better for that. We may call any man a poor American and a poor thinker who will not admit so much as that. Let us go further, and say that some of the oldest and purest American families are the weakest; that some of the most exclusively American regions of our country are the most illiterate and unprogressive. And let us admit it to be very likely that much of the American vim and energy is the outcome not only of climatic environment but of desirable outcross now and then.

But these are specific instances. We have no right to argue from them to any such general conclusion as that all foreigners are desirable for the future American strain. To attempt that sort of conclusion for political or business reasons is a weak and unmanly thing, which spells no ultimate good for either side.

We need time—and we must take time. You may artificially raise many things in a hothouse—tulips, geraniums, orchids, tuberoses, mushrooms—under pressure. But we raise the sound wheat of our daily bread in the open field, subject to the buffetings of life and chance and change. Wheat takes time. We cannot make sound citizens by any forcing-house methods. We need time to raise the bearded grain. In no way can we escape that truth, and the unsettled condition of American thought and industry to-day is the best proof that it is the truth.

I was talking with a cabinet officer in Washington not long ago. He was full of the conviction that we had too many unbaked Americans, but of the belief that older Americans ought to take these newcomers into their homes, to show them the American ways of life—in short, to Americanize them. Fine! Beautiful! Lovely altruism—and not bad politics. But who can go along with that idea very far? We may be men enough to give the devil his due, but that is no reason why we should give the devil our last shirt; or part with our dignity or with our own standards.

The American home is not de facto open to Jake, or Hans, or Ignatz, who was broke in Posen or Budapest and so came to America to see what he could pry loose and likewise to see how much trouble he could start. These facts do not necessarily entitle any of these newcomers to come into our homes, help themselves to our cigars, put their feet on our family album and ask us what we paid for our rugs.

Personally I do not believe in that kind of Americanizing or Americanization. We can do much better for newcomers than that. We can give them a chance in our schools and a free outlook upon all the centuries of the world. Give them time, fifty, one hundred, five hundred years, and they may be better Americans than you and I ever were. If that future family be good as wheat it will be because it has grown as wheat is grown—in time, and subjected to the buffetings of chance and change. There is no use in Americans trying to set aside the great law of survival. A citizen cannot be made overnight. If his heart is wrong he never can be made an American citizen at all. We can do nothing at Americanizing these men until they cut loose from Europe altogether. If they cannot do that the best thing for them is to go back home or stay back home before they come to us. We commonly do not feel pleasant toward the man who breaks into our banquet hall by means of a jimmy. Commonly we feel that we are privileged to invite our own guests and to choose our own guests. Beyond question it is going to be true that the line between the sheep and the goats will be drawn tighter and tighter in America after the war. It is right that it should be, and it surely will be. In that way only can we build a race, a type, a standard or a country.

We are not at peace! Our dead stand at the table and demand their hearing through all time. We must be done with faithless and forsworn citizenship in America. We could forgive a soldier; but we cannot forgive a naturalized foreigner who perjured himself when he took the oath of allegiance. That is one man who must go.

There is absolutely no injustice, no bitterness, no unfairness in any of these words. They sound so harsh merely because they are unusual; and they will not long remain unusual in America. They sit lightly on the innocent, heavily on only those who have guilt and disloyalty in their hearts. It is for every man of foreign blood to know his own heart. We cannot know his heart for him. He alone knows whether he is foreign or American. He knows which he wants to be. He knows he cannot be both. That is the one test—the impossibility of a man being both a good European and a good American. If a man chooses to be European, very well. It surely is his privilege—but let him then go back to Europe and get his living. Our potlatch is over. Let him choose.

And let him remember, if he be German, that he is not the victor but the vanquished in this war.

President Hayden's Proposals

PRESIDENT CHARLES HAYDEN, of the Rock Island system, has recently given to security holders a broad general outline of what all railroad investors should strive for in the matter of Federal treatment of the railways of the country. No more important matter will come before the next session of Congress than those upon which this official touches.

Mr. Hayden sees no reason why the present Federal control should be continued after the expiration of the twenty-one-month period after the final declaration of peace. He fairly reasons that if a longer term were fixed there would be less incentive for Congress to give the matter the early attention that circumstances require. No one expects Congress to embody in a single act a complete and final code for the regulations of railroad activities; but its clear and imperative duty is to make some prompt and practical beginning.

Perfecting legislation can then be gradually enacted as occasion rises, and the original act can be amended, improved and broadened, much as the Federal Reserve Bank Law has by later legislation been more nearly adapted to the needs of the country.

Mr. Hayden in his clear-cut championship of private operation and ownership of the railroads betrays pardonable bitterness in asserting that the roads should be "under efficient regulation, that shall be constructive rather than merely punitive."

Without doubt the greatest railroad lesson which the country has learned during the McAdoo régime is the extraordinary amount of wasteful competition that existed solely in order to comply with the Sherman Law. Properly amended so as to permit mergers, consolidations and pooling under Federal supervision this act might be freed from the stigma of costing both shippers and railroads many wasted millions every year.

Equally self-evident is the proposition that Federal control over rates should be in the same hands as those that control wages. Without some such arrangement it will never be possible to put the transportation of the country upon a sound business basis. No great guiding principle could be more apparent to the meanest intellect; but the principle has not yet been recognized by appropriate legislation.

In asserting that owners of securities should have representation in a Federal governing body Mr. Hayden is not running counter to the spirit of the times

Indeed if the incomes of hundreds of thousands of Americans who own our nineteen billion dollars' worth of railroad securities are to be seriously affected by the decisions of a small body of men with vast powers, why should they not have some say and some power to influence the findings of that body?

This appears to be a very good time to choose for putting the greatest of our national industries on a sound footing, and to enable it, like other legitimate businesses, to make fair profits for distribution and to accumulate reasonable surpluses for the purpose of making the improvements and extensions that an increasing population inevitably requires.

Another Labor Question

YOU remember about all those wage increases of the last year or two—a billion a year to railroad labor, miners' wages, shipbuilders' wages, longshoremen's wages, carpenters' wages, draymen's wages, motormen's wages; all moving smartly upward with practically no trouble at all. Mainly it was perfectly right; so right that it was taken quite as a matter of course.

But turn to a modest bill and report that are now before the Pennsylvania Legislature. It also seeks to raise wages. The first idea was to ask for an advance of twenty-five per cent—in view of the well-known cost of living. But the movers were soon brought to understand that any such radical measure was out of the question. So they moderated their rapacious demands.

These predatory persons are the teachers in the public schools of the state—the persons to whom the education of the coming generation is committed. Their bill proposes that the lowest-paid teachers, now getting forty-five dollars a month, shall get sixty; those holding State Normal School certificates, now rated at fifty-five monthly, shall get seventy-five; and those of a somewhat higher grade, who have devoted several years to preparation and acquiring experience, shall get eighty-five a month instead of sixty. For the still higher grades, with a correspondingly longer investment in preparation and experience—taking in the principals and superintendents—there is an advance running from ten to twenty per cent.

In order that the commonwealth may bear this terrific impost the bill provides an elaborate system of allotting the cost between the state and local treasuries. Money for shipbuilders' wages comes abundantly by merely touching a spring. Money for underpaid school-teachers' wages comes only by elaborate effort—like dragging a recalcitrant dog out of a gopher hole by the tail.

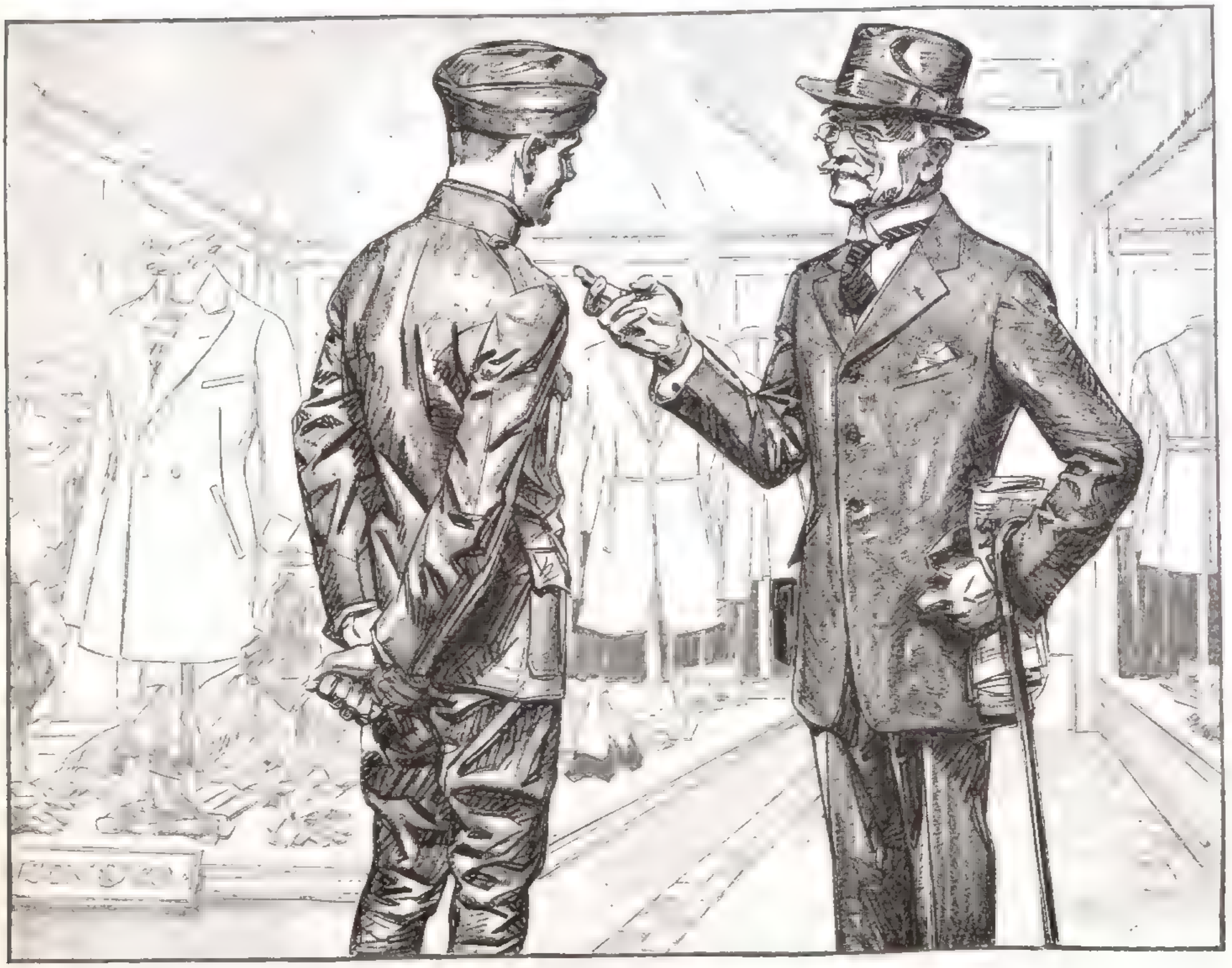
We trust the legislature will pass this bill promptly—and then go off in a corner and blush because it did not do it before.

Coals to Newcastle

THE Argentine Government—as a terse official statement dated at Buenos Aires certifies—has granted a credit of one hundred and ninety-seven million dollars to Great Britain, France and Italy to enable them to buy wheat and other supplies in that country. This is in addition to a credit of a like amount extended a year ago. But a year ago the world was turned upside down by war and the oddity of the transaction did not strike one so forcibly.

Argentina, of course, is one of the new, half-developed countries that ought to be dependent on Europe for credit—and was so dependent up to August, 1914. That the strongest, richest nations in Europe at this time, headed by Great Britain, the premier "creditor nation," are dependent on Argentina for credit is one sign of an interesting and silent revolution.

No doubt England still holds many millions of foreign securities and will again be a creditor nation in the world's balance of trade. But when you look round the world now for financially and industrially "backward" regions—regions in the greatest need of external aid for industrial and financial development—you do not find them in South America or Asia, but in the heart of Europe. To-day Europe relies upon Argentina decidedly more than Argentina relies upon Europe. There has been a shift in the world's center of gravity, and a new orientation. To-day Europe is looking to this hemisphere.



Doing the fighting or backing the fighter— the lesson of VALUE was learned

ON plunging destroyers at sea—in teeming munition plants—by the flare of guns on the Western Front—men came to judge things and character by the test of *true worth*.

They will not now forget that war-taught lesson. They will continue to demand worth—*value*—in all things. And that is why so many of them in their clothes-buying are now turning to Michaels-Stern VALUE-FIRST CLOTHES.

EXCELLENCE in style, tailoring and fabrics—all that goes without saying. But underlying these things is *value*—giving the most for the money—*value*—for more than a half century the distinguishing mark of Michaels-Stern VALUE-FIRST CLOTHES.

"WHAT Good Clothes Did For Me"—a success-story reprinted from the American Magazine will be sent free on request. Address Michaels, Stern & Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Michaels-Stern

VALUE-FIRST CLOTHES

$25 to $60—At VALUE-FIRST Dealers'

THE VANISHING CLIENT

(Continued from Page 15)

"There," he exclaimed, "aren't they great?"

Puffer was sitting back in his chair, drawing slowly on his cigar. His face was quite expressionless as his gaze swung back and forth along the line of that beauty congress. Confident of the verdict, yet tense with expectation, Charlie Grell awaited Puffer's first exclamation of admiration.

It was: "What are you trying to advertise, Grell?"

The young man's heart did a chagrined flip-flop.

"Why, Fibretex Fabrics, of course. Nothing could put the idea across faster or more clearly. You have the atmosphere of beauty developed to the nth power."

"Can't say I'm stuck on 'em," said Puffer sourly. All his cordiality had disappeared.

"Oh, but Mr. Puffer, surely you'll have to admit ——"

"Admit nothing!" cried the client angrily. "Don't tell me I have to admit anything on your say-so, young man. I tell you I don't like 'em. I wish I could say I did. You aren't a bit more disappointed than I am. They won't do."

With difficulty Grell refrained from crying: "Why, damn it, man, you don't know what you're talking about!" Instead he asked mildly, "In just what way do they fail to please you?"

"Why—they're too—too—they're too striking; the girls, I mean. They distract attention from the goods and the trademark. You're advertising girls, not Fibretex Fabrics."

"But, Mr. Puffer, they're along exactly the lines we talked when I was here two weeks ago."

"No, they're not. That's the reason I wouldn't commit myself then. I had doubts. But you were so cocksure I began to think you might make good after all. These pictures only confirm my judgment in refusing to be swept off my feet by a lot of pretty pencil sketches."

In vain Charlie Grell argued. Puffer becoming more and more irritated grew also more and more stubborn.

"It's a matter of personal taste," said Charlie. "Some folks don't like ice cream; but by far the great proportion of 'em are crazy about it. These pictures may not express your preference in girls; but that's no sign ninety-nine out of a hundred other people wouldn't rave over them. I tell you they'd sell Fibretex."

"Not to me, they wouldn't. If you want to know my candid opinion—they lack class. They're shy on quality. They simply are not there. The Fibretex public wouldn't stand for 'em."

"Yet you said only the other day that the Fibretex public was everyone who read—I mean reads—that is, all the people that make up the magazine reading clientele, and you said, too, that they were all human, Judy O'Grady and the colonel's lady ——"

"See here, Grell, let me tell you something. You may think you're a hell of a salesman; but I want to say it's damn poor salesmanship to pull a lot of I-told-you-so stuff and try to convict your customer out of his own mouth of being a blithering idiot. That'll be about all for you to-day. Furthermore, you can tell your boss, Mr. Hargrave, that unless I have something that I can accept from your agency within the next week or less the Fibretex account will go elsewhere. With these few words I conclude my portion of the entertainment for this evening. All doors open outward."

Savagely he turned to his desk and attacked a pile of work. Grell, crestfallen, stunned into hurt silence, gathered together the offending exhibits, made up his package, and accomplished an embarrassed exit, calling back over his shoulder: "Good day, Mr. Puffer. I'm not licked yet. You'll hear from us again in a few days."

"'Day," said Puffer.

After the door closed the manufacturer looked thoughtfully at the spot where he had last seen the advertising man. Then he grinned, not wholly maliciously.

"Guess that'll take him down a peg," he grumbled. "Pretty rough, I suppose, but darn him, it'll do him good! Now we'll see how much spunk he's really got."

IV

SO IN a far from happy mood Charlie Grell returned the greeting and caress of Clara Maude in the little Riverport home that night. She was all sympathy, and made haste to set forth dishes both tempting and nourishing.

"Poor old Charlie boy," she said. "Clally'll open a jar of those spiced pears he likes so much. Tell me all about it. We'll beat that fault-finding old thing yet. Oh, dear! I wish I could be more help."

"No one can help me," groaned Charlie. "I'm a plumb failure. Thought I was a bird of a salesman. Thought I had poor old Cal tied to a post. I was going to show 'em at the office what a real speed merchant could do when it came to selling an advertising plan. Now I'll get the loud, rude ha-ha! I'll get worse than that; I'll get hell!"

"Charles William Grell!"

"I'm sorry, Clally Maude, honest; but ain't it enough to make anyone cuss? Gee!"

He finished his supper moodily. Then he got the big package of drawings from the living room.

"Honey," he said, "I just want you to look at these beautiful things and burst into tears. Actually this is the stuff that old prune turned down."

One by one he exhibited the designs, with their lovely pen-and-ink borders, delightful French lettering and gorgeous photographs.

"Aren't they knockouts? Don't you think they're great? Do you see how anyone could resist 'em?"

"They are beautiful," agreed Clara Maude. "They're altogether charming; but ——"

"But what?" demanded her husband sharply.

"I was only going to ask what Mr. Puffer said about them."

"Why, can you imagine it? He said they lacked class, whatever he thinks that means. To me they're just stuck full of class. Now isn't he asinine?"

"We-ell," said Clara Maude. "We-ell—I ——" and stopped.

"Good Lord, you don't mean to say you agree with him!"

"Oh, Charlie, please don't be angry. I know they're stunning. They're fascinating. I was just wondering ——"

Clara Maude turned a pathetically apologetic face toward her husband. It takes a lot of courage for a little ninety-seven-pound home body to pick flaws in the work of the cleverest advertising man in the world. She would have cut out her tongue rather than hurt his feelings. Yet the only way to help him was to be honest.

"Go to it," said Charlie glumly. "Butcher the chee-ild of my brain in front of my helpless agonized gaze. Plunge the old knife up to the hilt; I won't get sore."

"You poor boy," said Clara Maude. "It's a shame. But you're trying to sell Fibretex Fabrics to women, aren't you?"

"Well, we naturally aren't looking for a large business among bartenders and stevedores."

"Of course. If women don't buy them no one will. Now don't you see? Those pictures—those girls—aren't woman girls; they're man girls."

"Huh? I don't get you."

"They are the kind of pictures men would rave over."

"That's good psychology. All women want to excite the admiration of men. The implication in these advertisements is that Fibretex Fabrics make women look like these girls, so enhancing their attractions ——"

"No, honey; I'm afraid you're mistaken. Down deep in her soul every woman has inherited from way back in Garden of Eden days the instinct of self-protection against the rest of her sex. Each woman is potentially the rival of every other woman. These girls are too sumptuous, too dazzling, too wonderful. Why, the minute I saw them the first thought that entered my silly head was the question whether my Charlie knew any of them."

"I give you my word," Charlie hastily assured his wife, "I have never seen a single one outside of the photographs."

"Of course not. And it wouldn't do any harm if you had. But just the same, the thought was there. And Mr. Puffer sensed it too. Either he couldn't tell you just what it was or else because he's an old grouch he wouldn't. He's a business man, cold-blooded, harsh and unsympathetic. He asked you what you were trying to advertise.

"He was jealous.

"What he saw was that the girls weren't advertising his fabrics half so much as his fabrics and his money were advertising the girls. They're striking and stylish and they undoubtedly have a grand air; but they aren't simple or winsome or sweet, and—harmless. It must be pretty hard to find models who can pose in just the unconscious atmosphere."

"By George, you've struck it!" cried Charlie Grell. "I get you now. I've been a fool, a blind chump. I haven't the brains God gave a billy goat."

"Hush!" said Clara Maude, in a muffled, interfered-with voice. "Don't be rough—now Charlie, please! My goodness, don't you need a shave! Well, then, old bear—nice old bear—you'll beat 'em all yet."

V

UPSTAIRS went Charlie Grell, three steps at a jump, to the little hall bedroom he used for a workshop. Here were his books, his typewriter on a varnishless desk, stacks of old magazines, thirty-two pipes, four different kinds of tobacco in jars and tins, matches, burnt and unburnt, ashes, dust, a deep leather chair with fatal-looking wounds through which protruded wads of curled hair, a stiff-backed chair suffering from shell shock, a reading lamp, and on a pine shelf two cameras and a lot of miscellaneous boxes, envelopes and other junk. There was also a radiator; and a rug that didn't care what happened to it.

Once in a while, to please Clara Maude, Charlie tidied up this inner shrine; but no one else was allowed to disturb its ordered chaos.

"When I want anything I know where to look for it," said Grell. "Of course I don't always find it; but if it's here I'm sure it isn't lost, so I don't worry."

On arriving home he had been boiling mad. Now, with Clara Maude's excellent supper under his waistcoat, her encouragement in his ears, her kisses still tingling on his lips, he felt several hundred per cent better. Besides, he had an idea.

Among the boxes and envelopes on the pine shelf he fumbled purposefully. Then with two of the boxes he sat down at the desk and dumped their contents in front of him. Also he took hold of the reading lamp, an ordinary drop light, and caught its cord in a hook at the

(Concluded on Page 123)

"She Has Sense," He Thought. "Hope She Sticks Round When I Talk to His Nibs"

Children's Hair Needs The Best of Care

PROPER SHAMPOOING is what makes beautiful hair. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant. Children's hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but fine, young hair and tender scalps cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why discriminating mothers use

WATKINS
MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL
FOR
SHAMPOOING

This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product, cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often it is used.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL at any drug store. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for the whole family

THE R. L. WATKINS COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio

(Concluded from Page 121)

end of a string fastened to the wall. This held the lamp directly above his work.

For an hour he sorted, selected, rejected, classified.

"There," he said with satisfaction. "That's what I want."

His treasure-trove consisted of half a dozen prints from snapshots made the previous summer and autumn. Examining them he smiled at the perfection of his handiwork.

"Took 'em, developed 'em, printed 'em—all myself," he thought happily. "That's what comes of taking pains."

Charlie had won prizes in the past for artistic photography. These prints were certainly little gems. They were all of Clara Maude, in different attitudes and situations. Grell possessed unusual talent for such work, and had caught his wife in a series of unconscious, graceful and exceedingly charming poses.

In one picture she stood on a great rock looking out at the sea. Her hair was windblown, and her skirts fluttering decoratively in the fresh breeze revealed her straight girlish slenderness in beautiful clean lines, while in her far-searching eyes shone the radiance of her youthful soul.

In another she was coming along a country lane, her arms full of leafy boughs she had gathered to trim the hotel music room for a hop. The sunlight streaming through overarching trees made dappled patterns on her white summery dress and on the earth at her feet. The composition was simple, ingenuous, captivatingly lovely.

She was not a handsome woman, but she had the quality of refinement, of daintiness. There was nothing worldly wise about her, though she undoubtedly possessed the best of good sense. She was just unaffected and sweet and loyal, as you knew the moment you looked into her fine blue eyes. And this atmosphere of winsomeness her husband had managed with the subtlety of the true artist to catch in his camera.

"These'll do," he thought, "just for an experiment. If they haven't the feminine appeal no pictures ever did have it."

After that he searched until he found the films from which the chosen subjects had been printed. These he put in his pocket and turning out his light went down to the kitchen, where Mrs. Grell was measuring modified milk into her son's bottles for next day.

"How'd you get along?" she asked.

"Oh, pretty fair. I guess things'll come out all right. Say, Clally Maude, any of that Young America cheese left in the 'frigerator? Let's make a rarebit."

VI

A TELEGRAM came to the office of the Hargrave Agency, worded thus: "Arrive New York three-thirty. Must pass on copy to-day. R. S. PUFFER."

"Wants to catch me napping," thought Grell resentfully. "Well, I guess it's a case of do or die. Wonder what makes my head ache so. What did I have for lunch?"

Out in the art department he consulted earnestly with Fielding.

"I had a hunch you'd need 'em," said the latter. "Give me two hours more and I'll have the retouching done on three of 'em. And believe me, boy, they're coming through beautifully!"

"That's all I want to know," said Charlie, and went back to his desk, where he sat with his head in his hand, staring dully at a stack of papers in front of him. Darn that pain! Rarest thing in the world for Charlie Grell to have a headache.

At three-fifteen Sam Fielding brought the promised enlargements of Clara Maude's photographs.

"If these don't make him cheer, throw him down the elevator shaft, account and all."

"And lose my job? Not much. I'll be polite to the old chap if it takes a leg. Say, Sam, what's good for a blinding headache?"

At three-forty-five the girl on the information desk phoned Mr. Grell that Mr. Puffer, of Fibretex, was in the clients' conference room. Charlie gathered together his material and hustled in to meet the manufacturer, who seemed to be in no very encouraging mood.

"I hope you've got something to show me," he said defiantly. "I haven't much confidence. This is your last chance, young man, because if you can't deliver I'm going to take the account away. Time's getting short too; some of the magazines on our schedule go to press in less than a fortnight. I'm not going to dillydally any longer."

Charlie in spite of his headache grinned cheerfully.

"All right, Mr. Puffer," he said, turning back the paper flaps of the enlarged photographs. "How do these suit you for style?"

The manufacturer adjusted his glasses, inquired if he might smoke and provided the material for both Charlie and himself. For some moments his face retained the wooden lack of expression which distinguishes some of our most accomplished poker players. Then he said, "Hm!"

Charlie said nothing. If the pictures weren't good enough to sell themselves no word of his could put them over.

"This all you have?" asked Puffer.

"Best I could do in the time. We can make the finals at once if you O. K. these for style."

"Well, you've got three to start with. They'll cover the early issues."

"Oh, but these aren't to be used, Mr. Puffer. They are only samples."

"Now, what the devil ——"

"One moment, please. I have had four days since I was in your office last. There hasn't been time enough to select models and make up the compositions, even if I had cared to go to that expense. Perhaps you don't realize it, but there wasn't much encouragement in that last trip to Middledale. I had to do some hustling as it was, and these are merely enlargements made up in a hurry from some snapshots I took myself last summer."

"Don't care a damn who took 'em, or when or where. They suit me. I wouldn't trust you for a minute to find anything else as good, or take a chance with any other model, so you can make up your mind that the young lady in these pictures is to run through the series or ——"

"The young lady in these pictures," rejoined Charlie Grell, "is not to be had. She would never consent to the publication of her picture in advertising."

"That's up to you, Grell. If you didn't expect to use these subjects it's outrageous to show 'em to me. Just what I want—with a string on it. Where can the girl be found? Is it a case of a big model fee? Damn it, I'm willing to do the right thing in the matter of pay. Send for her; I'll soon bring her to terms."

"As it happens," said Grell, "you'll do nothing of the kind. The young lady is my wife, and you'd better be careful ——"

Puffer jumped to his feet in a rage.

"Of all the contemptible tricks! Say, Grell, suppose she is your wife? Is it going to hurt her to have her picture shown in connection with Fibretex? Is that a disgrace? Aren't our fabrics good enough to merit the distinction of Mrs. Grell's picture?"

"That'll do!" cried Charlie. "We won't discuss Mrs. Grell. If the style of the subjects suits you we'll get busy and work up the series. If not ——"

"If not I can do the next best thing, eh? You monkey round, waste my time, make a confounded fool of me, and then calmly tell me if I don't like it I can go about my business. Well, we'll see if I have to put up with this sort of thing from your competitors, Mr. Grell. I trust Mr. Hargrave is informed of the kind of treatment you accord an old and loyal client. I ought to see him and tell him how I've been treated."

"Oh, write him a letter," said Charlie shortly. His head was evidently going to burst and distribute his brains broadcast. As for the Fibretex account, let old Puffer take it and go hang. "Write Mr. Hargrave a letter and tell him the whole business. You can't see him because he's out of town. Otherwise I'd escort you in and let you cry down his neck."

The room was moving in large wabbly circles.

The vanishing client seized his hat and pounded out, the maddest man in New York. Left to himself Charlie picked up the photographs and went unsteadily to his quarters. There, painfully, he made a package of them, slammed down the lid of his desk and started for home. On the street he lighted a cigarette, which he threw away after a couple of puffs. He began to shiver, and his legs felt like insufficiently hardened jelly. Darn the Fibretex account!

VII

"NO," SAID Charlie, dumping his bundle on a chair in the living room, "I don't want any supper. I'm not hungry and I'm all upset."

"Why, Charlie boy, what's the matter?"

"Oh, I lost that confounded Fibretex business, had a rumpus with Puffer and it's on my nerves. It's given me a beastly headache. Showed the old cheese something that was too good for him. Suited him too darned well. It's a rotten world, kid. I'm frozen too. How about a little hot tea?"

Clara Maude laid an experimenting hand on her husband's brow.

"Why, my land's sake, Charles William Grell, you've got temperature! Now you go right straight to bed!"

"Rats! I'm not sick."

"Maybe not. Perhaps all you need is a good rest. Honey, you're shivering. Come, upstairs with you! I'll bring you a hot-water bottle and something nice and warm to drink. I'm going to have the doctor too."

"Nonsense! You won't do any such thing. I'll be all right."

"You watch me," said Clara Maude with decision. "Move along now, young man. On your way; bed for yours. Shake it up, buddy, and make it snappy, as we say in the Army."

Followed a busy hour for Clara Maude Grell. Charlie had a violent chill, his teeth chattering like the bones in a minstrel show. The doctor came, did the usual things and went away, leaving the property glass covered by a saucer and the injunction to feed Charlie a spoonful of this every half hour. If everyone ran as true to form as the doctors what a dull world this would be!

He thought Charlie better have a nurse, and said he knew one just off a maternity case whom he could send. The thrifty soul of Clara Maude rebelled, but she realized this was no time for penny wisdom. With the house and little Charles to look after her hands were full enough; and reluctantly she had to admit that the best of wifely intentions do not always compensate for lack of professional skill.

Charlie, warmed at last, fell into an uneasy slumber. Clara Maude sat down in the living room to get her breath and think through her problem, however hard the fates might elect to set it. It was, she could see, going to be tough at best. She and Charlie hadn't saved much of anything. There had been illness before this, and then little Charlie; and the building-and-loan payments, promptly met, to be sure, had been a drain. The equity in the house was an asset—but one hated to disturb that. It represented so much self-denial and planning.

"Cla-rah Maw-wud! Hey!"

Charlie's voice, a trifle petulant, came down through the hall. Upstairs ran Clara Maude, sibilantly warning her husband not to wake the baby.

"What do you want? Thirsty, dear? It's time for your medicine anyhow."

"Say, Clara Maude, did you open that package?"

"The one you brought home? Haven't had a minute."

"You better take a look. And listen, honey, don't make any mistake. I hadn't the least intention of letting that old blighter use your pictures; only showed them to him to establish a style. When he insisted on using those very enlargements I told him to go chase himself. Guess I was pretty rough with him. Anyhow I lost the account because I refused to commercialize your beauteous map; so please forgive me for not telling you what I was doing."

"Stop talking, old silly," said Clara Maude. "And quit worrying. Everything'll come out all right. I wouldn't be surprised if you were absolutely well in the morning. Now go sleepy-house for mudder—that's a nice Charlie boy."

She kissed his hot forehead, put out the light and stole softly downstairs. Almost before she reached the top of the staircase she heard feverish snoring; Charlie might sleep two minutes or all night.

Clara Maude gasped when she saw the three enlargements. They certainly were pretty! In the advertisements she knew they would be exactly right. Poor old Puffer! She couldn't find it in her heart to blame him for wanting what he wanted when he wanted it. He had been sorely tried, and then when he thought he'd found the solution of his difficulty it had been snatched away like the cup of Tantalus. She didn't wonder he declined to trust Hargrave's art department to go chasing after strange goddesses that he was sure would never turn out to suit him.

Clara Maude sat down and considered. Charlie sick, almost no money in the bank, Charlie, Junior, living exclusively on milk that came from pasteurized cows, at thirty-two cents a quart. There would be the nurse to pay for no one knew how long, and the doctor twice a day.

The doorbell rang. This was the nurse, "dressed to play," with her ordinary clothes in a suitcase. She brought an encouraging atmosphere of assurance and impeccable prophylaxis.

"I'm so glad you've come," said Clara Maude. "Go right up."

Ten minutes later Mrs. Grell was gently agitating the receiver hook and begging central to put her through to Middledale; and presently she heard, very far away, a muffled voice saying: "Yes, yes, this is Puffer. Who wants me? . . . Who? . . . Why don't you transact your business in the daytime?"

VIII

SITTING in a big chair by the open window, well bundled up in blankets, Charlie Grell listened languidly to the birds singing outside and began to be more or less pleased at being alive. There had been times during the past few weeks when living had been a matter of entire indifference to him. Even now if he had to do much thinking it hardly seemed worth while. His attitude toward life was about neutral.

He didn't have a great deal to worry him. Hargrave had been rather decent during Charlie's long illness, sending the old pay check round once a week by a boy from the office; and only yesterday there had been a box of oranges and a message saying that as soon as Grell felt strong enough the chief would send Alphonse with the car to take him for an airing. This, Charlie thought, had been pretty magnanimous, considering how roughly he had treated one of the office's best clients.

Like a bird hopping about on a new green lawn Clara Maude popped in and out of the room; and like a bird she was a-twitter with little morning pleasantries. There was Mrs. Blake going by with the twins, and goodness gracious, hadn't they grown! Had Charlie seen the postman go past? She hadn't heard his whistle. How was the breakfast? As nice as Miss Fisher used to fix for him? Was his toast brown and crisp enough? Doctor said he should have some coffee in a day or two, so he should!

She patted and straightened the pillows behind her husband's shoulders.

"Feeling lots stronger, aren't you?"

"Bet I am, Clally Maude. I could run round the block and never feel it. Ate a big breakfast, and I feel as hungry as ever. There's the postman now. Wonder what he's got. Hope he brings a magazine or two. I think I could read a little without getting tired."

Clara Maude brought up the mail, and, sure enough, there was a magazine for which Charlie held out his hand with a show of interest.

"Sort of feels good," he said, fumbling the pages with his thin hands. "Let's see! Hargrave has a lot of business in here; page of Sampson's Soups, and another of Mileage Tires, and a double spread of Broadcast Paints—some agency! And—good Lord!"

"Why, Charlie, what is it?"

"Look, look! How in the world did that get in there? By golly, whoever used those pictures will hear from me! I'll I'll ——"

"Hush, honey," said Clara Maude. "Don't get excited; it's all right."

The convalescent looked up.

"But, Clally Maude, you didn't—why, you couldn't. You know you couldn't!"

"Why couldn't I? With the loss of the Fibretex account and maybe of your job staring us in the face, and you flat on your back? I'd like to know why I couldn't. Besides ——"

She took the magazine and surveyed the page with critical approval. She observed herself walking daintily along a path of dappled shadows and sunshine, her arms filled with freshly pulled branches. Below the pictures she read:

FIBRETEX FABRICS
BEST FOR SUMMER FROCKS
THE FAVORITE MATERIAL
OF
SMARTLY GOWNED AMERICAN WOMEN

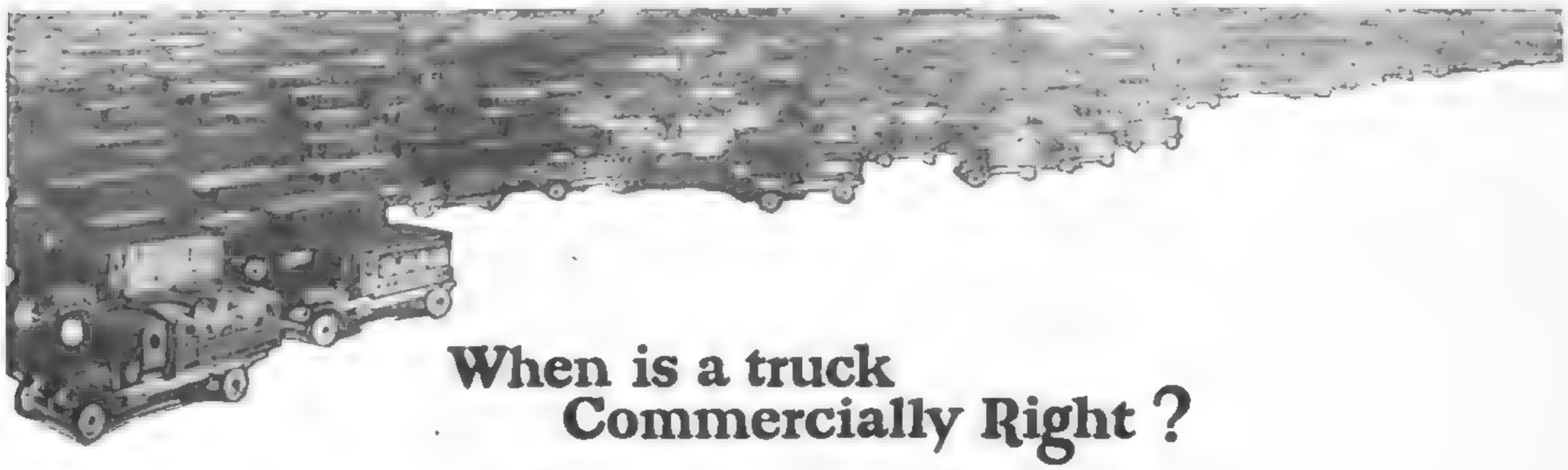
"Besides, I like it!" she cried, dimpling adorably. "I like it very much indeed. All the movie ladies get their pictures in the magazines. Why shouldn't I? It's a fascinating sensation, and—and I look real pretty, don't I, Charles William Grell?"

50,000 PROOFS THAT REPUBLIC

REPUBLIC

Built by the Largest Manufacturers

TRUCKS ARE COMMERCIALLY RIGHT



When is a truck Commercially Right?

ANY good, sincere truck-making firm might make a truck right from an *engineering* standpoint. If it had Republic's truck-production facilities it might even doubtless build as many trucks as Republic does.

But that would not prove such a truck to be *commercially* right—as trucks must be, to serve as Republic Trucks *do* serve. It is this very proved commercial fitness that has won for Republic Trucks the confidence of truck users, the country over.

More than 50,000 Republics ride upon the world's highways. They have proved by actual performance that the "Yellow Chassis" Truck *is* commercially right. They have proved under practical conditions to be both unusually serviceable and very economical.

We offer the benefit of this "50,000-truck experience" with every Republic Truck we make. No other truck has this experience behind it. And it is this road experience which, in the last resort, proves the Republic's ability to serve so well.

More than 1400 Republic Service Stations serve Republic users. There is a Republic Truck for every hauling requirement.

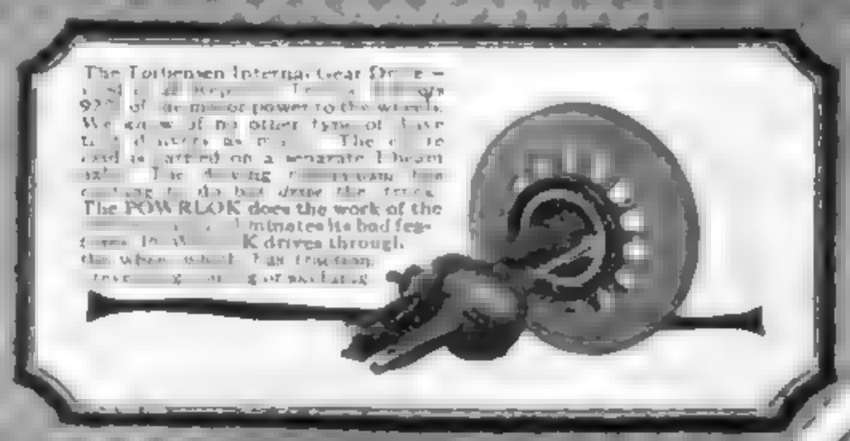
Republic Motor Truck Co., Inc., Alma, Michigan

The "Yellow Chassis" Trucks that serve so well

Republic Special with body	$1295
Model 10, 1 Ton, with Express body	1595
Model 11, 1½ Ton, chassis	1095
Model 12, 2 Ton, chassis	1275
Model 19, 2½ Ton, chassis	1595
Model 20, 3½ Ton, chassis	1850

All prices F. O. B. Alma, Michigan

TRUCKS



of Motor Trucks in the World

THE RANDOM NOTES OF AN AMERIKANSKY

(Continued from Page 4)

Early last winter a British lieutenant colonel drifted into a gathering of Americans, British and Canadians, and asked in a somewhat bored voice whether anyone cared to shoot a tiger. He was accused of spoofing, which he indignantly denied. Careful questioning elicited the information that four tigers had descended on a village only an hour away from Vladivostok by automobile, had slaughtered a horse, a cow and two pigs, and were even then lurking in the thickets on the outskirts of the village. The hunters went forth. They found no tigers; but they found tiger tracks and a dead horse and a dead cow, both handsomely clawed, and the remnants of the two pigs. In short, the skeptics who thought there were no tigers within an hour of Vladivostok were convinced of their error.

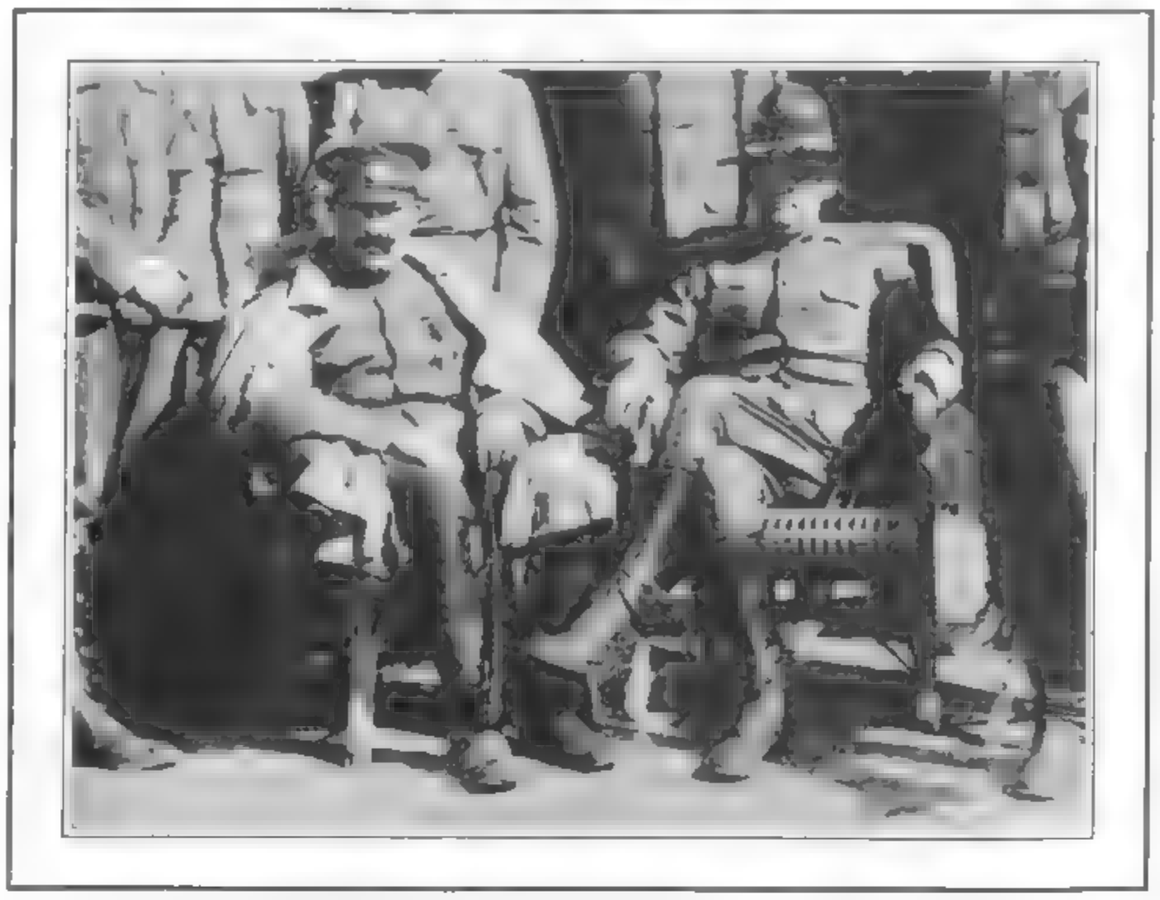
Out in the bay there are salmon; and in all Siberian lakes there are salmon—giant salmon, mastodonic salmon, salmon of such proportions that the mere sight of one of them would be sufficient to make an American fisherman examine his tongue in a pocket mirror and telephone the doctor to come right over and see what ailed him. Throughout the winter the frozen fish are stacked up like cordwood in front of the shops in the market: When a purchaser appears the fish dealer gets out his buck saw and saws off the requisite amount of salmon. For weeks after the Amerikanskys arrived from the States doughboys sat in clusters on the docks at the end of the harbor, hauling in mackerel as fast as they could toss their lines into the water, and allowing as how Siberia wouldn't be half bad if they could only get some real fishing. It seems likely that if the doughboys had been hauling in four-foot salmon they would have been remarking to each other that salmon fishing was all right in its way, but that they couldn't really enjoy themselves unless they were catching whales.

Things to Boast About

If those Russians who live in Siberia could take a correspondence-school course in the science of boasting there is little doubt that the material they have on hand would soon make it possible for them to rank among the world's greatest boasters. There are so many things in which the residents of Siberia can claim superiority that it would hardly be worth while for the residents of other countries to compete with them. Take her rivers, for example. The Amur River at Khabarovsk, within sight of the headquarters of the 27th Infantry, is two miles wide. The bridge across the Amur at that point is reputed to be the longest in the world. Only a short distance from Khabarovsk, as distances go in Siberia, is Blagoviestchensk, the center of the Siberian gold fields. Wonderfully rich gold mines may be purchased in these fields for $10,000. The richest mine in the district—many people say that it is the richest gold mine in the world—was on the market last winter for 8,000,000 rubles, or about $400,000. Except for the facts that the purchaser would have difficulty in getting a clear title to the mine, that there are so many Bolsheviks round that one would have trouble in working it, that the cold is so intense that it can be worked for only five months a year, and two or three other details of a minor nature—except for these things, the mine was a great bargain.

Then there is the little matter of the Russian language for the Siberians to boast about. It is one of the most difficult languages; and the Amerikanskys claim that those who are skilled in its use can talk more and say less than it would be possible to say in any other language. And furthermore there is the Siberian climate. Any Siberian who is capable of steering the conversation into the desired channels should be able to win almost any boasting contest without working himself into much of a lather.

The Russians could even make Vladivostok a source of boasting if they cared to. They could boast of its harbor, which is a very fine one; and of its Red Light district, which in wickedness and general degradation is supposed to be second only to that of Port Said; and of its dust clouds, which descend on the just and the unjust with such fluency that there are times when everyone in the city looks like a perambulating truck garden; and of its location on the hill slopes overlooking the sapphire ribbon of Amur Bay and the silver sweep of the harbor.



Major General William S. Graves and the Cossack Hetman, Semeonoff

The Russians have named Vladivostok Harbor, Zolotoi Rog—the Golden Horn. I shall not quarrel with the romantic ideas of the Russians. To them Vladivostok Harbor may have looked like a golden horn—a horn of plenty, from which food and raiment and all manner of good things were to pour in on Russia. But after contemplating the rectangular shape of the harbor, and viewing the vast piles of stores that lie on its beaches and on the hills that slope down to it—stores of every conceivable description, from automobiles and ammunition to angle irons, apple parers and ash receivers—after this, I repeat, Vladivostok Harbor had less the appearance of a golden horn to me and more the appearance of a wooden leg; a wooden leg bent at right angles, in the very act of administering a sharp brutal kick to Holy Russia—Holy Russia lying flat on its back in the gutter of apathy; sick to death with the poison of Bolshevism; bound with the thongs of treachery and stupidity and selfishness and disease.

There is an outer harbor—a narrow passageway between barren hill slopes. Few buildings meet the eye. There are no signs of a city. There are occasional brick barracks, and pile upon pile of supplies, covered with tarpaulin—supplies that have decorated the hillsides since the early days of the war.

The ship turns from the outer harbor into the harbor proper—the thigh of the wooden leg—and the city bursts upon the vision suddenly, astonishingly.

It is spread out upon the hills which rise from the north side of the harbor—from the outer thigh and the kneecap and the shin bone. There are stone and brick buildings rising in tiers; department stores, arsenals, schools, apartment houses, warehouses; a cathedral erupting with bulbous blue domes and gold crosses. The distance from kneecap to instep is nearly three miles. The main street, Svetlanskaya, parallels the shin bone. American headquarters is at the kneecap, two hundred yards up the hill slope from the shore. On the shore at the kneecap is the big galvanized-iron Y M.C.A. hut. At a dock not twenty yards from the Y. M. C. A. hut is the battleship Brooklyn. At the instep of the wooden leg—the extreme end of the harbor—is the American Base. A valley extends onward from the instep. Up this valley one finds the old Russian barracks which house the 31st Infantry.

At the docks along the northern edge of the harbor lie all manner of ships—army transports, tramp steamers, commercial steamers, Chinese fishing sampans, and ships of war. When the Amerikanskys steamed in last autumn there were the U. S. S. Brooklyn, the British cruiser Suffolk, the Japanese battleship Hizen, the French gunboat Kersaint, the Chinese gunboat Hi Yung and a whole shoal of Russian torpedo boats. The Japanese battleship, by the way, was the flagship of the Russian fleet during the Russo-Japanese War. The Japanese captured her. The fact that they brought her back to Vladivostok and tied her up in such a position that all the Russians could stare straight into the muzzles of her big guns whenever they walked to the post office or the theater showed beyond peradventure that Japanese diplomacy and Japanese military affairs had little in common.

Vladivostok, as a city or as a winter resort or as a camping ground, never roused the slightest degree of enthusiasm among the Americans who had the misfortune to be stationed there. They referred to it, quaintly enough, by such names as The Back Door of the World, The Garbage Pail of Russia, Siberia's Cesspool; and by other names whose forcefulness was somewhat diminished by the commonness of the adjectives that accompanied them. The chief reason for the intense dislike which our soldiers and most of our officers had for Vladivostok and all the rest of Siberia was, I think, the lack of action. Officers and men alike had looked forward, during their journey to Siberia, to immediate and hectic action against the Bolsheviks. They had looked forward to a gay, care-free existence whose salient feature was to be the unrestrained pursuit of unshaven, undisciplined and highly undesirable soldiery of German leanings all over the surface of Eastern Asia.

There was ground for such anticipation; for there were officers who had chosen to go to Siberia rather than to France because General Staff officers in Washington had told them that our forces would be rapidly increased, and that there was an excellent chance that the Americans from Siberia would get to Berlin ahead of the Americans from France. Their expectations were still further inflamed by the experience of the 27th Infantry, which with the 31st Infantry arrived in Siberia from the Philippines even before Major General Graves had got there. Neither the 27th nor the 31st knew anything about the policy of noninterference with Russian affairs which later governed all American acts in Siberia. Noninterference was one of the last things on which they permitted their minds to dwell. Both the 27th and the 31st were poignantly desirous of interfering with anybody who sided either in word or deed with the Hun. Foolishly enough, as it afterward developed, these regiments as well as the staff officers who accompanied them were firmly imbued with the idea that if American forces were sent to a spot where fighting was in progress it was the business of said American forces to jump in with both feet and assist the fighting to its logical end.

So when Japanese Headquarters sent down word to American Headquarters, only a little while after the arrival of the 27th and the 31st, that a battle between the Bolsheviks and the Allies had been scheduled for the near future, and that the presence of a regiment of Americans was requested, the 27th was at once entrained and sent down to that spot on the Usuri River where the fight had been arranged. With the assistance of the American railroad engineers the regiment moved down in record-breaking time. Unfortunately the plans of the Japanese General Staff miscarried, and the Bolsheviks attacked two days ahead of schedule. As a result the 27th was late for the battle.

It was this battle which cleared the Bolsheviks from Eastern Siberia In spite of the miscarriage of their plans the Japanese gave the Bolsheviks a merciless drubbing and pursued them so furiously that the Bolshevik army of Northeastern Siberia practically dissolved into thin air. The 27th continued on to Khabarovsk with the Japanese and took possession of that city. A flying column from that regiment, under Major Miller, accompanied a Japanese flying column westward from Khabarovsk to Blagoviestchensk in the wake of Bolsheviki. The pursuit was so close that on the curves the Bolshevik train could shell the train carrying our flying column. Finally the Bolsheviks conceived the brilliant scheme of depressing the muzzle of their gun and firing it at the track. The track was only four feet from the gun, so the operation was highly successful, and the train carrying our men went into the ditch. Since it was a Russian train it was ninety-eight per cent noise and only about two per cent speed, and no one was hurt.

A Change of Front

As can readily be understood this beginning was regarded as auspicious by the Americans who desired action. It looked as though our forces were to be allowed to battle at will against the Bolsheviks; and beyond the Urals there were Bolsheviks aplenty—tens of thousands of them, robbing, destroying, murdering, outraging women, and indulging in all the other pastimes which they seem to have acquired from their blood brothers, the Huns. The Czechs were hard at work fighting them, which seemed to the Americans all the more reason why they should fight them as well; for it was the understanding of the Americans that they were in Siberia to help the Czechs.

The staff officers from the Philippines, who had charge of the expedition before the arrival of General Graves, made great preparations. Their plans called for American troops at the Front, walking roughshod over the Bolsheviks; for headquarters at an interior city nearer the Front than Vladivostok; for an elaborate headquarters train, in which the general was to ride up and down the line and view the victorious doughboys between victories. The Russians and the Czechs came to American headquarters day after day and night after night to consult with and ask the assistance of Colonel Morris, Colonel Landon, Lieutenant Colonel Winfree and Lieutenant Colonel Barrows, all fine types of hard-hitting soldiers. In those days the Americans were the heroes of the drama.

Yes; at the beginning things looked auspicious. But after the general had arrived, bringing with him the Administration's policy of noninterference with Russian affairs, the complexion of things changed greatly. From a nice, fresh, rosy complexion it changed to a muddy, unhealthy complexion that needed the immediate attention of a beauty specialist. The elaborate plans for troops at the Front were unceremoniously deposited in the ash can, along with the plans for inland headquarters and a headquarters train Then everybody sat down and fretted, and waxed unpleasantly profane when they were asked pointedly why the Americans didn't do something.

The Administration's policy was a puzzler to Americans. All those who thought about it, or argued about it, suffered from violent fits of temper, dry tongues and extreme nervousness. It was not a policy

(Continued on Page 128)

Uniform Tubes

Mates of Uniform Tires

A TUBE like the Miller, made layer on layer of flawless pure rubber, prevents leaks. Miller Tubes hold great air pressure. Each is built by the same Uniform workmanship that made **Geared-to-the-Road** Tires famous.

All Air-Tight Tested

No sand holes, blisters or tiny pores in Miller Tubes. We prevent all defects by training workers to build alike. Otherwise, tubes wouldn't wear the same. Notwithstanding that we build many thousands daily, each Miller Tube is proved air-tight by inflation. Each must hold the same pressure for many hours. And before the Miller O. K. goes on it, every one must grade to our Uniform strength.

Like Uniform Tires

Thus, Miller Tubes give you air-tight certainty, perfection in manufacture and Uniform wear. These are what you want in tubes—don't let anyone dissuade you. Insist on the Miller red or gray tubes, team-mates of Uniform Tires.

Men who learn of *Uniform* workmanship in tires or tubes will know Miller.

Write for dealers' names.

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Dealers: Write for attractive agency charter in open territories.

MILLER UNIFORM TIRES GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD.

Miller AIR TIGHT Inner Tubes

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which permitted logical conversation when it was being talked about. One morning I heard two officers discussing it. One was a captain; the other, who was trying to answer the captain's questions, was of considerably higher rank. The latter was valiantly upholding the Administration's Siberian policy; while the former, posing as an earnest seeker after knowledge, was, I strongly suspect, giving the Administration's policy what the doughboy calls the reverberating raz. The questions and answers—particularly the answers—were so illuminating that I jotted them down. Here they are:

Q. Why are we in Siberia?

A. We are in Siberia to help the Czechs.

Q. Ah! So that is it! Well, the Bolsheviks are knocking the stuffing out of the Czechs on the Ural Front. Does that mean that we shall go over and take a crack at the Bolsheviks?

A. By no means! We shall do nothing of the sort!

Q. But why not? Aren't we here to help the Czechs?

A. Yes; but we must not interfere with Russian affairs. You see, the Bolsheviks are Russians.

Q. But aren't American troops in Archangel fighting the Bolsheviks openly? And aren't those Bolsheviks also Russian?

A. Yes, but that's different. In Archangel there is nothing but fighting. There are no affairs to interfere with, if you know what I mean. But here there are a lot of affairs to interfere with, and we must be very careful not to interfere with them.

Q. It may be that I am thick but I do not understand. Aren't we mixing up in Russian affairs by occupying a part of several Russian cities and fooling round with the Trans-Siberian Railway and what not?

A. What a foolish idea! Not at all!

Q. Then possibly you can explain how we are helping the Czechs?

A. Certainly. We are helping the Czechs by merely being here.

Q. Then why do the Czechs keep asking us to fight with them, and getting sorer and sorer when we don't help them?

A. That is because the Czechs do not understand our policies.

Q. But isn't it our policy to help the Czechs?

A. No; it is our policy not to interfere with Russian affairs.

Q. Then we are not here to help the Czechs, but to noninterfere with Russian affairs?

A. Well, not exactly.

Q. If all the Czechs were on the verge of being wiped out by the Bolsheviks would we fight with them?

A. No.

Q. Then why don't we go home?

A. Because the Government is not ready to have us go home.

Q. But why doesn't the Government want us to go home?

A. Because it wants us to stay here and help the Czechs.

The policy of noninterference was rigidly adhered to. The American Expeditionary Forces in Siberia became even more skilled in noninterference than did our forces on the Mexican Border some years ago. Those of our forces who remained in Vladivostok became particularly adept at noninterfering. And noninterference, if carefully observed, is bound to make anyone dissatisfied with his lot. Certainly the Amerikanskys were dissatisfied with Vladivostok; and the chief reasons for their dissatisfaction, I think, were stagnation and the prospect of month after month of cold and noninterference and Russians and more cold and more noninterference.

Let Czechs Do It

MONTH after month, I say; but for all the Amerikanskys knew they might be busy at their job of noninterference for years and years. Nobody at home took the trouble to tell them what they were working for or how long they would have to work at it until they could consider their task completed.

The Americans in France could say: "Well, when we've fixed up the statues on Unter den Linden with red paint and installed a few Hohenzollerns on the first tier in the death house we'll go back home and see whether or not we can get back our jobs." That was a definite statement concerning a definite task. But the Amerikanskys in Siberia couldn't say anything like that. There was nothing definite about their prospects. All they could say was: "Well, when we've noninterfered sufficiently to please the Administration maybe somebody at home will remember to noninterfere with us for a sufficient length of time to allow us to get back home and find out whether we have become such chronic noninterferers that we will be unable to interfere with a little regular work."

A Youthful Refugee Laden With Household Equipment

From the time when it was definitely known that the American forces would restrict their activities to noninterference the question of going home became the ultimate subject of conversation in every discussion, argument, brawl, entertainment and social gathering. No, Vladivostok was not popular with the American Expeditionary Forces; nor, for the same reason, was any part of Siberia.

As a result of the Bolshevik explosion in European Russia—which blew all sorts of strange matters out to the end of the Trans-Siberian Railway—and as a result of the coming of the Allies Vladivostok was favored with a cosmopolitan population the like of which had probably never been seen before and probably will never be seen again within the bounds of a single city. I saw no Eskimos; but I think nearly every other race and nationality and tribe on the face of the earth was represented there. I'm not so sure that there weren't Eskimos; it would have been easy to miss them in the crush. Kurds, Mongols, Filipinos, Japanese, Koreans, Tatars, Hindus, Manchus, Armenians and all the other varieties of Asiatics passed in review until the brain, as the saying goes, reeled. Of military men and uniforms there were so many that one could scarcely count them without the assistance of an adding machine—Americans, British, Canadians, Czechoslovaks, Japanese, French, Italians, Serbs, Montenegrins, Annamites, Chinese, Usuri Cossacks, Don Cossacks, Orenburg Cossacks, Terek Cossacks, Onon River Cossacks and Russian soldiers of every rank and breed, in every conceivable sort of uniform. There were even German and Austrian and Turkish uniforms—under guard. For a time Turkish prisoners worked with their eyes rolling occasionally at Amerikansky guards and Amerikansky rifles—until somebody awoke to the fact that the United States wasn't at war with Turkey, had palpitation of the heart, and turned all the Turks over to the Czechs.

The Czechs were the goats of Siberia, if I may be permitted the expression. When one of the Allies wanted something done which it dared not or could not do itself it allowed the Czechs to do it—made them the goats, as the saying goes. The Czechs being in Siberia for the sole purpose of fighting any person or persons who were against their principles, ideals and aims had none of the qualms that affected larger and more cautious nations. The Czechs were as qualmless as it is possible for anyone to be and still be a desirable member of the community. Were the Czechs at war with the Turks? Really, they couldn't say. But the Turks were with the Germans, weren't they? Yes. Well, then there was no room for argument. "Just hand over your Turks. We'll put 'em to work, dang 'em; and if one of 'em tries to get away——" (Business of killing a Turk with neatness and dispatch.)

Sometimes the Intelligence Section of one of the Allies would unearth a particularly virulent Bolshevik or German. Being handicapped by the noninterference shibboleth an Intelligence officer would surreptitiously acquaint Czech Headquarters with the facts in the case. And the Czechs, recking not a whit or even the tenth part of a whit whom they interfered with so long as they interfered for the general good, would promptly go out on the trail and make things unpleasant for someone. The Czechs are good people—honest, intelligent, courteous, brave, clean, and what the British call top-hole scrappers—the salt of the earth.

The Amerikanskys acquitted themselves nobly toward the dizzying mass of foreign uniforms, for the most part. When American officers and men saluted Italian and Serbian and Czech corporals and sergeants in the mistaken belief that they were colonels and brigadier generals everybody laughed and nobody minded. But when Americans hopped to attention, clicked their heels together and peeled off extra-military salutes for venerable uniformed Russians wearing about seven pounds of stars and gold lace on their shoulders, and then found out that they had been saluting the assistant professor of Romance languages, in the Vladivostok Commercial Institute or the conductor of the ten-twenty train for Harbin and points west—then, as the novelists say, something clicked in their heads and they came to the conclusion that the policy of noninterference with Russian affairs provided an excellent excuse for not saluting Russians. This conclusion seemed all the more reasonable because no Russian was ever caught saluting an American. They always answered an American salute; but they never saluted first.

This little matter of the salute—so frequently misunderstood and unjustly attacked by misguided souls who think that it is a violation of the cardinal principles of democracy—was an excellent straw for revealing the direction in which the Siberian winds were blowing. The French, the British, the Canadians were glad of our presence, as we were glad of theirs. We saluted them; they saluted us. The Czechs when we first arrived for the purpose—as we and they believed—of helping them fight the Bolsheviks, could not show their appreciation and esteem of the Americans to a sufficient degree. They saluted American officers as punctiliously as our own men saluted them. They saluted so snappily and energetically that everyone within a radius of thirty yards knew what was happening. They clicked their heels together until the sparks flew, stared straight at the recipient with an affectionate smile, and kept their hands at their cap brims until the salute had been returned. At the beginning it was not at all unusual for Czech enlisted men to salute every uniformed American they met—enlisted men, noncommissioned officers and commissioned officers. We were their brothers in arms: they could not do the uniform too much honor.

The Russian Attitude

But as time went on and American fighting forces failed to go to the assistance of the Czechs in spite of their repeated appeals for just one company to bolster up the rapidly dropping morale of their fighters the Czech saluting began to lose its *sense* and *élan*, so to speak. Czech enlisted men on approaching an American officer would suddenly become deeply interested in something on the opposite side of the street. Czech officers would pass by deep in thought. When we first arrived it was unusual to see a Czech pass an American officer without saluting. By the end of December it was unusual to see a Czech salute an American.

To speak frankly, all but a very few of the Americans in Siberia considered that the Czechs were justified in their attitude. The Czechs expected us to come to their assistance; the Americans expected to go, wanted to go and were ready to go. The Czechs needed our help, and needed it badly. Ambassador Morris urged them to keep on fighting; and since he was regarded as the mouthpiece of the Administration his words were construed by Czechs and Americans alike to mean that he would not ask them to keep on fighting unless Americans were to be sent to their assistance. They never were sent. The Administration probably knew what it was doing when it prevented our forces from going to the help of the Czechs; but it never told the Czechs, and it never told the Americans either. Quite naturally, the Czechs didn't have a very high opinion of the American policy there. At any rate it didn't take either a careful or a keen observer to discover that the manner in which the Czechs saluted the Americans was an accurate barometer of their feeling toward them.

The Russians, as I have said, returned American salutes but never saluted first. Their mental processes, so far as I could discover after talking with many of them, was about as follows: "We didn't ask the Americans to come; we don't need them here; they and the other Allies are taking up lots of room and keeping prices up; they say that they want nothing for themselves here—that they are here for the good of mankind—which may be true, but which we doubt; we would be glad to have them go home to-morrow; they are doing us no good

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The Occupants of Czech and American Troop Trains Exchange Amenities

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The plug with the Green Jacket

The illustration below tells a remarkable story.

It explains why the ills and uncertainties of ordinary porcelain plugs are mechanically *impossible* to the Splitdorf Spark Plug.

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How Ditto Saved $1,300 on One Job Alone

The directors of a metropolitan street railway called for an inventory.

They set 30 days as the dead line.

Twenty-one days were consumed in making and tabulating the inventory.

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A **Ditto** machine was installed and put to work.

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Ditto service and its application to your problems are clearly stated in the Ditto Book.

Write for it on your business letterhead.

Duplicator Manufacturing Co. ·· *Chicago*

Offices in All Principal Cities

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whatsoever; why should we bother to salute them?"

The educated Russians, I know, did not hold these views. They admitted America's altruism, realized that the presence of the Americans in Siberia did much to keep down Bolshevism and to remind the Japanese that other nations were watching Russia, and feared a renewed outbreak of Bolshevism if the Americans and the Allies were to go away. But the bulk of the Russians were quite indifferent to the Americans in the mass. With some Russians there was even antagonism against the Americans; but the Russian is an Oriental and can mask his feelings better than the franker Westerners, so that the antagonism was not sensed so readily as the indifference. As a matter of fact, the Russians—the great mass of them—showed plainly enough that they had little use for any of the Allies. They even grew to be indifferent to and then to resent the presence of the Czechs, who had saved Siberia from the unbelievable horrors of Bolshevism. No saluting for the Russians! No indeed!

The Japanese Attitude

The Japanese were also chronic nonsaluters. It may have been plain ignorance that led their enlisted men to gaze inscrutably at American officers whom they passed without altering their bent-kneed, drag-footed shuffle in the least. It may have been their desire to show their knowledge that a Japanese general was the ranking general of the Allies, and that there were seven times as many Japanese soldiers in Siberia as there were Americans. It may have been a desire to impress on their Allies that they were as good as anyone if not a trifle better. Whatever it was, the deliberateness of Japanese nonsaluting was very noticeable.

It may as well be admitted frankly that the Americans did not get along well with the Japanese in Siberia. Nor did the British get along well with them. There was constant friction between the Japanese and Americans—not official friction; for officially the Japanese are as polite and as ceremonious and as obliging as it would be possible for anybody to be. The friction was almost entirely of an unofficial nature; but it was constant friction.

Such a condition of affairs is surprising; for Japanese civilians have none of the traits which are common to the Japanese Army in the mass. Many American officers visited Japan on their way to Siberia. They were delighted with the hospitality, the friendliness, the politeness of the Japanese, and with their obvious pleasure that Americans and Japanese were to be brothers in arms in Siberia. The Americans agreed that the Japanese were a much-maligned people.

Then they went to Siberia and encountered the Japanese Army, and reversed their opinion with lightning-like rapidity. It may be that when the Japanese inoculate their soldiers against typhoid they seize the opportunity to inject into them something which changes their disposition toward the people of other nations. Individually, of course, the soldiers still remain affable, obliging and polite.

How the politeness vanishes in the military atmosphere is shown by this proclamation, which is a translation of one issued by the Japanese Lieutenant General Fuji and posted at various points in the city of Chita, Siberia:

"I declare to all the people, including the military, that the entrance of the Japanese Army into this district is the natural consequence of the declaration which was recently published by the Imperial Japanese Government. As already stated in the Government's declaration the Japanese Government does not intend to divide or appropriate Russian territory; it will never be implicated in internal politics; our entrance is only in accordance with the order of our Most Humane and Merciful Emperor. On seeing the suffering of Russia our Emperor sent his Army into this district to restore order and quietness. Consequently the problems of the Japanese Army are as follows:

"To save Russia from the pool of suffering and the chains of slavery caused by the invasion of the German and Austrian prisoners and the soldiers of the Red Army.

"Also at the same time to render definite assistance to the people.

"It may be said that the Japanese Army is the real savior of the Russian nation; but if anyone resists our Army or puts any obstacles in the way of our sacred purpose our Army will adopt severe measures and persecute him without making any discrimination as to his nationality, and in this way will remove all the obstacles which might prevent the solution of the problems of our Army. As I desire to bring real happiness to the Russian people I advise you to live peacefully and work for yourselves and your own social welfare, and not become agitated by false ideas which will bring you complete destruction.

"Commander of the 7th Japanese Division,

"LIEUTENANT GENERAL FUJI."

One can imagine Japanese soldiers, after reading this proclamation, strolling through the streets of Chita with eyes peeled for Russians who looked as though they might be putting obstacles in the way of the sacred purposes of the Japanese.

The American soldier is essentially peaceable. He gives other people most of the sidewalk without a thought; and when the occasion seems to require it he lets other people have it all. Our doughboys were carefully instructed in the consideration due to our Allies; so when three or four Japanese soldiers came up the street abreast and pushed a doughboy into the gutter he didn't resent it.

At first he didn't. Eventually a change occurred. A doughboy can be crowded just so far, but no farther. There came a day when three Japanese soldiers essayed to push a doughboy into the gutter. There was a slight disturbance, a confused noise and a cloud of dust. When the dust cleared away three little brown men were sitting in the middle of the road, wondering whether they had been hit by an automobile or a street car, and the doughboy was proceeding calmly along the sidewalk, occupying his customary modest portion of it. After that the crowding became less noticeable.

Comic Sights and Long Faces

Vladivostok was a highly interesting city for a person as thoroughly accustomed to conventionality in dress as the American doughboy. At home the sight of a man wearing a pair of écru silk portières in place of his nether garments or of a female racing round in a red monkey jacket and a pair of purple golf trousers originally built for the Cardiff Giant would have given the doughboy something to talk about for a month. In Vladivostok he could stand on any street corner and see hundreds of queerer things than that in an hour's time. In fact, the doughboy's greatest enjoyment in Siberia seemed to be just that—standing on a street corner and watching the strange objects go by.

I have a great respect for the self-control of American soldiers since the day when eight of them watched a Korean blueblood go by them singing, and not one of the eight either smiled, fell in a fit, shouted "Good night!" or otherwise comported himself as he might well have been excused for doing. In the first place the singing of a Korean is a most peculiar noise. It is a gargly whine, full of sharps and flats and minors. To vary the monotony the singer frequently swallows his uvula, producing a dull sickening sound suggestive of garrotings and guillotines and stranglings. In the second place the Korean, like all good male Koreans, wore a little sailor hat made of horsehair. It was about four inches high and about three inches across the crown, greatly resembling the little sailor hat that Eddie Foy used to wear in one of his earlier plays. His beard consisted of seventeen to twenty-five long, unhappy-looking hairs. It was a typical Korean beard. If a Korean ever desired to get rid of his beard it would hardly pay him to shave. It would be much easier and quicker for him to shut the hairs in a door and then jump backward.

A Good Example of Something

The remainder of the Korean's garb was what they all wear—a little white bolero jacket and a pair of white trousers so baggy and loose, except at the ankles, where they are bound tightly, that each leg must have required as much material as would be needed to make half a dozen bed sheets. The seat of the trousers was located down round the knees, and would have held a bushel of potatoes without any difficulty. One couldn't look at a Korean without wondering how a Korean tailor knew when the seat of a pair of trousers fitted.

This particular Korean of whom I speak may have been rather nobby and *dégagé* from a Korean viewpoint, but from an American viewpoint he was a somewhat ludicrous spectacle. And yet the eight doughboys viewed him with perfect equanimity. It was an excellent example of the sobering influence which war and travel can have on the young manhood of our country. Or it may have been the cold. They may have been too chilled to smile. I don't know. Anyway, it was an excellent example of something.

Japanese civilians made an excellent appearance in gray fedora hats, long coats and neckpieces of red fox fur. Sometimes they wore badger-skin stoles. To encounter a Japanese man and woman walking along a Siberian street with the temperature round twenty below zero, and to see the man with the tip of his nose sticking out above a foxskin while the woman was protected by nothing except a gayly flowered kimono and a string of glass beads, was to have the feeling that the man should be arrested for cruel and abusive treatment. But after all, such a spectacle is no worse than those that may be seen on the streets of any American city during the winter months, when strong men tuck their trousers into galoshes and retire behind muffler screens while delicate women expose their chests to the winter blasts and swathe themselves in lingerie weighing one-sixteenth of an ounce per linge.

The Chinese got through the winter without laying aside their little skullcaps or their long collarless jackets. This was possible because they wore seven to eleven layers of undergarments, and protected their heads and faces with stiff detachable fur collars about nine inches in height. When these were fastened at the throat they enveloped the necks and ears and faces of the wearers so that they looked not unlike small steamship funnels crowned with halves of large coconut shells. The poorer class of Chinese, who couldn't afford fur collars, arrayed themselves in huge gray cloth overcoats, wadded and stitched like good old-fashioned American comforters. A Chinaman so garbed resembled an animated mattress wrapped in about fifty-nine dollars' worth of New England bed clothes. The lieutenant of a machine-gun company confided to me that he hated to walk through the city on a cold day because the sight of one of these comforter coats on a Chinaman made him so homesick for his little comforter-covered bed up under the eaves of a New Jersey farmhouse that whenever he saw one he could barely restrain himself from bursting into tears.

The doughboy could always be sure of finding something of interest on a Siberian street, just as he could be quite sure of finding something wearisome on the screen of a Siberian motion-picture theater. The Russian motion picture gets its thrills from sorrow. In the first reel the heroine's sister dies with the measles; in the second reel the heroine's mother and the hero's best friend starve to death; in the third reel the hero's brother dies of a chill contracted while eating frozen salmon; in the fourth reel the heroine's maid and pet poodle dog die of the pip or something; and in the fifth reel the hero and the heroine weep so bitterly at their misfortunes that they both drown in their own tears.

Just Like Will and Rupert

As can be imagined, the doughboy never became passionately addicted to Russian motion pictures. He could get about as much enjoyment out of a full day on Kitchen Police. He much preferred to watch the passers-by, strange peoples all, of the sort that one sees in such motion pictures as The Agonies of Agnes or The Riots of Rudolfa; peoples whose ancestors for hundreds of years back had never known the civilizing influence of the reversible cuff or galluses.

Even the Russians themselves, who dressed like regular people during the mild days of summer and autumn, developed peculiar and noteworthy features as the year wore on. As Ivan Sorokoletoff and Pietr Tcheslavsky and Dmitri Speshneff convene on the corner of Svetlanskaya and Aleutskaya on a warm September day to bicker over the delicate question of where they shall go for their afternoon glass of tea they look quite like Will Irwin and Rupert Hughes and Steve Whitman standing on the corner of Fourteenth and F Streets trying to decide whether to walk to lunch safely or to ride dangerously in Rupert's automobile. Nice normal people, y'understand, with rather a distinguished and interesting air. But as the chill of the Siberian winter sweeps down on Ivan and Pietr and Dmitri they lose their Doctor Jekyllish neatness and conventionality and blossom out in Mr. Hydeish irregularities. They sprout luxuriant whiskers of the rope-portière and the shaving-brush variety; they grow dark and mysterious and anarchistic-looking—both the whiskers and the wearers; they swathe their bodies in fur coats of peculiar shapes—shapes which make one wonder whether the owners haven't kept the family cookstoves wrapped up in them during the summer; they unearth fur caps on which there are barren spots suspiciously resembling the mange, and vast surfaces on which the fur seems to have grown industriously for years and years. Most Siberian fur caps look very much as though they needed to be given a thorough immersion in sheep dip, a brisk shampoo and a National League haircut. Finally they incase their feet and legs in knee-high moccasins or loose boots made of reindeer skin or dog skin or badger skin or old carpet or felt or potato sacking or something. Thus panoplied

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Vladivostok's Main Street. The Building With the Domed Tower at the Left is the American Headquarters

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It means that the product was made by The Sherwin-Williams Company, that no pains were spared to make it good, that it was made with full and exact knowledge of the conditions under which it is to be used, and those conditions complied with, and that The Sherwin-Williams Company had every facility in the way of men, methods and materials, and every motive in the way of desire and ambition to make it good.

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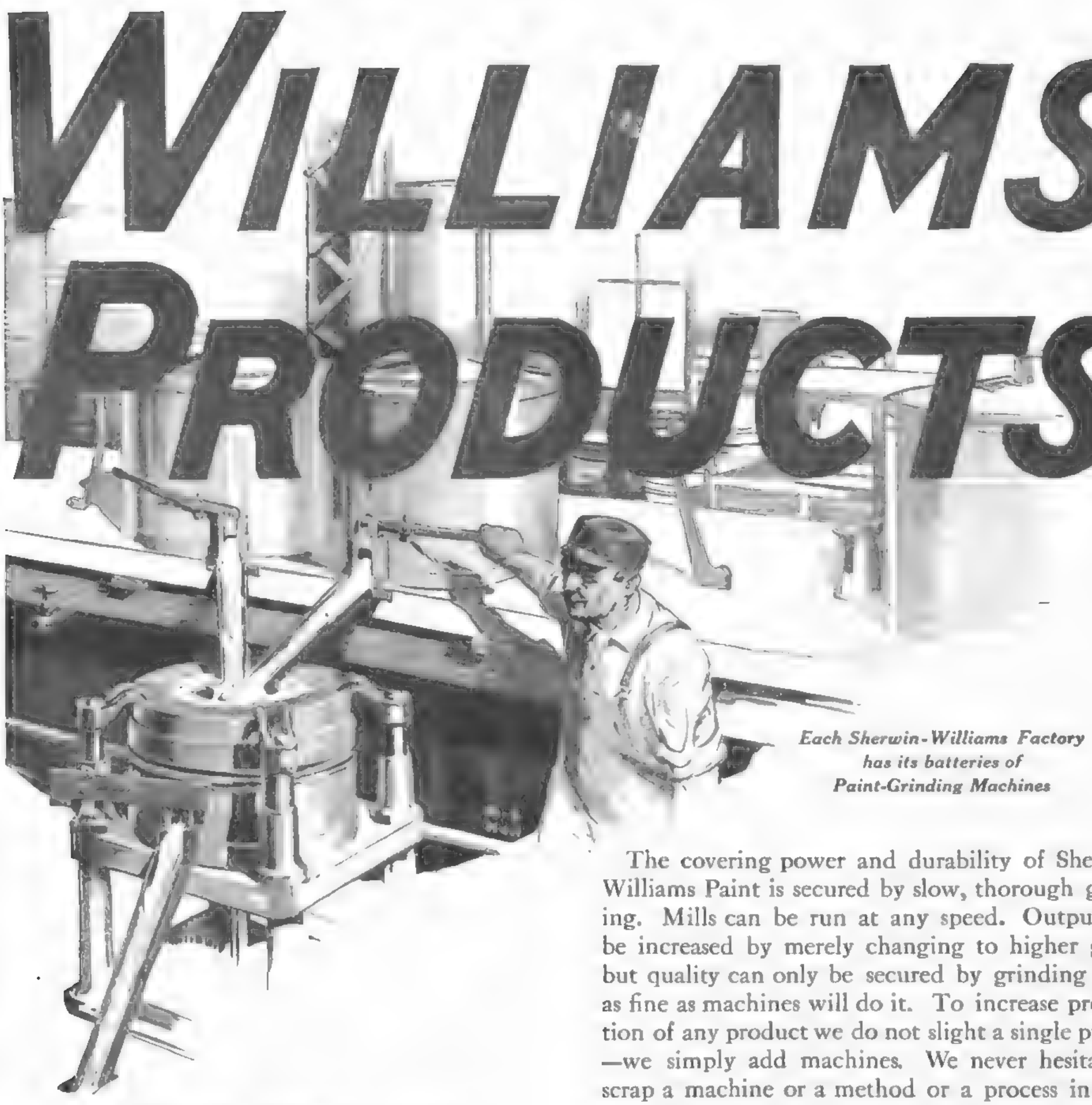

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they are clad to withstand the most severe weather; but at what a cost to their personal appearance! Had P. T. Barnum encountered a resident of Siberia in his winter regalia he would never have rested content until he had installed him on a platform between Jo-Jo, the Dog-Faced Boy, and Millie Christine, the Two-Headed Damosel.

As for those Siberians who are exposed to the cold for long periods of time—the *izvostchik*, or driver of the vehicle known to Americans as a droshky, for example—they begin to put on extra layers of garments with the first frost, and keep on adding a layer every time the thermometer drops five degrees. By the time the winter is half gone they could easily pose as models for quaintly designed beer kegs or pickle crocks. It is obvious, I have heard doughboys argue, that they never undress for the night while clad in their complete winter outfit; for if they did it would take them so long to put on what they had taken off that almost as soon as they had got it on they would have to start undressing for the night again—if you understand what the doughboys mean.

Ten Layers Down

Two doughboys stood on Svetlanskaya in Vladivostok late one night and carried on a heated argument as to whether an *izvostchik*, who was as broad as he was tall, was wearing five or eight layers of garments exclusive of underclothes. After considerable talk the doughboys tendered the *izvostchik* a three-ruble note and explained with much pantomime and arm waving what they wished to find out. The *izvostchik* waved his arms likewise and spoke lengthily but futilely in Russian. Finally one doughboy climbed up in the back seat of the droshky and pinned the *izvostchik's* arms, while the other doughboy attacked his coat with the object of finding out how many layers it concealed. There was a frightful hue and cry, with the result that the Military Police advanced on the fray. The two doughboys took to their heels. The Military Police found that ten layers of the *izvostchik's* garments had been probed, and that there were still a number of layers left.

The matter of Russian money was one which gave every American in Siberia considerable food for thought at one time or another. There were as many varieties as there are freckles on the hands of a red-headed baseball player. There was no metal money of any sort: it was all paper money. From the entire length and breadth of Russia and Siberia the coins had disappeared as if by magic—hoarded, much of it, but for the most part bought up by the Chinese over against the day when Russian currency shall have regained its normal value.

From the look of things the most popular Russian indoor sport over a long period of time was money making. Anybody with a dull afternoon and a toy printing press on his hands would apparently strike off a few thousand rubles on any sort of meat paper that he could find round the house. There was the old imperial money, which was almost impossible to counterfeit because of the watermarked likeness of Alexander I with all his whiskers, which stared out from the notes when they were held to the light. There was the Kerensky money, which was much easier to imitate, because the watermarks were vague and blotchy and could be passably imitated by jumping on a piece of paper several times with hobnailed boots. There was the Bolshevik money, which any child could counterfeit. There was the restaurant money, issued by any restaurant that happened to feel like it. There was the new Omsk money, which was pretty but regarded with deep suspicion because it looked clean. There was the money issued by the Horvath Government of Eastern Siberia. There was the Japanese money, printed by the Japanese to give in payment for the vast amount of properties, factories, stores and supplies which they accumulated wherever they went. There was the department-store money, issued by a few of the large stores in Eastern Siberia, to add to the general confusion.

Then there was the bond-coupon money, consisting of coupons clipped from all sorts of Russian bonds during the past decade. This came in all sorts of sizes, shapes and values. The values of those most frequently encountered were one ruble, two rubles fifty kopecks, two rubles seventy-five kopecks, ten rubles and twelve rubles fifty kopecks. In size they were usually about an inch wide and three inches long, and the value was printed inconspicuously on the face in letters little larger than ordinary book type. A person who for the purpose of paying a droshky driver was obliged to remove his gloves and paw through a handful of crumpled bond coupons at midnight when the thermometer stood at twenty below zero was often able to understand why Russians sometimes go crazy and join the Bolshevik Army. Finally there was the postage-stamp money—ordinary postage stamps without mucilage on the backs, of ten kopecks, fifteen kopecks and twenty kopecks face value. Probably no greater nuisance in the money line has ever been invented. Five dollars in Russian small change looked like the contents of a city editor's wastebasket after a busy day.

The man who exposed his money when the wind was blowing often suffered the torture of seeing a cloud of postage-stamp currency whisked from his possession and whirled off into space, just like the paper snowstorms that occur in the By Heck dramas when the erring daughter is driven from the old home by the stern parent with the chin whiskers, the red undershirt and the cowhide boots. More than once I have seen doughboys, anxious to get rid of an accumulation of postage-stamp money, pay for a meal by dumping piles of them on a marble-topped restaurant table. With heads bent close above it and with an accommodating waitress sticking her nose into the group they would count and count and count and count. And finally when they had got about two dollars, or more than a hundred and fifty stamps, nicely heaped up one of the counters would get a tickling in the throat induced by a Siberian cold, and would have to cough boisterously, whereat the heap of money would be scattered to the four corners of the restaurant.

With the present Russian monetary system the business man wastes so much time in counting small change, hunting for watermarks and picking postage stamps from the floor that he has little time in which to do business. Nor should we overlook the time spent in mending money. Most of it is so frayed and worn and limp and torn that unless it is handled with the utmost care it falls apart and demands the immediate attention of a person skilled in Russian money, the Russian language and the solving of jig-saw puzzles.

Gambling in Rubles

The old imperial money is good everywhere, and often sells for twenty-five per cent more than its face value for that reason. This is particularly true in such cities as Khabarovsk, where there is nothing but Bolshevik money. In Vladivostok, in Harbin, in Irkutsk, in Chita—in fact, in most Siberian cities—Bolshevik money and last year's newspapers are about on a par so far as values are concerned. The old imperial money is the only money that is acceptable outside of Russia. Those who speculate in rubles can only speculate with imperial money. The Kerensky money is good practically everywhere. The restaurant money is good only in the restaurants which issue it. The other money is good where it can be passed. There is always somebody who will take anything. After our doughboys had been stuck a number of times with counterfeit bond-coupon money and restaurant money they retaliated by using cigarette coupons as currency. This happened in Khabarovsk, where Bolshevik money was the chief medium of exchange. The cigarette coupons looked better than the Bolshevik notes to the Russians, and undoubtedly were.

The value of the ruble danced round like a flea on a hot griddle. Back in normal times a ruble was worth fifty cents. The war beat down its value, the revolution beat it down still further, and Bolshevism completed the ruin. At one time, late in 1917 and early in 1918, the ruble was worth only two and a half cents. Since a kopeck is one-hundredth part of a ruble the value of a kopeck during the worst period of depression was one-fortieth of a cent. It took a bushel of postage-stamp currency to buy a haircut and a peck to pay for a shoeshine. When the Americans first arrived in Vladivostok they could purchase fifteen rubles for a dollar. Early in October, 1918, a dollar would purchase eleven rubles. As Germany weakened and finally quit, the ruble rose in value until an American dollar would purchase only six and a half rubles. At mid-December it began to fall again until in January it became practically stationary round nine and one-half rubles for a dollar.

There was a very heavy speculation in rubles. Though there was a law against sending imperial rubles out of Russia it was done. There were American civilians in Siberia who made thousands of dollars by buying up imperial rubles and shipping them to America, where a ruble seldom dropped below fifteen cents in value. It was a game at which it was practically impossible to lose. Even the banks speculated freely and forced the price of rubles up and down as the spirit moved them and their own needs demanded. Whenever the doughboy drew his pay the banks would promptly raise the value of the ruble, so that when he bought rubles with his dollars he usually received two rubles less to the dollar than he would have received on the preceding day. The banks were quite brutal and open about it. I have seen a bank close on a Friday buying American dollars for seven rubles, and open on Monday selling dollars for eleven rubles.

The Price of a Bath

The Russians viewed the Americans as easy marks and treated them accordingly. As the value of the ruble increased and the number which could be obtained for a dollar decreased, the prices which the Russians charged the Americans either remained stationary or rose. In some instances the Russians even outdid the Washington rent-raisers—one of the lowest forms of profiteers that the war developed.

To cite an example: A Russian rented an eight-room house in Vladivostok for three hundred rubles a month. Hearing that two Americans were at a loss where to turn for quarters he offered them, as a special favor, two of his rooms for eight hundred rubles a month. The Americans considered themselves fortunate to get the rooms for that price.

When the American Expeditionary Force first arrived in Siberia the doughboys made daily stampedes for the big Russian baths, which in Siberian cities provide the only means of keeping clean. At first an American soldier paid three rubles for a bath-room, a towel and a cake of soap. The Russians sensed that the Americans were more anxious to keep clean than any other people they had ever encountered.

It didn't seem possible that anyone would pay more for a bath—and yet, Americans were queer. It was worth trying. So they raised the price of a bath to four rubles. The Americans continued to flock to the bath houses in undiminished numbers. The Russians grew bolder and raised the price—to Americans—to six rubles. Still the Americans kept coming. Then caution was thrown to the winds and the prices of baths were jumped to eight, ten and even twelve rubles. Shortly after that the Quartermaster Corps installed a serried row of shower baths at the base, and the doughboys deserted the Russian baths, whose prices at once fell back to normal. Russians aren't so anxious to keep clean that they will stand a ruble raise.

The people who had fled from the Bolshevik terror in Russia crowded into the Siberian cities from Omsk to Vladivostok and filled every available inch of room. The normal population of Omsk was 150,000; but the refugees had swelled that number to 600,000. Vladivostok normally held upward of 30,000; but with refugees, Allied soldiers, and the inwash which followed the Allies its population leaped to 125,000 and more. With all this overcrowding people took whatever living quarters they could get. If they were unable to secure quarters in hotels or private houses they were not averse to helping themselves to a railway car and living on a spur track in the railway yards. In fact railway cars were highly popular as residences; and the Russian family which was fortunate enough to gain possession of a first or second class railway coach was greatly envied. General Horvath, the military commander of Eastern Siberia, lived in a railway car in the Vladivostok yards. So did General Romanoffsky.

Several American officers went one evening to call on General Romanoffsky down behind the Vladivostok station. When they started home the general climbed out of his car without his hat or coat, accompanied the officers for a short distance, and stood talking to them for a few moments. When he turned back toward his home there was a wild shout of anger. The home had disappeared. A switching engine had gathered it up and silently stole away.

Fervid Russian oaths crackled through the chill night air, and General Romanoffsky, the American officers and a horde of Russian railway officials ran and cursed and fell over tracks in a hunt for the missing car. It was finally located half a mile from its original position. Nobody could find out why it had been moved; but General Romanoffsky claimed that somebody with influence had been trying to steal his home and move it to Omsk.

If the population of every city in the United States were to be suddenly tripled, and a good two-thirds of the Pullman, passenger and freight cars in the country were to be used as homes by people who couldn't find any other places to live, and Gen. Leonard Wood were to occupy a Pullman on Track 47, just outside of the Pennsylvania Station, and some fiend in human shape were to bribe the engineer of a switching engine to steal the general's car some dark night so that he and his family could take it up to Seattle and live in it—if all these things were to occur one might be able to understand how General Romanoffsky felt and to comprehend why it is almost as difficult to obtain rolling stock on the Trans-Siberian Railway as it is to raise asparagus at the North Pole.

It is impossible to know accurately what percentage of the rolling stock on the Trans-Siberian Railway is being used as homes; but the American railway engineers in Siberia place it as high as sixty per cent. The entire line between Omsk and Vladivostok is cluttered with refugee trains composed of stubby little Russian box cars, each one of which is filled with one, two or even three Russian families. On the sidings at every sizable town along the line are other refugee trains waiting to be moved east. When the Americans chased the Bolsheviks westward they stayed out along the railroad until the cold drove them back to Khabarovsk; and they lived in box cars. The Czechs are persistent box-car dwellers; and so at times are the Japanese and the British and the Canadians and the French and the Italians. And everywhere are the refugees, who cling to their box-car homes like a starved dog to a T-bone, lest some eager soul preëmpt their only habitation and leave them to freeze in the most convenient ditch.

Rollicking Refugees

There has been a great deal of buncombe written about the refugee situation in Siberia, just as there has been a great deal of buncombe written about everything in that beaddled expanse. Those who write about it can write almost anything they want to write; for almost anything will be true. They can write, for example, that Irkutsk is a wretched place because pigs run round the streets and there is mud everywhere and the people are dirty; and all this will be quite true; but the person who reads it won't realize that Irkutsk has beautiful cathedrals and stately public buildings and charming residents who are only too glad to overwhelm visitors with hospitality.

Or they can write that Vladivostok is a lovely city, beautifully located, with imposing buildings and electric lights and hospitable people; and it will all be accurate; but those who read it will be unaware of the pigs which run up and down the streets, and the vileness of the Red Light district, and the tiresome manner in which the electric lights go out of business for hours at a stretch just when they are needed the most. And writers can rave and tear their hair over the horrible prices of foodstuffs in Siberia, and emphasize their remarks by stating that butter is two dollars a pound and sugar a dollar and seventy-five cents a pound; and they will be hitting the nail fairly squarely; but those who sit horror-stricken at the visions of starvation which the words call up should also know that in the best Siberian restaurants one can get excellent meals for as little as eighty cents, and that a portion of roast pheasant or roast partridge costs only twenty-five cents, and that one can get all the salmon he can eat for fifteen cents.

Late in 1918 they could have written that on the Ural Front there was a Bolshevik Army of 140,000 men, and that it was holding the Czechs and the Siberians at bay; and the world could have believed

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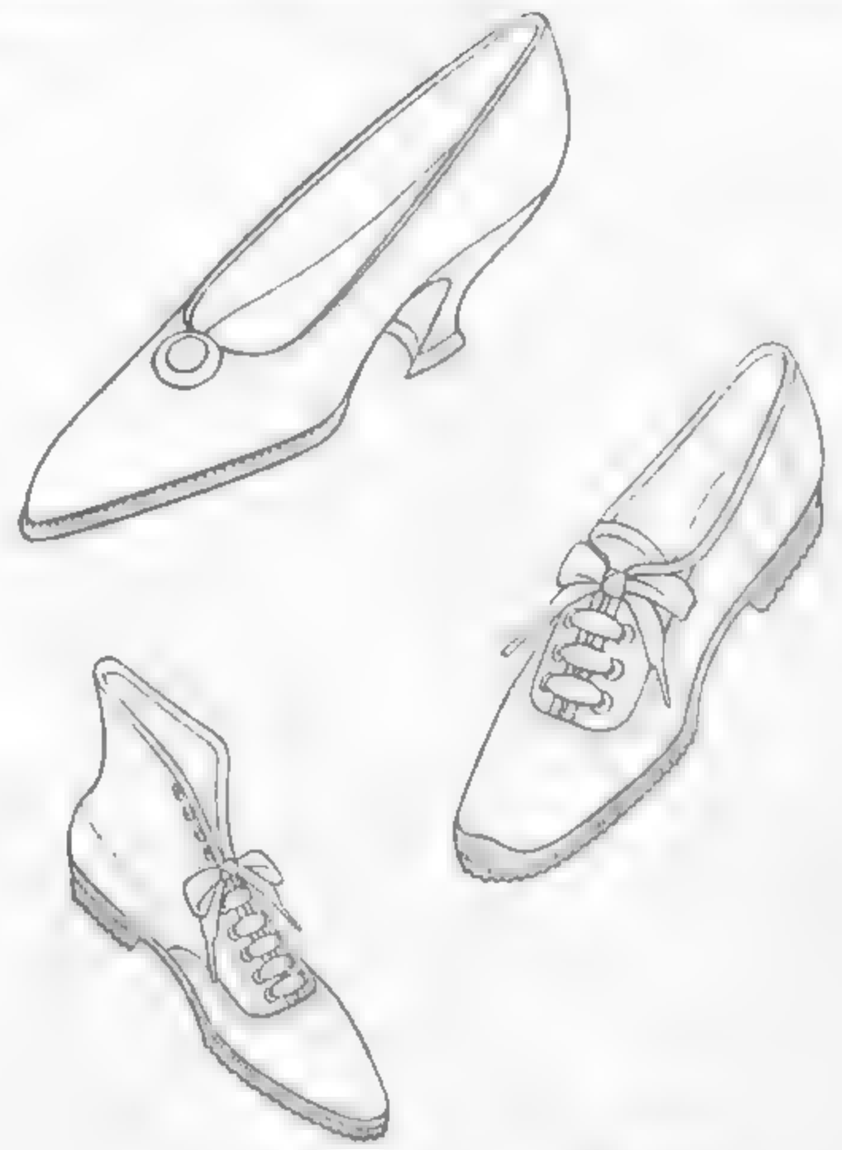

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it, for it was true. But those who wrote such things should have added that the Bolshevik "Army" was composed of scattered, disorganized bands of thieves for the most part, and that one good division of fighting troops could—late in 1918—have romped from Ekaterinburg to Petrograd in two weeks' time.

There is only one thing in Siberia on which writers cannot disagree and still be right, and that's Bolshevism. Bolshevism is silly and foul and ridiculous and beastly and murderous and insane and inhuman and filthy and indecent and utterly rotten, and there is no good side to it. Given the chance the Bolsheviks will pull down the world in a red welter of ruin for the gratification of their own selfish madness and animal lust. May the people of America never give them the chance!

The refugee question is generally misunderstood. Reports that have gone out of Siberia have led the world to believe that a refugee is penniless, starved, sick, wretchedly clad, hopeless and sunk in the depths of despair. So he is—sometimes. Late last January ten to twenty typhus cases a day were being removed from the Vladivostok station—refugees all. The American Red Cross fed and clothed and found employment for hundreds of pitiful refugee cases. The refugee camps in Vladivostok, in which the Red Cross cared for many thousands of refugees in a most efficient and praiseworthy manner, housed varied samples of destitution and unhappiness.

But there was another side to the picture. All across Siberia there were refugee trains filled with men and women and children who wouldn't have stopped refugeeing for anything. They were leading a gay and care-free life, they had plenty of companionship, they had money, they were seeing the country, and generally speaking they were having a better time than they had ever had in their somewhat dull existences. A great many refugees literally had trunks full of money and couldn't find anything to spend it for. They paid no rent; the shops throughout the country were stripped of their stores of clothing and supplies, so that there was little to tempt them; and when they needed fuel they were at liberty to help themselves from the railroad yards. Had they been householders they would have paid six hundred rubles for enough firewood to keep the home fires burning for one month in a cottage of five rooms. The only things for which they could spend money were amusements and food. And if they were content to live on partridge and pheasant and duck and salmon and caviar and such rude, coarse fare they could stagger along without very large expenditures.

A Sociable Time

I have walked between two long refugee trains which were on sidings at a station a few hundred miles from Vladivostok. The refugees had been months on the way; they had been three weeks on the siding; how much longer they would be there they neither knew nor cared. The children were paddling happily in the snowy dirt round the cars; the men were smoking vile Russian cigarettes, fondling their luxuriant beards and arguing interminably and loudly, after the Russian fashion. The women were gabbling and sewing and hanging out their washing on lines stretched between the trains, and cooking and cleaning up their box-car-wifely duties.

Three slatternly looking maidens in soiled and shapeless dresses, dilapidated shoes and wrinkled woolen stockings clambered into a box car. Half an hour later I saw the same three maidens, all arrayed in coquettish toques, long stylish-looking fur-trimmed coats, silk stockings and fur-lined overboots, starting off arm in arm for a tour of the town. In those trains there was no pennilessness, no starvation, no sickness, no hopelessness and no despair. What is more, those two trains were representative refugee trains. American Intelligence officers on station in the largest Siberian cities between Vladivostok and Ekaterinburg agreed on this point. An American colonel who made careful observations from Vladivostok all the way out to the Samara Front went so far as to state that the refugees, of all the people in Russia and Siberia, were the most contented, the most comfortable and the best situated financially. His statement, I think, is too extreme; but at any rate the refugee is not the luckless wight that he is generally supposed to be.

Every station along the railroad was occupied by itinerant refugees—men, women, young girls and children. They either had money or had means of getting money. When they wearied of a place they would go out and squeeze into a refugee train and move on. They didn't have to be refugees; they merely chose to be refugees. They liked the life and the excitement of it. Nothing else mattered to them. They wotted not of the war or of Bolshevism or of a League of Nations or of the Spartacus Party or of anything under the sun except to-morrow's food and the increasing difficulty of getting anything to wear.

The Russians seemed to me to be the world's champion nonwotters. When the news of the armistice was received in Siberia I saw in no Russian face, whether it was that of a refugee or of a settled citizen, any greater enthusiasm or gratification than would have been elicited by the news that there would be boiled carrots for dinner to-morrow. They just ordinarily didn't give a continental, nor yet the smallest fraction of a continental. When the ordinary American and Englishman and Frenchman was so worked up over the news that he either had to bite holes in the side of a house or kiss everyone he saw or howl like a wolf, the Russian wasn't even sufficiently stirred to raise his eyebrows and shrug his shoulders at the same time. Some of them shrugged their shoulders, and some of them raised their eyebrows; but none of them did both. The news didn't seem to strike them as being big enough. Now that I look back at it I marvel that November 12, 1918, didn't see the sidewalks of Vladivostok all littered with Russians who had been smitten on the jaw by Allied fists because of their total indifference on learning of the greatest event in the world's history.

Rough Travel

As for the hardships the refugees were supposed to suffer through riding in their slow-moving trains of box cars, I think that of all the people who rode on the Trans-Siberian the refugees had the easiest time of all. They had adjusted themselves to a given space, which space remained constant. Their belongings were so disposed that they could get at them easily. Their bunks were of springless wood, but they were their own and nobody would steal them away. The cars had no springs, and were small and unlovely and rough and undecorated and sadly soiled; but the people in them knew each other and knew how to make allowances for each other's vagaries and eccentricities and were accustomed to the odors of their own particular cars.

But people who paid good money for a seat in a Russian train were up against a more serious proposition. If, for example, a traveler bought a ticket entitling him to a berth in a first-class coach on the train from Vladivostok to Harbin he would have to get to the train two or three hours before the train started in order to get a place to sit down. If his compartment was supposed to hold three people he would have to share it with seven or eight others unless he was an army officer and could keep out intruders at the point of a revolver. The corridor outside the compartments filled up with fretful travelers, who sat on their luggage and on the floor and on each other; and whenever a seat holder left his seat for a moment an aisle dweller would leap in and seize it. Some of the travelers took their meals with them and sprinkled bits of bread and sausage and cheese all over their fellow travelers. Others hung out of the window whenever the train reached a station and purchased such delicacies as paper cones loaded with red caviar or faces of sucking pigs. Then they would dip their fingers into their food and carelessly rub the fingers against their neighbors and exude oppressive odors and sneeze and snuffle and make themselves generally obnoxious, until every man in the compartment hated every other man and every other man hated him. The trip to Harbin was supposed to take two days; but it often took three or four days, and sometimes even a week. All things considered, the refugees had a much pleasanter time of it on the Trans-Siberian than did the wealthy citizens who could afford first-class tickets.

And when troops traveled on the Trans-Siberian their lot was so much more uncomfortable than that of the refugees that it shouldn't be mentioned in the same paragraph. A box car for troops was usually twenty feet in length. In the middle of the car was a sheet-iron stove shaped like a megaphone, and on each side was the regular sliding freight-car door. There was a rectangular opening in each corner, just under the roof of the car, covered by a sheet-iron shutter which opened outward and downward. These shutters were so cunningly contrived that whenever one of them was operated the operator almost always mashed a finger. In order to get light in the car the doors and the corner apertures had to be opened; but when they were open and the temperature of the outer air was hovering round twenty below zero the only living creature that could endure the sudden drop in temperature which occurred in the car was a polar bear. True, a lantern could be lighted; but since Russian box cars have only four wheels and no springs the vibration was so great that the lantern would always be shaken from whatever it was on and irreparably smashed. The stove, owing to its peculiar shape, burned up fuel at a terrific rate and had to be stoked every five minutes to prevent the fire from perishing. Yet it was such a free burner that it became red hot in no time at all; and when it was red hot the car became insufferably hot and the doors had to be opened. Ten seconds after the doors were opened the temperature in the car had dropped well below zero again, even though the stove was red hot; so the doors would have to be closed again. And so it went, throughout a box-car trip—freeze and melt and melt and freeze.

Each end of the car was filled with two wooden platforms seven feet in length. The men slept on these platforms, rolled in blankets, three or four men to a platform; so that there were either twelve or sixteen men in a car. Three to a platform was fairly comfortable. Four was a tight squeeze.

I sampled box-car travel by making a trip from Vladivostok to Khabarovsk in a troop train, and I am free to say that the attraction which such travel had for me was negligible. The sensations obtained from such a journey are similar, I should imagine, to those resulting from a voyage over Niagara Falls in a barrel, except that the journey in a box car is longer. I have never ridden over Niagara Falls in a barrel or anything else; but if I had to choose between going back up to Khabarovsk in a box car or taking the plunge over Niagara I think that I should choose the latter without a moment's hesitation. I think, moreover, that I can answer for the doughboys who made the trip with me. The barrel for them too.

The distance from Vladivostok to Khabarovsk is seven hundred versts—nearly five hundred miles. An ordinary passenger train makes the trip in thirty-six hours, or at the terrific speed of fourteen miles an hour; but our train took three days to it. It would have taken five days if a burly and hard-boiled sergeant hadn't interviewed the engineer of the train, and incidentally toyed with an automatic pistol in a negligent but suggestive manner while intimating that five days was too long a time—much too long—to spend in covering five hundred miles in any sort of railroad train, even Russian.

Scrambled Passengers

There were eleven of us in our car: three doughboys to a platform on three platforms, and Lieutenant Duncan and I holding down the upper rear platform as well as we could for the vibration. Whenever the train moved everything in the car danced up and down violently, including ourselves. It took the doughboys an hour every morning to unscramble their belongings. Mess kits would work the entire width of the car during the night, boots would fall off the platforms and hide far beneath them, buffalo coats would leave their owners and insinuate themselves into out-of-the-way corners, and barracks bags would fall round and disseminate their contents widely. When one composed himself to sleep his body was bumped and jounced and jolted until every inch of it was sore and lame. One doughboy swore to me that when he lay down to sleep one night he was on the right of his two companions, and that when he woke up he was on their left, having been bounced over both of them in his sleep. Another doughboy whenever the train stopped jumped out and examined the wheels, for he was never able to satisfy himself that they weren't square.

The constant vibration made heavy going in the cook car. Unless everything was held on the stove it at once bounced off. The stove was a sheet-iron wood burner, the wood was green and the cook was a hard-boiled egg. He and his assistants would hold a kettle of water on the stove for half-hour stretches, with the rank wood smoke pouring into their eyes. A particularly hard jounce would toss hot water on their wrists or their knees, whereupon the cook would remark softly: "I see they hain't fixed that flat tire yit"; and then he and his assistants would turn their comprehensive vocabulary against Siberia, Russia, the Russian people, the Trans-Siberian Railway, the climate and the scenery, consigning everything to a region popularly supposed to be as smoky as the interior of the cook car and a good deal hotter.

Three days of jolting and jouncing and of excessive heat and extreme cold in rapid succession served as a weight reducer for the entire troop train. I think that every man aboard lost five to twelve pounds. In our car was a doughboy with an education of sorts. He opined that a guy could make a lot of money back home by running a Siberian box-car train for rich fat guys who wanted to lose weight the worst way.

Khabarovsk was the headquarters of Kalmikoff, the hetman or leader of the Usuri Cossacks. Chita was the headquarters of Semeonoff, the hetman of the Amur River Cossacks. Kalmikoff fought with the Czechs against the Bolsheviks on the Usuri River and participated in the battle in which they were defeated and pursued from the district by the Japanese. Semeonoff, farther west, helped the Czechs to drive the Bolsheviks from the Lake Baikal district. While Kalmikoff and Semeonoff were fighting the Bolsheviks they were useful and desirable citizens. But when the Bolsheviks had gone and the Cossacks had settled down to a more peaceful existence, Satan's propensity for finding mischief for idle hands to do began to be painfully apparent. Semeonoff, objecting to Admiral Kolchak for various reasons, at one time stood ready to cut the railroad and telegraph lines and fight all Russia and Siberia rather than give in. Kalmikoff instituted a reign of terror in Khabarovsk, shooting those whose property he coveted or who had offended him, on the ground that they were Bolsheviks.

The Kalmikoff Incident

Semeonoff is a person of some judgment and a great deal of force, and is regarded as more or less of a serious factor in Siberian affairs. Kalmikoff, however, is a hot-headed, irresponsible youngster, deeply in love with gauds, trappings and power. He is twenty-eight years old and has taken the rank of major general for himself, plucking it out of thin air, so to speak.

These two Cossacks for some time kept all Eastern Siberia in a state of ferment and unrest, issuing pronunciamentos stating what they would permit and what they would not permit in the line of a government. How ridiculous this was may be judged from the fact that Kalmikoff's so-called army never exceeded two thousand men, while Semeonoff's stopped with eight thousand.

Because of Kalmikoff a severe dent was almost placed in the shiny tin sides of our noninterference-with-Russian-affairs kettle—which, in the opinion of ninety-five per cent of the Americans in Siberia, should have been tied to the stern of an outgoing transport and sunk without a trace in the vicinity of Guam, where the ocean is five miles deep.

The Kalmikoff incident occurred in the following manner: Kalmikoff's men had indulged in the sporadic shooting of civilians ever since they had entered Khabarovsk. The most conservative estimates placed the number they had shot at eight hundred. Men were shot because they were Bolsheviks, because they had money that Kalmikoff wanted, because they had women that Kalmikoff's officers wanted, or because they wouldn't join Kalmikoff's forces. Many of his men were former Red Guards, who were given the choice of joining the Cossacks or being shot. Less than one-sixth of his forces were genuine Cossacks. Most of the people were shot without a trial—without even the semblance of a trial. In short, they were murdered.

On the sixteenth and seventeenth of last November scores of women came to the headquarters of the 27th Infantry in Khabarovsk and lodged information that Kalmikoff was about to execute a number of prisoners without trial, and that the prisoners were not guilty of the charges

against them. On the evening of November seventeenth the colonel of the 27th Infantry sent a protest against the proposed executions to General Oi, commanding the 12th Japanese Division, as well as to Kalmikoff's headquarters. At eight o'clock on the evening of November seventeenth, General Oi summoned Kalmikoff to his quarters and talked with him there until one o'clock.

There were twenty-two prisoners in the Cossack jail. At midnight on the seventeenth, while Kalmikoff was with General Oi, a detail of Cossacks entered the jail, forced the twenty-two prisoners to lie on the floor in one room, picked eleven of them at random and marched them to a ravine on the outskirts of the city. A brilliant moon was shining; so the Cossacks didn't need to wait for daylight. They shot the eleven prisoners at once. One of them was sixty-five years old. He ran a hundred yards before the Cossacks finally got him—through the back.

Early on the morning of November eighteenth the women came back to the headquarters of the 27th. They were relatives of the dead men, and they had found the bodies. After an investigation it appeared to the Americans that Kalmikoff had deliberately chosen to disregard their protests. American patrols were sent out to watch the town, and a machine-gun company joyously held itself in readiness to cut up any Cossacks who showed an inclination to indulge in any more executions. Kalmikoff himself made a hurried and unostentatious exit from the city; and his officers, thinking that the Americans were responsible, made noisy threats to shoot American officers if they dared to show their heads in town. American officers at once hastened to show their heads in town, hopeful of being shot at.

From prisoners who were in the jail the night of the shooting and had escaped by the merest chance the Americans learned that none of the men who were shot had received trial. They further stated that none had been guilty of any crime—except that of rousing the cupidity of Kalmikoff's officers. One of these prisoners, accused of having been a Bolshevik in Khabarovsk, had papers to prove that he had been carrying on a business in another city when he was said to have been in Khabarovsk. While he was in jail his wife went to the other city to get the papers. He lay on the floor with the twenty-one other prisoners, and saw the man beside him taken out for execution. That he himself wasn't also taken out and shot was nothing but luck. Four days later his wife returned with the papers proving his innocence.

An Alphabet Gone Mad

Late in January Kalmikoff's men revolted against his leadership, turned in their arms to Colonel Styer of the 27th Infantry, and placed themselves under his protection.

The Americans—and all the other Allies, for that matter—were greatly handicapped in their relations with the Russians by their lack of knowledge of the language and by the difficulty which they found in picking up even a smattering of Russian. Most Americans find it easy to pick up enough French or Spanish or German or Italian to carry them round if their lot is cast in countries where those languages are spoken. When our expeditionary forces have returned from France and Germany and Italy a great majority of the men will have acquired a respectable lot of conversational French and German and Italian. But when the Siberian Expeditionary Force returns the great majority of its members will know only a few isolated words of Russian—the words for "how much" and "too expensive" and "yes" and "no" and "good" and "please" and "thanks" and that good old stand-by, "I love you"; but little else.

For of all the widely spoken languages in the world Russian stands well up toward the top of the difficult ones for an English-speaking tongue to master, crowding close on the heels of Chinese and Japanese. The alphabet alone is sufficient to fill a doughboy's mind with dark foreboding; for it has thirty-six letters, shaped most cruelly and unusually; and those letters which look familiar are snares and delusions, for they aren't what they seem to be at all. There is an H, for example, in the Russian alphabet; but it isn't an H; it's an N. And there's a B, only it isn't a B; it's a V. And the P is really an R. And the C is an S. And then there are the letters that look like nothing at all in any other alphabet under the sun, unless it be English letters which have been smashed and bent and twisted and repaired by somebody who didn't know his job.

I went into a Vladivostok restaurant one afternoon and found a seat behind two doughboys who were having their troubles with the waitress. "Listen-sky!" growled one of them hoarsely to the girl with the tray. "Get this-sky! Ham-sky and eggs-sky; unnerstand? Ham-sky and eggs-sky! *Dva* ham-sky and eggs-sky!" He went through the motions of dropping the contents of an egg on an irregular piece of paper. "No *tchai* and no *pirognaia*, sister! *Nyeto, nyeto!* Ham-sky and eggs-sky!"

The girl shrugged her shoulders and went away. The doughboy mopped his forehead and sighed explosively. "'Sno use," he complained. "We can't get the dog-goned stuff. She'll bring us tea and cake; and then if we holler loud enough and long enough she'll bring us some cabbage soup. This is a hell of a country! Ham and eggs ain't nothing in their young life, and they ain't got enough sense to talk English; but the young kids pick up the language and unnerstand what is said to 'em in it. It certainly does beat hell that when children is that smart they wouldn't grow up to be smarter than they do. And what beats me, Joe, is where they ever got this language of theirs. I'll bet it was a crazy guy or something that invented that alphabet; because, believe me, Joe, the guy that did it never used his nut or tried to make it anything like a respectable alphabet, but just took it right out of his own crazy bean."

Cadmus Out-Cadmused

Joe shook his head. "I got the dope on this Russky alphabet stuff," said he, "and there wasn't a crazy guy in it."

"Then I bet you he was as stewed as a boiled owl," declared the first speaker. "I bet you he was all drunk up and counting policemen's buttons and everything. Slip us the dope, Joe."

"Well," said Joe, "the way I got it was like this: A few hundred years ago some guy over in Rome or Paris or London or somewhere framed up the idea of printing language, as you might say. Up to that time when a guy wrote a book he took it down to a monk in some well-known monkery, and the monk got busy on it by hand; and in thirty or forty years, if he was lucky and didn't die, he printed it out by hand and delivered it to the author unless the author was dead. A guy had a fat chance of writing a six-best-seller, I don't think; and everybody that was getting over trench feet or a severe attack of Kitchen Police had to pass the time by sitting round and counting the hairs on his wrists instead of mulling over a flock of Library Association books that he kept hid under the mattress to keep the guy in the next bed from getting 'em.

"Well, this guy invented making pieces of type and sticking 'em in a printing press and printing books, and everybody got all stirred up over it and began to send delegations to wherever the place was, so's to get sets of type to print their language with.

"The Russians were among those that got stirred up; and finally the government put up the price for a delegation of prominent Russian monks to beat it over to the place where printing had been invented. So the monks went over and got a set of capital letters and small letters, and the guy that invented printing showed them just what order the letters went in, and how to fit 'em together to spell 'cat' and 'dog' and everything, and they packed 'em all up in a box and started home.

"On the way home they run into a snowstorm and got pretty well chilled, and so forth; so they went into a hotel and had a couple of shots of vodka. Well, you know how it is with that stuff. One shot leads to another; and then everybody begins to draw temporary blanks and throw dishes and try to walk on the ceiling. All the monks got soused, and then they began to fight, and then somebody threw the box of type at somebody, and somebody else threw it back, and it smashed and the type fell out on the floor, and the monks fell all over it and stepped on it and bent it and busted it, and an awful time was had.

"The next morning when they came to pick up the type it was a mess, and nobody could remember the way the letters ought to go, and most of them were busted anyway. So they called in a blacksmith and put him to mending it; but not knowing anything about it he sometimes stuck pieces together that didn't belong together, and fixed bent pieces the wrong way, and generally covered himself with mud and gurry. After he had done his durndest the monks took a fling at it and arranged the letters the best they knew how and made them represent any sounds that came into their heads. When they got through they had two letters left over, so they called them 'hard sign' and 'soft sign,' and said that they would be used at the end of words, but wouldn't be pronounced at all. And when they had done all that they went back home and wished the alphabet on the Russian people; and the Russians, being too blamed lazy to investigate, said '*Nichevo*' and started in to use it; and they've been using it ever since. So that's why the Russian alphabet is such a funny-looking thing and why it has so many letters that ain't what they look like. Anyway, that's what they say. I don't believe it, but it sounds reasonable."

"It certainly sounds reasonable," replied Joe's buddy, whereupon the two doughboys contemplated each other gloomily until the waitress returned.

"Good night-sky!" said Joe. "She brought us cabbage soup!"

"You bet she did!" said Joe's buddy bitterly. "And that's all they'll ever bring us in this dog-goned country when we order ham and eggs." So I left them longing vainly for ham-and-eggs-sky and moodily eating cabbage soup.

The doughboys found great difficulty in wrapping their tongues round the odd twists that Russian demands. Therefore they stabbed at many phrases, content with getting the general sound. "Portside Louie" was their rendition of the Russian words which mean "kiss me"; though I suspect that the doughboys in this instance borrowed from the gobs on the U. S. S. Brooklyn. The Russian phrase *kak vasche zdarovie* is a rather flowery way of saying "Here's your good health." The doughboys twisted it into "cockroaches all over ya," and the Russians understood. The Russian word *kharasho* means "good" or "excellent." Therefore when a doughboy struck up an acquaintance with a Russian girl who intrigued his fancy she became "Carrie Show" to him, or Carrie for short. The Russian equivalent for "Mister" is *gaspodeen*. This the doughboy contracted to "Gus."

The inability to argue with the Russians cost our doughboys a deal of money. Argument appears to be an absolute essential to Russian happiness. They will argue on anything at a moment's notice and will drop everything, no matter how important, for the sake of an argument. I have seen all the Russians in the station master's office in the Vladivostok station join in a free-for-all argument, shouting, shrieking, waving their arms and stamping their feet and continuing the argument for over half an hour, even though the Harbin or Khabarovsk train might be waiting for permission to pull out. The doughboy, however, cannot argue in Russian. When a Russian droshky driver charged him twenty rubles for a two-ruble ride and he offered to settle for five rubles the driver would raise his hands to high heaven, mention his starving grandparents and his financially embarrassed parents and at once burst into passionate argument as to why he should receive the entire twenty rubles. A few futile efforts to stem the tide were usually sufficient to exhaust the doughboy, and he settled in full.

A Trade With a Footpad

A street car joggled down Svetlanskaya one afternoon, jammed to the guards with odorous Russians. It stopped at a corner and a fat bearded Russian finally succeeded in getting a toe hold on the lowest step on the rear platform. He had to cling with both hands and hang out over the street to do it. Just as the car was about to start a near-by policeman whistled shrilly and ordered the man to get off, as his position appeared dangerous to the arm of the law. The man descended and began to argue with the policeman as to his rights in the case. Five minutes passed. The policeman and the Russian argued and shouted and waved their arms, while the car stood still and awaited the outcome. Ten minutes passed and the argument continued. Realizing through the haze of the argument that the car had been kept waiting too long the policeman blew his whistle again and motioned it away without looking at it. At once two other Russians leaped forward and took the place from which the policeman had deposed his victim; and the policeman was so engrossed in his argument that he wouldn't have known or cared if ten men had squeezed into the place.

When our troops first reached Vladivostok a number of army mules were picketed near the center of town. The Russians were entranced by these strange animals and held endless arguments over them. One Russian in particular kept visiting the picket lines, bringing friends each time; and every time he came he would argue about the mules, and his friends would argue, and the noise of the arguments would even cause the mules to roll their eyes suggestively. One afternoon this chief arguer came down with a party of friends and started an argument. In the course of it he laid his hand lightly on the hip of a large mean-looking, mouse-colored mule. The mule coiled up and uncoiled, and the arguer traveled eight feet through the air and descended with a dull sickening thud. He had to be carried away in a wheelbarrow; and ever after that the Russians viewed the mules with unabated interest, but without arguments.

In Vladivostok they tell a story of a Bolshevik who emerged from a dark alley and pushed a large dark-blue automatic against the belt of a wealthy citizen, with a demand for his wallet and watch. The wealthy citizen looked carefully at the pistol, pointed at it tentatively, and asked, "*Skolko stoit?*"—How much is it? The Bolshevik, somewhat taken aback, pondered deeply and finally announced that it was worth four hundred rubles. The wealthy citizen, horrified by this demand, put up a violent argument, declaring that the gun wasn't worth a cent over a hundred and fifty rubles. After forty-five minutes of feverish conversation the wealthy citizen finally obtained the pistol for two hundred and twenty-five rubles and came away with it in his side pocket, right near the watch and the wallet that the Bolshevik had originally demanded.

Christmas in January

There were two points on which the Russians earned the unqualified admiration of the Americans. Those two points were eating and the celebration of holidays. Russians never allowed a little thing like business to interfere with either of these activities. They sometimes irritated Americans because of the lackadaisical manner in which they ran their railroad trains and their want of finesse in overcharging and their lack of national pride and their general apathy and a few other little things; but they more than made up for all this by the whole-hearted and unrestrained manner in which they gave themselves over to holiday making and to eating.

The Americans lost count of the Russian holidays early in the game. Some of them claimed that there were three holidays a week, not counting Sundays. This is an exaggeration; for I distinctly remember a number of weeks that could not show more than one holiday apiece. To my way of thinking, however, the notable thing about Russian holidays was not the great number of them, but the thoroughness with which they were observed. In America we celebrate holidays in a rather slovenly manner. Drug stores stay open and none of the places of amusement ever think of closing and the street cars go on running and postmen deliver letters and newspapers are published and one can go into almost any restaurant and get a meal. It is a loose and careless manner in which to celebrate. But when the Russians stage a genuine holiday they drop everything else and give one hundred per cent of their energies to making it a complete and unadulterated success. The street cars stop running, the post office shuts down, the droshky drivers get drunk and refuse to accept fares, the drug stores quit cold, the theaters close, the restaurants put up their shutters and everybody crawls into his home and devotes himself absolutely and unequivocally to getting as intoxicated as he can possibly get with the tools at his disposal.

This year, for example, the Russian Christmas fell on Tuesday, January seventh, by our calendar. The celebration started at noon on Saturday, January fourth. Sunday was a holiday because it was Sunday. Monday was a holiday because it fell between a Sunday and Christmas Day. Not much use in working on a day that falls

(Concluded on Page 141)

Laying Kreolite Wood Block Floors in Buick Automobile Factory

—74,700 Square Feet Now in Place on Two Floors of Modern Aluminum Plant

THE adaptability, permanence, and special fitness of Kreolite Wood Block Floors have been so clearly demonstrated for factory and other uses, that no modern plant can well afford to be without them.

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Our Factory Floor Engineers have shown such satisfactory results in laying them over worn floors while production went on without noticeable interruption, that their use has become almost universal in all well ordered factories.

The success of Kreolite Wood Block Floors lies in the scientific design of the blocks, our method of preserving them against decay, and the scientific study given each specific installation, so that the floors may be laid to best meet conditions in that particular plant.

* * *

KREOLITE Wood Block Floors represent an immediate and tangible asset in aiding production, saving wear and tear on factory equipment, promoting the health and spirits of employees, and so enduring that they actually "outlast the factory."

Thoroughly impregnating the well seasoned selected blocks with Kreolite Preservative Oil, by our own patented process, absolutely insures them against decay. Only the tough end grain of the wood is exposed in our method of laying.

* * *

AN excellent example is shown in the illustration of how Kreolite Floors were laid in the new and thoroughly modern aluminum foundry of the Buick Division of the General Motors Corporation at North Flint, Michigan.

On two floors of this modern foundry, 74,700 sq. ft. of Kreolite Groove Block has been laid.

These floors are subject to severe treatment and varied conditions.

Absolute smoothness must be secured in core room floors to prevent breakage. Severe heat conditions are encountered in the floors of the foundry, and in other spots where moisture must be combated.

Even though these conditions were especially trying, the Buick Company was so well pleased with this installation in their aluminum foundry that they have just placed an additional order for 112,500 sq. ft. of Kreolite Groove Block for installation in their gray iron foundry.

* * *

KREOLITE Wood Block Floors are especially adapted for use in machine shops, foundries, warehouses, loading platforms, area ways, roundhouses, paper mills, tanneries, stables and garages.

Construction engineers, architects, industrial executives and contractors will find our book on Kreolite Factory Floors a valuable aid in solving new and old floor difficulties. We shall be glad to mail book upon request.

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A comfortable, clean shave every day — not once in a while only

YOU really enjoy shaving on the days when your razor cuts quickly and lightly — for you are sure of a smooth, comfortable shave.

But with most safety razors there are many days when your blade is dull — not dull enough to throw away, perhaps, but dull enough to cause you distinct discomfort.

A fresh razor blade every day is out of the question for most men, but a perfectly satisfactory shave every day is not out of the question for *any* man. You don't need a new blade to insure a *keen* blade if you use the AutoStrop Razor.

The AutoStrop Razor Blades are made of the hardest and toughest steel produced for razor blades, each with the sharpest, finest kind of cutting edge. To keep these blades keen-edged as when new, the AutoStrop Razor is made with a patented, self-contained stropping feature — and with it is supplied a specially-tanned strop of selected hide.

A pressure of the thumb adjusts it for close, medium or light shaving. It is the only safety razor that *sharpens, shaves and cleans without removing the blade.*

Test the AutoStrop Razor free

Go to your drug or hardware store and *borrow* an AutoStrop Razor. Use it for a month at our expense. If, after you have given it a 30-day trial, you find you can get along without it, your dealer will take it back. If you want to keep it, you drop in and pay $5.00 for the set — razor, strop, 12 blades and case.

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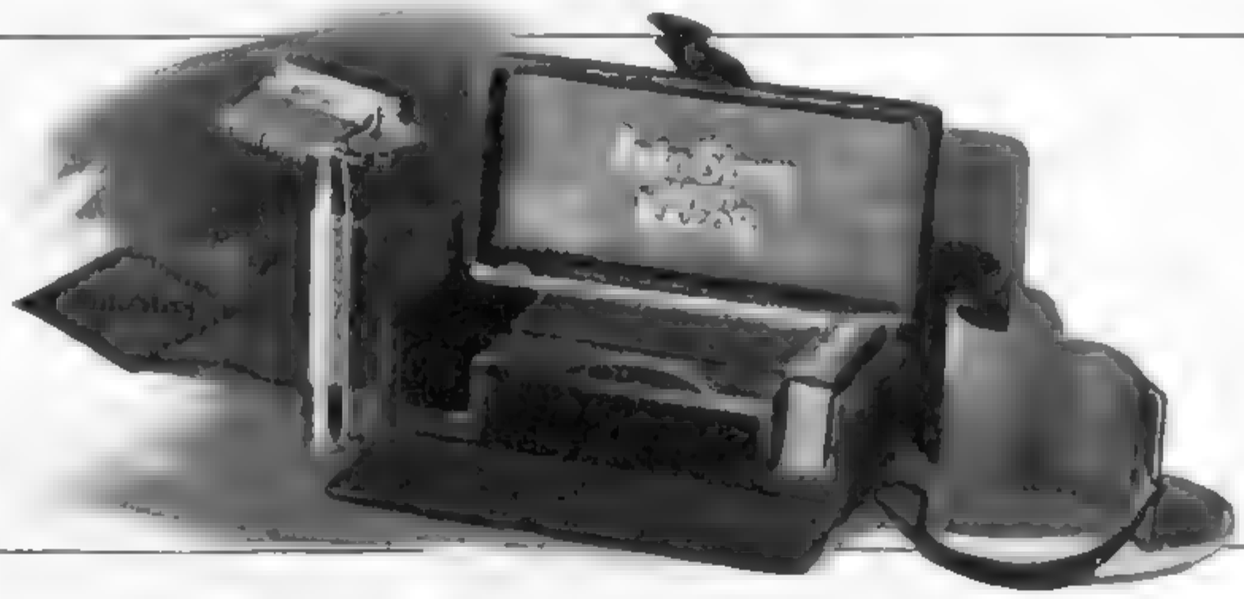

AutoStrop Razor — *sharpens itself*

500 clean, comfortable shaves from every dozen blades

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between two holidays! Perish the thought! Perish it several times! So on Monday the vodka kegs were broached and the vodka mugs were polished until they shone, and many a genial jag had its inception—to put it conservatively.

Tuesday was Christmas, and everybody sat round and ate and gave presents and drank and drank and drank until every drop in every house had been consumed, and until many a troubled Siberian housewife gazed down upon the still white face of her lord and master and wondered whether he was dead drunk or just plain dead.

Wednesday was the Day of Recovery, when aching heads were clutched in remorseful hands; and everybody got over his jag as best he could and thought with loathing and with melancholy of the life of bitter toil to which he must return anon.

And along toward night everybody began to feel a little better and to hunt round in the sideboard drawer or up behind the clock for a forgotten bottle of vodka.

Thursday was the Day of Rest, when the ravages of the first two days of debauchery were slept off. It was likewise the last day of the official holiday. Friday was the day on which everybody went back to work if he felt like it; but not very many felt like it, either on Friday or on Saturday. And Sunday was a holiday anyway; so to all extents and purposes the Russian Christmas lasted from January fourth through January twelfth, which is considerable of a holiday and one calculated to endure a good deal of comparing with any holiday of any other people without having its supremacy threatened or its superiority impugned to any noticeable degree.

The Russians weren't even particular about whose holidays they celebrated. In Vladivostok, for example, they celebrated our New Year with us, and closed everything up as tight as a can of condensed milk; and then when their own New Year came round thirteen days later they celebrated with undiminished vivacity and vigor. As holiday celebrators the Americans hand the Russians the palm of victory.

In the matter of eating the Russians are distinctly in a class by themselves. When they go at it seriously they devote the best part of the day to it, starting the orgy at three o'clock in the afternoon and finishing the heaviest part of the business at six in the evening. Americans who dined with Russians were prone to regard the preliminary appetizers as a regular meal; and they could scarcely be blamed when the appetizers consisted of cold pheasant, caviar, pickles, cold lamb, cold ham, raw fish, cooked fish, crab salad, cold crab meat, vodka, cognac, sliced eggs, cold duck and various other cold dishes. Until they learned the Russian customs the Americans would simply ruin their appetites in the first hour of play; and by the time the dinner had been under way a couple of hours and had progressed from the appetizers through soup, three sorts of fish, two sorts of crab dishes, stewed livers, roasted oysters and three or four sorts of game—with a number of meats, salads and sweets still to come—they would be so surfeited with food that they would be willing to swear off on eating for the ensuing month.

Not all the Russians in Siberia, of course, spent the precious afternoon hours in eating. Sometimes they had only a light snack of seven or nine courses at noon time, stayed their stomachs with a few glasses of tea late in the afternoon, and indulged in their heavy eating from seven to ten at night. Every shop, business house, professional establishment and government or municipal office closed its doors between the hours of twelve and two each day to permit its employees to take nourishment. That rule was inviolable. If business interfered with eating, business could go hang!

And yet an impression exists in America that starvation is one of the great perils that Siberia is facing. This impression is incorrect. Siberia is in much more danger from indigestion than from famine. The suffering, the privation, the famine and all the other fruits of Bolshevism may be found west of the Urals, in European Russia, but scarcely at all in Siberia.

"But what," I seem to hear a few persistent readers say, "what did the American Expeditionary Forces accomplish in Siberia?"

That question is one that must be answered by the Administration, which may know. If it does it knows a great deal more than the members of the Siberian Expeditionary Forces.

The A. E. F., Siberia, might have been a big thing and one which reflected credit on the nation behind it, if—if—if ——— And, as is well known, if the dog hadn't stopped to sniff at the ash heap he wouldn't have cut his nose on the broken bottle.

An officer in one of the regiments in Siberia was given an examination in musketry. "What," he was asked, "is a fine sight?"

"A fine sight," he replied, "is the mouth of Vladivostok Harbor as seen from the stern of an army transport going east."

That's the only sight that Americans in Siberia have wanted to see since they discovered the Administration's policy there; and it's the only sort of sight that any good American who knew conditions in Siberia would have wished them.

SENSE AND NONSENSE

The Confusion of Tongues

IN THE drive into the Argonne Forest a negro trooper leaped into a trench just as a German emerged from a dugout and ran toward him yelling "Kamerad, Kamerad!" at every jump.

Nevertheless the black soldier promptly jabbed at the oncoming graycoat with his bayonet. The German escaped with a flesh wound through the shoulder. That night his assailant was fetched up before an officer on charges which threatened to land him right smack in the middle of a court-martial.

A sergeant who had been an eyewitness to the incident appeared in the rôle of chief prosecuting witness.

After hearing what the sergeant had to say the officer turned sharply upon the offender:

"What did you mean—trying to kill that prisoner after he had tried to surrender to you?" he demanded.

"Well, cap'n, I wuz mad anyway, an' w'en he busted out dat hole an' started 'sultin' me at de top of his voice I jes' natchally los' my temper toward him an' ——"

"Insulted you? Why, confound it, man, didn't you hear him calling 'Kamerad!' with all his might? 'Kamerad' means 'comrade' 'friend.'"

"Do hit, now?" muttered the enlightened culprit. "W'y, Lawd-Gawd, cap'n, I thought dat German wuz callin' me nigger in Dutch."

The Return of the Mourners

ON THE night of the presidential election in 1916, when earlier returns indicated the election of Mr. Justice Hughes, the members of the Union League Club of Philadelphia organized an impromptu street parade to celebrate the seeming victory for the Republican ticket. Fuller reports appearing in the late editions of the following morning's papers proved that the jubilation had been premature, not to say ill-advised.

Will Rogers, the cowboy comedian, was playing an engagement that week at a theater diagonally across Broad Street from the clubhouse.

Two or three evenings later when he came forth upon the stage to deliver his monologue Rogers drawled:

"The manager has asked me to make a kind of an announcement to you folks, and I reckon I'd better make it now before I start my little talk.

"He told me to ask the audience not to leave the neighborhood after the show is over, but to stay on the sidewalk in front of this building for a little while.

"Those who do stay will see a mighty interesting sight for nothing—a sight that none of you may ever see again. You remember here the other night the Union League Club members over across the street took a parade. Well, to-night they're going to put it back."

It All Depended

TOM O'CONNOR, who is one of San Francisco's up-and-arrived lawyers, says he was in a California courthouse once upon a time when an elderly attorney was cross-examining a witness for the opposing side whose name was Browne before a judge whose name happened to be Greene.

Possibly with a view to making the witness feel a bit uncomfortable—lawyers have been known to do such things—the old lawyer, who was an Irishman with a reputation for ready repartee, kept addressing Mr. Browne as though Mr. Browne were named Mr. Browny, with especial emphasis upon the final letter.

At length the presiding justice interrupted.

"Counsel will kindly call the witness by his proper name," he said. "The gentleman's name is B-r-o-w-n-e; pronounced Brown, and not Browny. My own name is spelled G-r-e-e-n-e. Surely counsel would not call me Greeny!"

"Sir," answered the old lawyer with a low bow, "that depends upon the decision Your Honor makes in this case."

The Apex of Affluence

A SOUTHERN negress, whose son was killed in the war, received notice that he had left a ten-thousand-dollar insurance policy, made out in her name.

A reporter on a local newspaper was sent out to interview the old woman and ask her what she intended doing with so much wealth.

"Well," she answered, "Ise gwine to buy one er dese heah music machines an' hiah me a li'l' boy to run hit. Den I'll buy me a red silk kimono an' one er dem bourgeois caps; an' den I'll set back in my rockin'-cheer on de front po'ch, while de music is playin', an' rock—jes' rock!"

Who Should Worry

P. J. NOONE, the unofficial historian of all Celtic doings and sayings in the Wilkes-Barre-Scranton district, says that when the controversy over the discovery of the North Pole was raging so violently a few years back he asked Paddy Gallagher, gate tender for the Lehigh Valley road at Centralia, Pennsylvania, what he thought of the merits of the dispute between Cook and Peary.

The old man spat contemplatively before he made answer.

"Oh, I dunno. God help us!" he said. "It don't make much difference to the poor people which wan of them fellows found the Pole; the damn corporations will own it before the year is out."

The Happy Medium

UNDAUNTED by the nearing prospect of national bone-dryness, a Kentucky stock raiser conferred a pint flask of whisky which had been given to him upon a negro servant who had performed a special service. With profuse expressions of thanks the black man took the bottle away with him, smiling in anticipation of a pleasant evening at home.

Next morning when he appeared, slightly bleary of eye and a wee bit nervous in his movements, his employer said to him:

"Sam, what sort of whisky was it?"

"Jes' puffect, boss!" stated Sam enthusiastically. "Jes' absolutely puffect! Hit couldn't 'a' been no puffecter."

"Whut do you mean, perfect?"

"Well, suh, ef hit'd been any better 'en whut it wuz you'd 'a' drunk hit yo'se'f, suh. An' ef hit'd been any wuss 'en whut hit wuz I'd 'a' had to th'ow hit away."

No Safety Clutch

ONE day toward the middle of last summer a regiment of colored Americans, mainly recruited from the Gulf States and the South Atlantic States, was sent into line near the border between France and Flanders to help mop up. And the colored men did mop up too!

About noon three of the correspondents climbed into a press car and rode up to a forward dressing station to get the personal accounts of wounded men. One of the party encountered a tall coal-black warrior from away down in Alabama who, though not seriously injured, bore all the outward appearances of having come into abrupt collision with some form of high and violent explosive. He was wearing his belt, his boots and part of his collar.

"Soldier," inquired the newspaper man, "how did you get hurt?"

"Well, suh," answered the victim as he reflectively scratched his head; "hit ain't altogether clear in my own mind yit. But mebbe I mout tell you 'bout some o' de things dat happened."

"Please do," prompted the correspondent.

"Well, suh, 'long 'bout daylight dis mawnin' we fell into one o' dese yere li'l' towns up dis way jes' 'bout de time dem Bush Germans fell out o' hit. But, even ef we did hab dem scound'els on de run, dey didn't furgit to shell us good an' plenty ez dey went away. Dem big ole galvanized iron ash cans wuz floatin' past ober my head, talkin' to deyselves. Dat suttin'ly wuz a powerful lonesome skeerysome li'l' town to be in! An' I say to myse'f, I say: 'Twon't be no real harm ef I gits under cover.' So I looks round fur a place to git at. Course mos' o' de houses in dat town done been shot down flat; but I seen one standin'—wid de roof on it too; a li'l' place called a *taverne*. Dat's whut a Frenchman say, boss, w'en he mean saloon.

"Natchelly dey ain't nobody home dar no mo'; so I walks up an' teks holt o' de do'knob. An' Ise jes' fixin' to open de do' an' walk in, w'en—Kerblooie!

"Right 'longside o' me one o' dem ole German shells went off—an' took dat saloon right out o' my hand!"

A Stickler for Rules

SHORTLY before the suspension of active hostilities, when levies of the last draft were being received at various cantonments, a lieutenant approaching the lines on his way back to quarters after an evening spent in the near-by town was challenged by a raw black private who was doing sentry duty for the first time.

"Halt! Who goes' dar?" barked the rookie as the form of the returning officer loomed out of the darkness.

The lieutenant stopped, gave the countersign, and started on.

"Halt!" repeated the sentry, rattling his rifle as he brought it down from his shoulder.

"What's the idea now?" inquired the astonished officer. "You held me up once and I gave you the password. What more do you want?"

"Well, you sees, suh, I don't know you, suh," stated the darky.

"What has your not knowing me got to do with it?" demanded the lieutenant.

"Got a whole lot to do wid it!" said the sentry. "De sergeant p'intedly give me my orders dat if somebody come 'long dat wuz a stranger to me I wuz to cry Halt! three times, an' den shoot him!"

A Fair Exchange

WITTER BYNNER, the poet, had in his employ a colored servant girl who hailed originally from Arkansas and who was given to lengthy and profuse descriptions of the shortcomings of her husband back in Little Rock. One morning she came to work with the simple announcement that she had been married the night before to a coffee-colored gallant of the neighborhood, in San Francisco, where Bynner lived.

"When did you get a divorce from your husband in Arkansas?" inquired her employer.

"Who? Me!" she answered. "Huh, Mista' Bynner, I ain't got no money to was'e gittin' divorcement papers frum no sech a low-down triflin' rapscallion lak whut dat man wuz. I jes' up an' married—tha's all."

"But, Virginia," protested Mr. Bynner, "don't you know that's wrong? That it's against the law? For you to marry again before you are legally separated from your first husband is bigamy."

"Oh, tha's all right, Mista' Bynner," stated Virginia reassuringly. "He bigammed me long 'fore I bigammed him."

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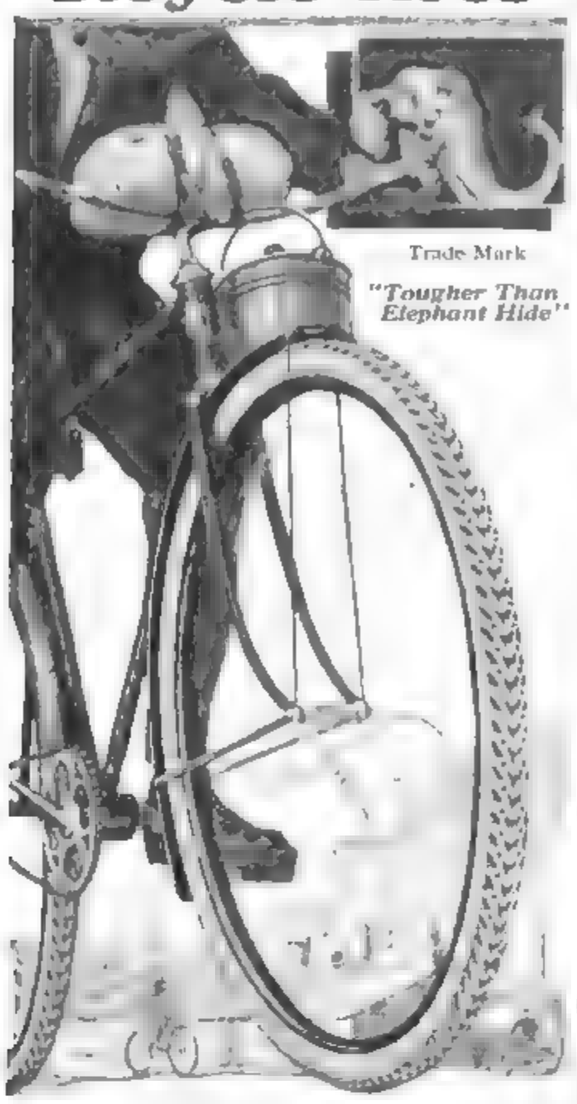

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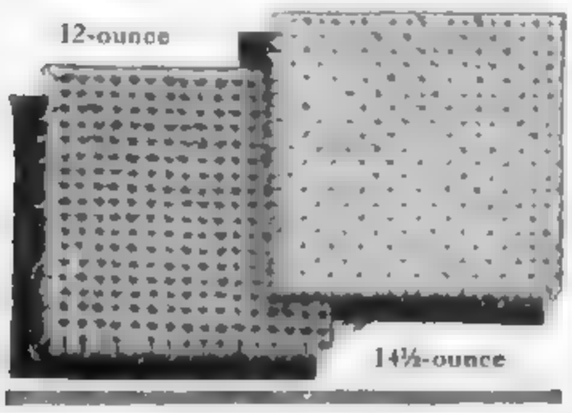
All Vitalic Tires are made with an extra strong 14½-ounce fabric. The strongest fabric used in any other bicycle tire is 12-ounce—and most bicycle-tire fabrics are even lighter. Here is a magnified cross-section of 14½-ounce Vitalic fabric compared with an equally magnified cross-section of 12-ounce fabric.



THE NEW TYRANNY

(Continued from Page 13)

fore, and when the great war came Skoropadsky's luck was proverbial.

In the first battles of the East Prussian campaign the troops under him won the St. George's Cross for their commander by a brilliant feat of arms. Within a year he received a division, and soon after was given temporarily a corps and promoted to lieutenant general. Fairly tall and well made, with a face of most guileless expression, extremely blue eyes and light skin and hair, rather quiet always in company, he gave an impression of great simplicity, which was entirely false.

Among his comrades of twenty years past he had the reputation of such uncommon adroitness as to have been nicknamed Foxy Skoro; and those who knew him best were least fond of him somehow, though with no definite reason to give.

I remember at the beginning of the war he passed a group of us, and one old comrade of his said, "Well, whatever else happens, Skoro will come back a field marshal."

"And if by chance the Germans were to win?" asked a bystander.

"He will be at once placed in the highest court position William has to spare. No, I don't mean to say he will do anything wrong for it, but somehow the thing will come about."

"Then suppose we have a revolution by chance?"

"Oh, then he will be the modern Robespierre for a while, till the moment comes for him to play the Napoleonic dictator. Of course he may get killed, for, to do him justice, he always plays his game with courage."

Skoropadsky's Career

It was strange how truly his comrades understood the deep still nature, and then foretold the man's future; for, though he was of the Emperor's suite, after the first provisional government was established Skoropadsky was its avowed admirer and friend, and did much useful work at various points round and before Kieff, though he was lucky in avoiding the firing line, and so kept his luck even when the great routs occurred on the Front.

With the Ukrainian propaganda at its height he appeared in Kieff on leave, in Cossack dress, and his family traditions were recalled to the minds of many people, while the nationalist Ukrainian name of Skoropadsky was constantly appearing in the public press.

He met and cultivated the members of the Rada, who were duly brought to realize that one of his ancestors had been hetman of the Ukrainian Cossacks in early Russian history. Somehow the suggestion was made that he was the ideal figurehead for the newly formed nationalist armies. Skoropadsky in the situation was naturally most anxious to accept the new title and post, yet he somewhat feared the opinion and criticism of his early associates and of his own class generally.

He at once called on a number of them to discover their point of view as to his intentions, and to try if possible to strengthen his position by persuading them to join and uphold him. In a few cases he succeeded, but it was a very small minority who sympathized with his ideas and ambitions, and he was on the whole greatly criticized. To my husband in a long conversation he frankly admitted his views; saying he considered under the circumstances, since the fall of the imperial and provisional governments, it was up to each man to save what he could for himself individually. His estates being in Little Russia he had embraced the nationalists' Ukrainian movement; and he meant to throw all his strength into it if he could by so doing manage the Cossack force of which he had accepted the command, and protect his lands and those of his class from confiscation. He wanted my husband to join in this good work, throwing his influence and popularity into gathering recruits, and so on.

"But the Ukrainian party is Austrian, built up by enemy money and propaganda, and I have actually had the proofs of this in my hands during the six months I have been fighting it," was my husband's objection.

Skoropadsky admitted this fact; and went on quite cynically to say that he felt this fact to be of no particular importance as compared to the chance of keeping law and order both in Kieff and in the provinces round about our city. He and others serving in military capacities, he continued, would have nothing to do with the political side of the Ukrainian Government anyhow, and would merely be defending the country from the anarchy rampant to the north and east.

"At any rate, Austrian or not, this is the most conservative effort, and I mean to work with it if I can keep our provinces quiet, till I see what the future has in store."

"It will be the Germans' arrival very shortly," he was told; "they may delay a few weeks or months because they know their allies are in possession here, so they can afford in complete security to go on with their organization elsewhere; but soon they mean to come in here and feed on us; and what will you do then?"

Skoropadsky laughed rather shortly and answered that he meant to "work with these also on certain conditions." If they came into an orderly and well-policed part of Russia which was near enough their own doors to be dangerous through chaotic conditions to their own country and principles of government the Germans would be glad enough to make good terms with those who might be ready to negotiate! He, Skoropadsky, meant to hold on, even so, to a certain amount of his power, and to bargain. He said he felt sure many of the nobility would support him and be glad to uphold his policy for the security he could offer them in return.

He was perfectly cool and decided; and since that day when for the last time my husband and he spoke openly to one another, and disagreed as to the Russian aristocrat's duty in the moment, the Hetman Skoropadsky never abandoned the course he had set himself. He gathered and drilled troops, who first served under him the Ukrainian-Austrian-inspired Rada, and who were unable to do much in the way of real work, because the men were undisciplined and refused to obey orders about half the time. Often when a small unit went out to protect some factory, château or other property these soldiers suddenly got out of hand and joined the mobs in sacking, stealing and destroying.

In Kieff itself, however, a fair appearance was kept up. The National Army paraded sometimes or occasionally did light duty as sentinels; but they did not prevent one or two uprisings, which were more bloody than anything before their day. The worst of these occurred in January, 1918, when for ten days or so the city was bombarded and suffered every misery imaginable. One family we knew sat in an underground cellar for eleven days and nights, without comforts of any kind; with no possibility of bathing or redressing; and without food other than that brought to them by a devoted old manservant, who risked his life daily to feed his masters. Grandmother, parents and several small children, with all their households lived through the riots in this way; but in many other cases a grenade or bomb or shell came and found hiding humanity.

Murder and Massacre

Casualties occurred on the streets in great numbers, among those whom hunger or other necessity forced out of doors on short trips, and as usual the martyred officers made up a formidable company. The young cadets who were known to have defended the provisional authority in November against the Ukrainians and Bolsheviki were massacred without mercy. Every officer was suspected of sympathizing with the Russian cause, and hundreds were captured, tortured and shot, as counter-revolutionists.

One boy whom we had known from infancy, barely eighteen and just promoted to his officer's epauleta within a year, was shot in broad daylight, as he stepped from his aunt's house into the street; a rough who had been waiting for him, stepping in front of him and putting a revolver to his victim's eyes, fired instantly and without parley. There were many other such cases; about twenty or more of our personal friends were killed, under practically the same conditions, merely for being in their uniforms or because of inferred antipathy to the national movement. There were no judgments in any cases I heard of, and altogether about two thousand five hundred officers were executed in Kieff during that one uprising, while the Hetman Skoropadsky commanded the Ukrainian Army there.

Several women friends and acquaintances of ours also were wounded or killed in the streets, "by accident!" Naturally all who could arrange to do so fled elsewhere. Enemy spies filled the town and ordered things as they chose. There were many anxieties and dramas in the lives of the ordinary inhabitants, and in those of the refugee nobility of Kieff. Small wonder some of them fell into line behind the hetman, hoping to save what they could of their fast-waning fortunes and the lives of those who were dear to them.

Help came from no other quarter, and the Ukrainian-Austrian-German authorities represented the only possible chance of safety. A lot of Russian aristocrats had the courage to live on in Kieff, however, through these months, hoping against hope something would occur to succor them, yet dreading all their surroundings and making themselves as small as possible, paying heavily in taxes, by bribes, and in prices of necessities, merely to live unmolested, however poorly, in their homes. Their houses were used as billets for arrogant uncouth members of the local army. They were subjected to constant requisitions and perquisitions, they were allowed no arms or defense of any kind, and their days and nights were made hideous in a thousand ways; but they stood firmly by their ideals, bowed down to no foreign mastership, and had only such commerce with the enemy as was necessary with reference to payments, reclamations, passports and other business.

A Carnival of Crime

All this time Skoropadsky played an active part, was seen moving in state about the city, imposing in his full uniform and fine motors, and doing all he could to capture and hold the imagination of the populace, in which he succeeded, at least to the extent of deterring them from actual revolt. He had a large number of troops and kept them at work they enjoyed, so that they were ready enough to prevent rioting by mobs. They themselves were satisfied, fed and clothed, and were kept out of danger. They policed the town, and it remained comparatively quiet, and they were always glad to make foraging expeditions and bring supplies back from the country districts for the citizens' use. The city's crowds were a good-natured, gay lot in general, and though of late they had felt certain discomforts of the times they did not know those terrible sufferings of northern capitals, so they danced and sang on, and declared their perfect indifference as to the variety of the powers which reigned over them; then, glad of an excuse for noise and excitement, they now and then lost their heads in some demonstration and demolished a building or broke into a shop.

The Ukrainians received the Germans and still later the Bolsheviki with a festival of bloodshed, the factory districts were full of idlers and ne'er-do-wells, and were producing little or nothing. Some of the machinery and buildings had been injured or destroyed, while the owners, managers, foremen and experts had nearly all fled or been killed. It seemed useless to resist the current, and the workmen or their committees were completely in the saddle. The roughest elements turned burglars or pickpockets, and crimes on the street or in isolated houses were of continual occurrence. In the villages round about great animosity was felt against Kieff, the city which was requisitioning provisions, grain and produce of every description. The peasantry were violent in their hatred of the new system, which they considered both unjust and unpleasant. Occasionally one heard of a foraging party disappearing totally—murdered, it was supposed—and it was well known the lowly people were hoarding some part of their meager supplies and were ready to revolt, whenever they should feel themselves of sufficient strength to stand up for their rights. They needed supplies from the towns and factories, and offered to trade; but such arrangements were refused, and an armed peace existed between the urban and country comrades, which frequently broke down.

(Continued on Page 145)

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ATLAS EXPLOSIVES

(Continued from Page 142)

While Skoropadsky was the representative figurehead of the Ukrainian Government in all military matters and seemed to indicate to a certain extent the nobility's concurrence in the nationalist movement, the civilian first rôle was played by a man named Petlura. He was of the peasantry, or of the lower ranks in the bureaucracy, had been one of the uniformed scribes in a government office at Kieff and had been drafted for duty during the war in a staff office there, because the mobilization officers had judged he could be of more use to his country with his pen than with a gun. So all the early years of the war he had sat making out dispatches or writing low-class copy while certainly no one had suspected him of ideas. He was considered merely an arm with a pen. Early in the revolution he became excitable and was less efficient, attracted attention for his extreme speeches and for the noise about him. Soon he was forming a group of personal partisans, showed cunning and strength, was mixed up in various agitations, finally was imprisoned by order of the central-provisional government during Kerensky's premiership, was judged, and then liberated while a large mob cheered itself half mad outside the courts, and carried him away after his trial above their heads to his lodging, giving him a triumphal reception and procession.

He became an enthusiastic Ukrainian and was soon the head of the nationalists, and their idol. Perfectly unscrupulous, extremely adroit, well paid by the Austrians, having nothing to lose and all to gain, he developed tremendously and ended by holding his own with Skoropadsky and against all other would-be leaders. He kept in the saddle and is still in power, with his own crowd now, for I read quite recently in an American paper that he was leading the Ukrainian Armies against Lemberg. But in early 1918 Petlura and Skoropadsky hand in hand stood together, awaiting the call and orders of their German masters. Soon the latter came; and after the feeblest show of resistance the conquerors were admitted to Kieff and received officially by the nationalists with all ostensible honors.

German Rule in the Ukraine

To give the devil his due, Skoropadsky's army could not of course have resisted the triumphant troops of Von Eichorn, as the former's Ukrainians were a vague and unarmed horde of uniformed picnickers. Petlura was not heard from much during German occupation, whether because he was paid to subside into insignificance or because he was frightened into a secondary place, but the hetman of the Cossacks, General Skoropadsky, ex-aide-de-camp of the Czar, was a rare friend for the Huns, and he was petted and spoiled and was made much of. He did make a good bargain for himself and his class, for as he had foreseen the German conqueror thought the opportunity excellent to win the aristocracy over to Teutonic Kultur. So Skoropadsky drove about in Von Eichorn's motor, held receptions and parades, and even gave his new chief valuable advice and information as to measures which he considered the dictator should take.

He obtained for all proprietors of land an official and legal admission from their peasantry that the latter had stolen goods not theirs by law, and which must be restored, together with the land, to the proper owners; or must be paid for where there had been destruction. Of this money paid by way of restitution thirty per cent went to the old proprietors, or in their absence was paid into some bank, in trust for them. The peasants were whipped, and forced to work in field and factory, and also to hand over what grain they possessed for the use of Kieff—but also, and mainly, for that of the German soldiers. Upon resistance several villages were gassed, and all the inhabitants left dead! The helpless people staggered on their weary road of abject slavery, privation and punishment.

In the towns it was the same; banks were kept open, business was done, the factories smoked again and turned out goods rapidly, the shops were encouraged to resume their ordinary aspect, and counters and windows were flooded with German goods, which, after the long lack of them, were bought up now with avidity.

Whatever scruples they had in reserve it was reassuring to the upper and middle classes to sleep quietly in their beds for a time, and to see their lives and property respected, to regain their lands and factories, and to start working or selling. They were living in a word under almost normal conditions, and even if they owed it to their worst enemy, and knew the day must come when, the iron grip released, their edifice would tumble in a heap, they were glad of a breathing space. The poor man felt on the contrary at this time he was arrayed against the landed proprietor and the capitalists of his own race, who were in league with the Hun and were using the latter's forces to crush him, the muzhik. It was a bad moral situation, and promised terrible ruins for the future.

Skoropadsky was invited to join the German Emperor at German Grand Staff Headquarters, and accepted; and there his triumph continued. He was courted and praised, and even a photograph was circulated showing him and the German William deep in conversation and smiling at one another. I fancy this one man was the only Russian perfectly understood and appreciated by the German mentality. Anyhow his honors from the conqueror lasted to the end, and, though he saw Von Eichorn assassinated, he lived on in his high place some time before his own turn came—late in the autumn of 1918.

Petlura in Command

The fact that comparative quiet and prosperity reigned in the Ukrainian provinces roused the envy of the rabid, starving Bolsheviki to the north and east. Their city and country districts were already squeezed dry of possible plunder by the Huns who occupied them, and their chances of recuperation were destroyed by the anarchy these tyrants had inspired and encouraged. Hordes of northern rabble were ready to overrun their frontiers, driven by frantic misery and dread of the bloody terror they had lived in for months past. The climate and riches of the south were still sufficiently tempting, and after the German official withdrawal from Ukrainia the strength of the local administration was insufficient to hold back an invasion.

From time to time came waves of dilapidated humanity, and though the Teutons sent out soldiers such as were left in the province to stiffen the national armies these were not always able to hold back the onslaught. Various cities on the frontiers of Little Russia were taken by the Red Guardsmen of the north and were sacked Many châteaux and villages disappeared, and in many of the latter the worn-out peasantry, glad to change one misfortune for another—if only by way of variety—joined the new conquering movement in attacking their own home land.

Twice the gates of Kieff were reached; once the city was bombarded, but the enemy army of Reds was repulsed; the other time they entered and held sway in the city by force of terrorism, till finally through ruse they were forced to leave again.

After Von Eichorn's murder and the reported murder of Skoropadsky, Petlura remained in supreme command; and in order to draw to his standard the most radical classes, who he feared might join the Bolsheviki, he inclined his own policies more and more toward Bolshevism. By so doing Petlura's party principles became practically identical with the Reds', and chaos increased. The leader kept the name of a separate government, however, and remained consequently independent himself of Trotzky and Lenine.

With Von Eichorn's murder Germany's power officially came to an end, and many of her troops were withdrawn from Kieff. This fact and Skoropadsky's disappearance meant for the few conservatives who had backed this false movement for a time the utter failure of their last hopes. Either they must fly now or be killed eventually, meantime living in abject fear as the better classes of the Moscow and Petrograd population had been doing for months. Of course there came at once a great reaction from the repressions of the German dictatorship, but though anxiety and uncertainty were terrible trials, life was still possible in Kieff until early January, 1919. At the very beginning of that month—the twentieth of December, Russian style—a council of country districts and municipalities was formed in Kieff. The ultraradical groups were therein represented by large majorities, and the council—or congress—passed the following resolution:

"The Congress of Country Districts and Municipalities finds the settlement of a

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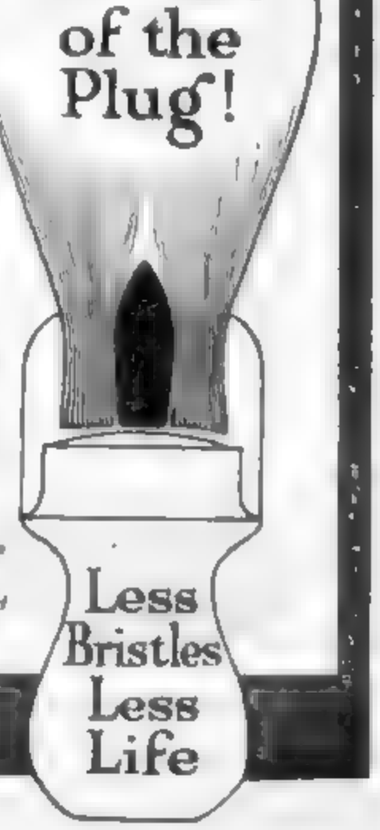

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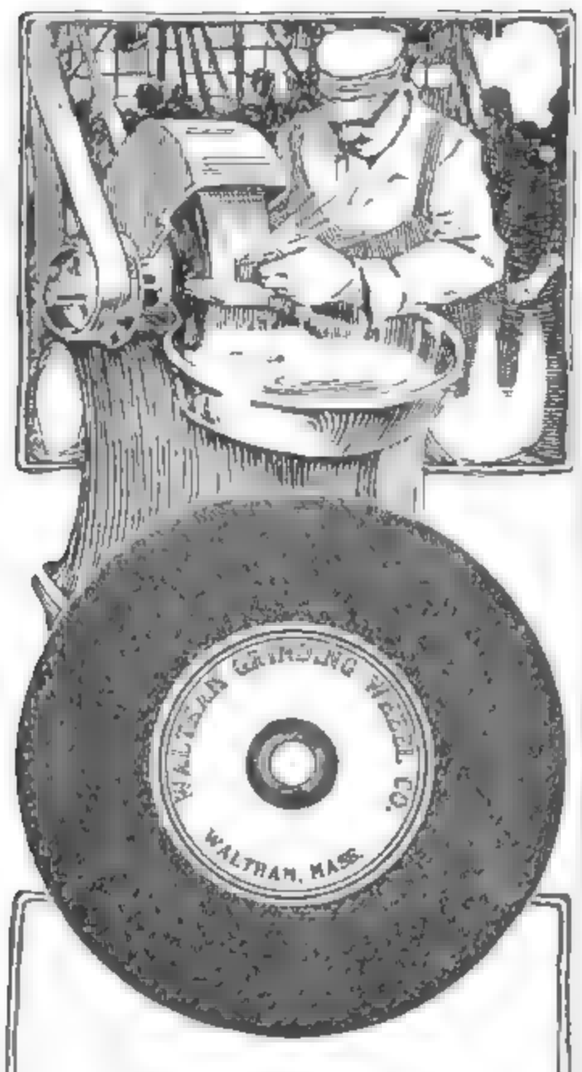

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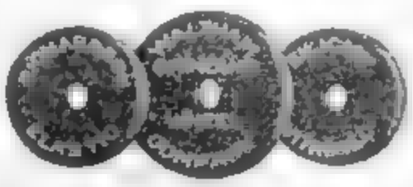

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ruling power for the Ukraine is most urgent, and should be settled immediately, because of the revolts taking place all over our land. Under the dictatorship there has been much commotion, with some movements which were truly democratic, as well as the many which were only in favor of absolute anarchy or were made with the intent of breaking away and the forming of small independent states. The hetman's government, set up and supported by Imperial Germany, has only deepened the rupture between the Ukraine and the rest of Russia. It has allowed our people to be cruelly exploited by the foreign armies of occupation. Being rejected by all democratic elements this government was supported only by the most reactionary and monarchical group, and it undertook violent repressions of our peasants and workmen in the interests of the Ukraine. This power must now be replaced by a purely democratic one. The civil war raging in the Ukraine is a great danger to all the south of Russia. It can but lead to the triumph of Bolshevism or to that of a reaction to monarchy.

"This congress believes the continuation and reënforcement of civil-war parties in the Ukraine can be prevented only by means of the establishment of a democratic government which would be ready to enter into open agreement with all groups, classes and nationalities in the social scale. Only such a government can put an end to the hard consequences of the hetman's régime and abolish civil war. It will also thoroughly guarantee the national interests of Ukrainia, and the latter's union with Russia may possibly finally be renewed."

Vague Promises

As I read this it seemed vague as to its promise of present or future usefulness. The only thing it really convincingly proved was the fact that by all parties at Kieff the nationalists' movement—in spite of two Russian figureheads, Skoropadsky and Petlura—was acknowledged a German intrigue.

A further article in a local Bolshevist newspaper says more recently:

"The current of Bolshevism has now passed beyond the limits of the Soviet's domain in Great Russia, and overflows into the territory of the Ukraine. The provisional government of the peasants and workmen therefore makes the following appeal:

"The members of the Central Executive Committee of the Ukrainian Soviets, in complete accord with the revolutionary workmen, peasants and soldiers of the Bolsheviki, are now at the head of the Communistic Bolshevik Provisional Government of Workmen and Peasants of the Ukraine.

"All factories, materials, banks, trade establishments, mines and quarries are declared in the possession of the working people, and are forfeited by their present owners. All lands, with inventories of their contents in buildings and equipment, must also be taken from the proprietors, definitely and finally, and given gratis to the peasantry.

"In these measures the revolution advances with strong and formidable steps, in its steady march onward!"

Shortly after this was published it was announced that the Ukrainian Government, with Petlura at its head, was officially recognized by the United States Government; and I read a telegram published in the daily press in which the following announcement was made:

"The chaos of the north seems to have reached out now through the Ukraine into Galicia, Poland and even Hungary, where civil war and anarchy are devouring the last signs of law and order. Communications have been cut off entirely with Kieff, and the last of the nobility who could escape have done so, abandoning their estates, of which so little existed that it seems scarcely worth worrying as to their fate."

Ours among others have been reconfiscated.

A last press sheet has come into my hands, sent by a kindly compatriot refugee to the Crimea. In it there is a description of the most recent occurrences in the Ukraine.

"Events here are alarming and important in the highest degree. The south has been now entirely separated from the Ukraine, which has proclaimed its complete severance, and as a republic has set up a new government.

"After the first revolution, March, 1917, a hetman was established by a vote of certain reactionary landowners and was maintained by German troops in the face of all attacks. Now that the Germans are no longer mixed in the fight, renewed excesses have broken out; the revolt against the hetman provoked a civil war between his troops and Petlura's, who has now with great audacity established a Bolshevik republic. Petlura is admittedly a partisan of the northern Bolsheviki, and this is why the latter are moving toward Kharkoff. If the two armies should succeed in fusing at this point, we shall see renewed disaster threatening all the south of Russia. The railroad's administration furnishes us the information, that an invasion of the Ukraine by Moscow's Red Armies is inevitable, and that in a few days Kharkoff will be in their hands. The few German troops left in the Ukraine will offer no resistance or protection in this movement; neither would the remnants of the hetman's nationalists be of the least support to any good elements among the local authorities who might try to preserve law and order. Consequently lacking sufficient resistance the Bolshevist effort will probably be crowned with complete success."

Unless some succor come from outside to aid the Denikine Army one can count on the probability of the whole of Southern Russia going up in flames, such as have already wrecked the north of the empire, and are now destroying our Ukrainian provinces.

In this maelstrom, the refugees in and about Jassy, Rumania, will necessarily be caught, after their long and patient wait for deliverance. They must feel, if they are still alive, that they have been abandoned and forgotten by all of civilization. At the end of December last, when the Allies' fleets dropped anchor in the harbor of Sebastopol, a message was delivered to them at once from the members of the Jassy conference. It had been written on November 17, 1918, and in part it said:

"The conference of Jassy, which includes representatives of every political party with the exception of the extreme right and left—autocratic monarchists and Bolsheviki—before attacking questions of business have the honor of welcoming the Allies.

"Our delegation is to communicate at once to the Allies the following facts of great importance: The south of Russia is traversing a very painful transition period, while the weakness of local authorities, which is the direct result of the German policy and occupation, promises the inhabitants a bloody future if the solutions to its problems are deferred. Only the immediate military intervention of the Allies could now prevent the uprising of the extreme chauvinist groups, who would lead the country into anarchy and Bolshevism, and would finally abolish all possibility of the Allies' attaining later even a necessary base for operation against the Soviets.

"To encourage the Russian Army—Denikine's—to make possible organized resistance, the assurance of prompt support from the Allies is indispensable. While awaiting the moment when a considerable unit of troops could be sent us a certain number of Allied ships appearing in the ports of the Black Sea, and a few detachments of soldiers in the large cities, and at strategical points on the railroads would suffice to keep up hope, and to limit the action of anarchy. This preliminary demonstration should necessarily occur within a few days."

The Message From Jassy

The French and British fleets arrived in Sebastopol Harbor six weeks after this message was written, and received it at the same time as they did the following one, the two being printed together in one French bulletin, dated Jassy, November 19, 1918:

"In supplement to the message sent three days ago we add this further information, which we consider it indispensable to communicate to you, our Allies:

"The chauvinist elements of the Ukraine have now organized in the environs of Kieff a revolt, in which besides the independents a large number of anarchists and Bolsheviki are taking part.

"This revolt is all the more dangerous as the Austro-German units of soldiery are breaking up and are no longer offering any resistance to the invasion of Bolsheviki from the north.

"Such an offensive also means the immediate rupture of lines of communication between the Ukraine and the Don River, and in this case the Donetz region with its great coal mines—owned mainly by French capitalists—would fall into the hands of the Bolsheviki, giving them sufficient treasure and provisions of fuel to run industries and railroads for their own benefit.

"It would seem therefore indispensable to take the following measures:

"Hasten the descent of Allied troops in whatever numbers possible at Odessa, and occupy immediately Kharkoff and Kieff.

"Publish a clear and determined proclamation of the Allies' decision to uphold these elements of law and order.

"Warn the German Government that the Allies will hold the enemies' army responsible for all riots in which it takes part, whether by distributing arms and ammunition or in forbidding to such Russian officers' organizations—which in the face of danger show themselves still ready to defend law and order—all access to the depots of arms and ammunition, which are in the hands of the German troops.

"In case such dispositions are not taken immediately and intervention by the Allies not carried out at present, it will probably require later a much greater sized army, and military operations of longer duration to establish quiet."

The Paris Junta

Early in January these messages reached the Allies' hands. The reply has been surprising. It consisted of the recognition of Petlura's republic by at least one of the Allied governments, and by the stoppage of any further effort to uphold the struggling groups in the right-minded south, once the English fleet of a few ships was anchored at Sebastopol, and the French had entered the port of Odessa.

In consequence in the last days we have read of the evacuation of the latter city, and its probable surrender to the attacking Bolsheviki, together with all its riches in provisions; the capture of Kharkoff and other cities of those parts by the combined Ukrainian and Red-Guard Armies; the cutting off of Rumania; the attack by Petlura on several western cities, the communistic uprising in Hungary, and the general offering of the richest portion of Eastern Europe to the powers of darkness.

Quite recently in their effort to save a great cause the various Russian elements in Paris have joined hands and formed a small Junta on the outskirts of the Peace Conference. It, this Junta, consists of four committees. Men of all shades of opinion, from the liberals of the old autocratic régime down to ex-members of Kerensky's last and most socialistic cabinet, have gone into each of these committees wholeheartedly. There is no one who favors the reëstablishment of an autocracy; and there is no Bolshevik. These men are all Russians, sitting side by side, content to have reached at last among themselves an understanding, and feeling ready to make any concessions of their personal opinions for the general good of their country.

First on a political committee's list figure together many important names of ancient Russia, with at least one that was of fiery prominence in a successful Nihilist assassination about fifteen years ago.

After pulling in different directions the length of time since the revolution's outbreak Russia had become a Tower of Babel incomprehensible to outsiders or to itself. An American who met a number of my compatriots as they arrived in Paris to represent the north, south, east and west of our home country, said each deputation came with the special intention apparently of telling the Allies about its own plan for saving Russia, which must be followed exactly and to the exclusion of any other recommended by parties previously on the spot. No one ever represented any official group which had accomplished anything, and members of each party seemed nominated merely by themselves, to uphold their own ideas.

Recently, quite suddenly, practical common sense and persuasive powers seem to have grown up among the scattered elements, and rivalries have been reconciled among these various delegations, composed

(Concluded on Page 149)

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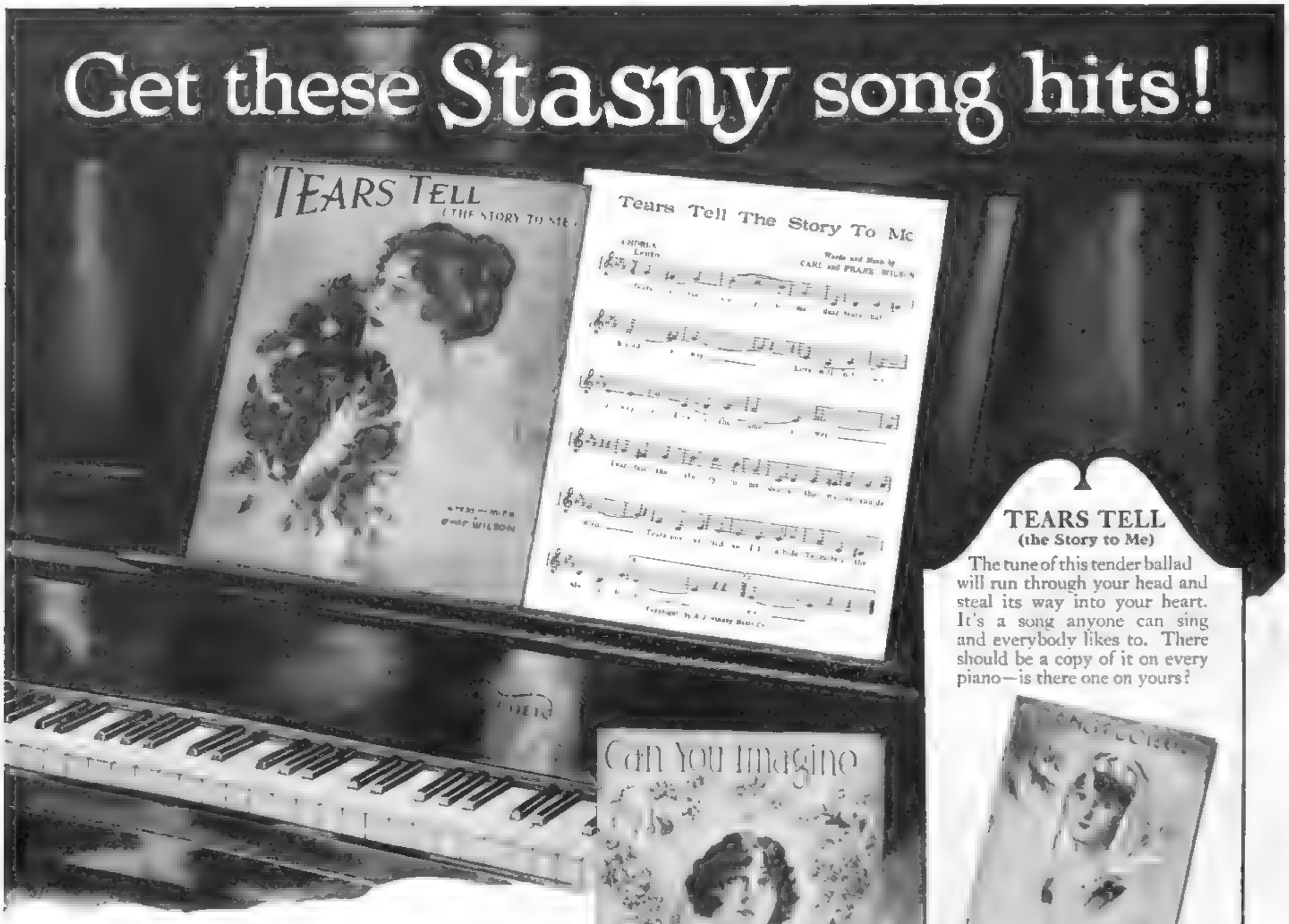
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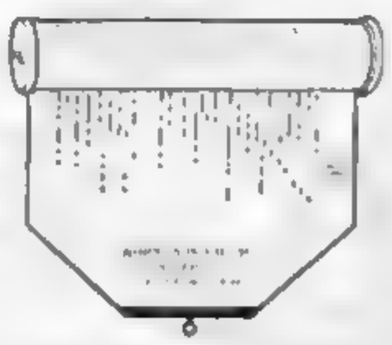

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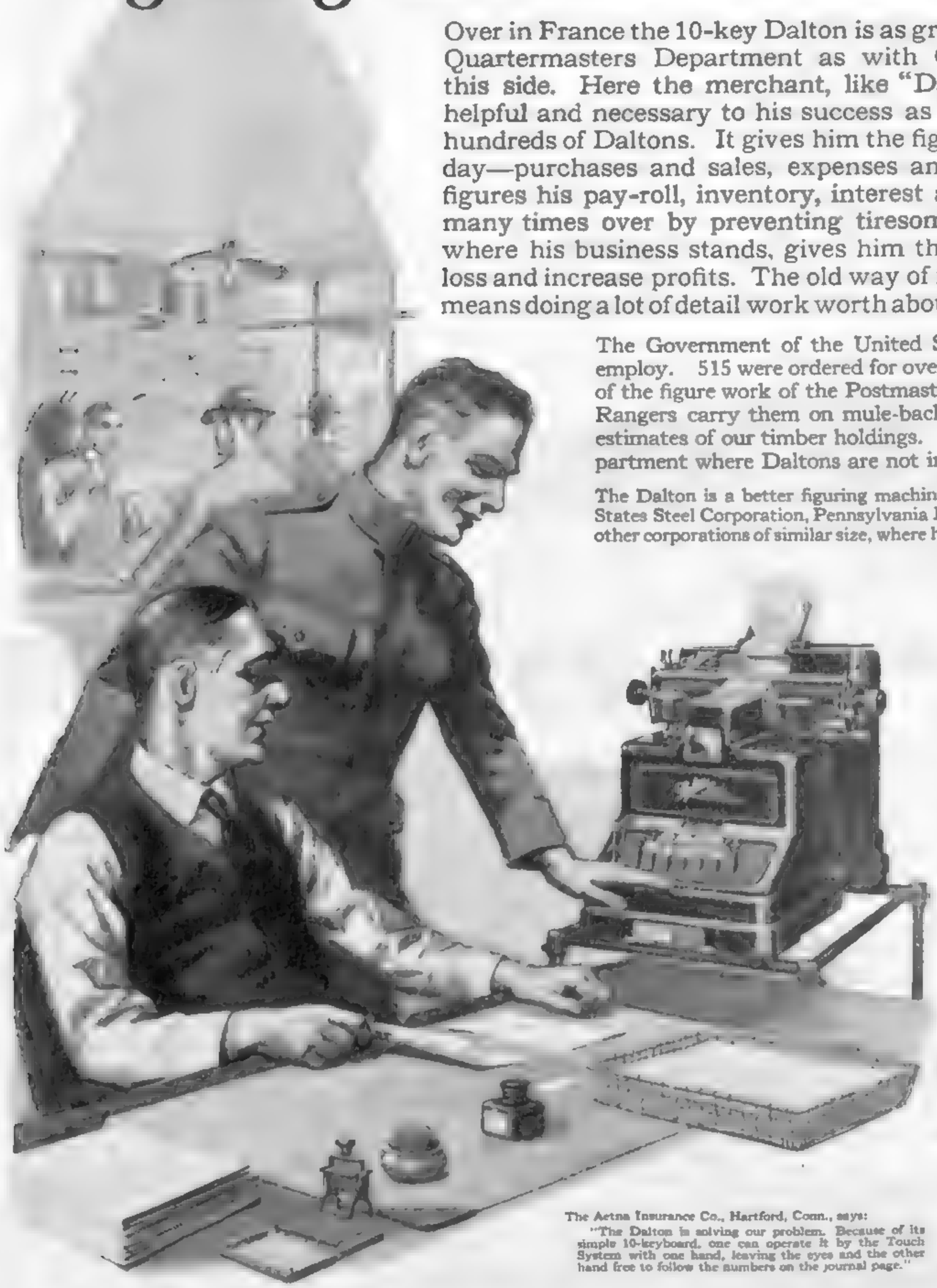

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Dalton

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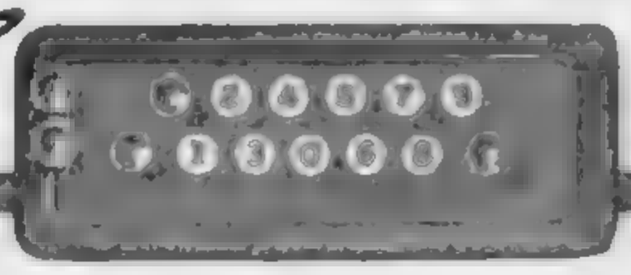

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of men who have now remembered they are first of all Russians. Still officially unrecognized by the Allied parties they have organized besides their political committee—which is presided over by Prince Lvoff, who was Prime Minister of the first revolutionary government—also a military commission—presided over by General Tcherbatcheff, who commanded the Russian Armies on the Rumanian Front in the early years of the war, when he distinguished himself both as soldier and administrator, and where he kept his soldiers well in hand till long after all other Fronts had disintegrated. Thirdly, there is a financial commission, presided over by Monsieur Raffalovitch, who for many years represented the Russian Ministry of Finance at Paris, and who has a most brilliant reputation in his specialty. Finally there is a commission for provisioning and so on, headed by Monsieur Trétiakoff, one of Moscow's vastly wealthy merchants. Since these groups are now divided according to their special capacities and not according to the individual and rival pretensions with which they came, they have grown more comprehensible to other people and useful to themselves, and seem prepared for practical team work when opportunity shall offer.

When this time will come is still an open question; though certain Russians in a private capacity have already attracted attention from the great Allies' ministers who are in Paris. They have been allowed to prepare the ground for mutual action and understanding on the parts of Russia and her ex-friends in Europe. It is to be hoped that before many months have passed, ways and means may be discovered for settling the terrible problems of our salvage and development.

I asked the most practical and clear-minded Russian I have ever known what was his idea as to the form a successful effort to tranquilize our home land should take, and wrote down his reply, which seemed to me more promising than any of the numerous Utopian plans which I had heard till then expressed. He was on his way to Paris at the time, and I found he had in no great degree changed his opinion since a day in September, 1917, when we first talked of the probabilities ahead of us:

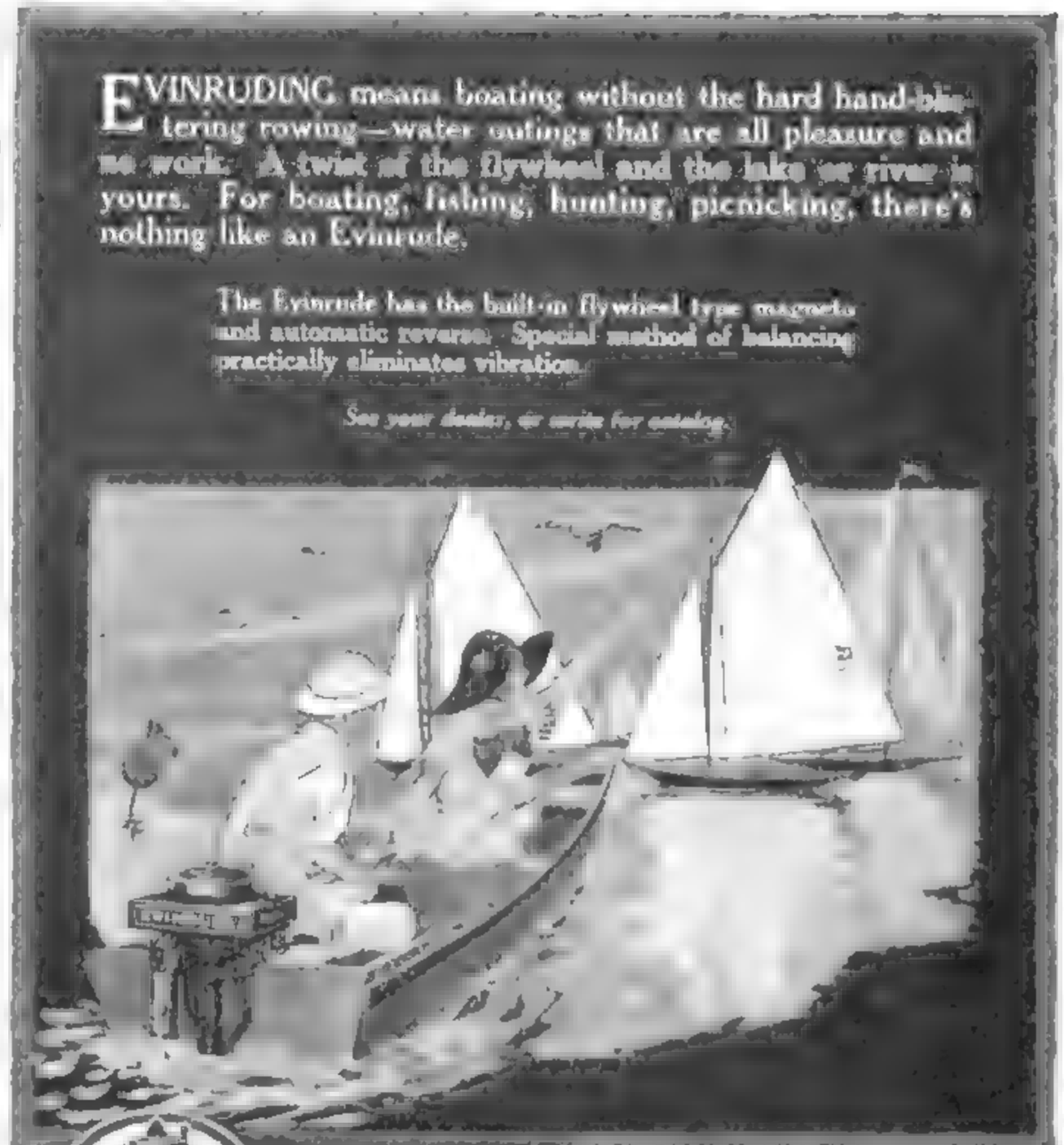
"I begin by saying that in spite of the terrible experiences we are traversing I still keep a deep faith in our future, but I think, now that the enemy is at least in part, and officially, abandoning Russian territory, it is time party and personal and all other small questions should be laid aside, and that we should all unite about one single banner, bearing the motto that we would save and liberate our country from the anarchy, misery and destruction caused by Bolshevism. It seems evident the Allies in their own interest would gladly help in this, and would feel obliged to let us have the implements and other material help necessary for our fight. Perhaps by occupying certain base positions they would liberate our available military units for active operations.

"At the same time I consider essential above all else a move to reëstablish immediately an exchange of produce and merchandise, to organize transportation and communication with the outside world, and to oblige our people to take up work again after the complete pause which has lasted practically since the revolution began. I consider the fight for reconstruction must be Russian mainly, and that through our own efforts we must reach our redemption. Whenever I say this my friends fall upon me for not loving my country enough to wish for and ask the introduction of foreign forces and riches, which would give immediate results; but I am against leaning too completely on outside strength, as long as there are living forces in our own race. I'm convinced there is such vitality, after close observation of the efforts of Denikine and others with the Crimean Government behind them, and there are several local moves of the same kind.

"It seems to me we must gain our knowledge by our suffering; and by labor and sincere patriotism I feel satisfied we can and will work out our salvation in permanent form finally; though we must necessarily go slowly, amid great difficulties, and over dangerous ground, and certainly we risk being swamped by new waves of Bolshevism unless our Allies are brought to see the absolute need of giving us liberals some prompt support, both moral and material.

"I have always persistently believed also in the immense good to be obtained from a better sympathy between Russia and your native country, princess," the speaker added; "and during all my public life I have—as you know—both advocated and carried out a policy in line with this idea, and have tried to establish closer relations in various departments connected with my specialties. I still hope some day to see such a connection realized. Your compatriots are practical idealists, and I think will agree eventually with me that it is in the interests of both countries if we manage to stretch out our hands to one another."

Suggested of old, this thought seemed pleasant to me, when my adopted country was still an extreme autocracy, and America represented all that was divergent in national aspirations. Now, after the reign of terror, the new Russia will slowly emerge from the furnace in another form, doubtless very liberal, and I begin to see through all the present misery the new fate awaiting us. Though much of the old charm of our brilliant traditions may be burned away and though the death of many martyrs will be still a saddening memory we shall find the strength to raise and carry high our heads and will gather closely round our new principles, only remembering we are all Russians; in spite of past sufferings, divisions and bitterness, and that we are all ready to work out our salvation and that of our great land.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FRANCE AND US

(Continued from Page 9)

rejoined their units. In their own defense they declared that they might have deserted, but they'd been fighting nevertheless. Investigation proved them truthful. At the Vesle they had fallen in love with the tanks, had deserted to follow them round, had charged beside them every time they went into action—and, most miraculously, had all come back alive.

Now here were boys who really liked war for itself; but I mention them as an exception. You found that type everywhere, but it was in a distinct minority. One had only to witness a battalion going into action to know that they didn't expect to like it; to witness them coming out to know that the outcome had fulfilled expectation.

Then the armistice, and a long wait in camp for transport home or a hike into Germany. And looking back the doughboy felt that he had had a rotten time. Now even such broad-minded human beings as you and I, dear reader, hate a place where we have had a bad time. It may not be the fault of the place in general, but only of the one dishonest cabman who cheated us; or the one bad restaurant which gave us a poor dinner; or the gods of weather, who sent us a pouring rain that day—we tend to blame it all on the town. And the doughboy, waiting and extremely homesick, laid it all on France.

There was one major grievance which he cherished, and which I, for one, find it hard to explain away. From the moment when he entered France he found himself overcharged.

There was one price for the natives, he discovered, and another for him. This did not happen everywhere; there were places where the mayor or the priest took measures with the populace. But these were probably the exception. Perhaps this is not the deep-lying reason for the feelings of part of the A. E. F., but at least it is the reason they most commonly give. I shall not attempt to defend this, but only to explain.

Charge and Overcharge

In the first place the Americans arrived in France preceded by a reputation for wealth without limit. The first comers did nothing, perhaps, to efface this impression. They were our first volunteers; and always in the vanguard of volunteers is an undue proportion of rich men, who can afford to enlist. Being flush and feeling kindly toward France they made "keep the change" their formula. A Frenchman, no matter how rich, never, never does that. The report flew that they had enormous wealth.

One Frenchman whom I met in a railway carriage had seen the 107th Regiment, which used to be the Seventh, of New York City. He solemnly assured me that every man of them was a millionaire—not in dollars, but in francs. When I disputed this he triumphantly cited their actions to prove his case.

Imagine three thousand millionaires dumped on any American town, and ask yourself if the grocer, the druggist and the hotel keeper would keep their prices down! Moreover, overcharging the soldier was not exclusively a French custom. Our own people did it, until stopped by authority, on the Mexican Border.

Last March some Canadian troops encamped in Western England had a riot which ended in five deaths. Official inquiry showed that it started in an attack on local shops which were overcharging the Canadians—own kinsmen to the English.

Again, the rules of the game are different in the Latin countries. Overcharging the stranger is a perquisite of trade. A friend of mine has an office in the post-office building, Rome, and lives just outside the walls, at a point placed inconveniently for rapid transit. So he commonly takes one of the little open-faced, one-horse cabs characteristic of the town. It happened that he nearly always called the same cabman, a pleasing person named Giuseppi. The charge was always the same—two and a half lire, with tip.

After three months of this, Giuseppi one evening took only two lire out of a five-lire note.

"Haven't you made a mistake?" asked my friend.

"Oh, no!" said Giuseppi. "You were a stranger when you began to ride with me, but now I see you are settling down among us and I'm charging you Roman prices."

All of this, not with the air of a man performing a virtuous act but of one doing business.

Indeed, the Northern French overcharged their own countrymen who came to them as soldiers from other provinces. Only the French, knowing the language and customs, sat down on the tradesmen when they went too far. We bore it all like patient Americans, but—also like Americans—we kicked violently among ourselves. Nothing so irritated our Army as to feel itself done.

While engaged in telling the whole truth and nothing but the truth I must record that the A. E. F. is not generally pleased with the Y. M. C. A. In this probably the men are scarcely just. The Y. M. C. A. was spotted; it had faults of organization and it made here and there some bad mistakes in choice of personnel. Still, I do not know what we should have done without it. Now in about two cases out of three when the doughboy expresses himself on the Y. M. C. A. he charges that he has paid more for cigarettes or chocolate than at the regular canteens, and has therefore been done, mulcted, bilked.

Little Missionaries

It appears that early in the game both the canteens and the Y. M. C. A. charged cost price for such comforts as chocolate and cigarettes. However, the Y. M. C. A., unlike the canteens, had at first to pay ocean freight and duty on tobacco. With rather bad judgment, I think, they added this into the cost price; and therefore a package of cigarettes which cost eight cents at the canteen, say, cost ten or eleven at the Y. M. C. A. but next door. The doughboy didn't know that; or hearing it didn't believe it. All he saw was that the Y. M. C. A. was overcharging him; and, as I say, it is his chief grievance against the institution.

Yet this I notice about the American Expeditionary Force: The longer they stayed and the more contact they had with the French the better they liked the land and the people. As a general rule—of course there are many exceptions both ways—the 1917 man liked it better than the 1918 man. So, too, because they had more opportunity of getting about, the officers, I find, liked the country better than the rank and file; and for the same reason the S. O. S. liked it better than the boys who wallowed in the mud of the Front.

One morning I found myself at breakfast at Chaumont with a major in the Medical Corps. He had taken only a brief turn of the Front; his work, since his arrival in the summer of 1917, had lain in a town of the southeast, where he not only ran a hospital but helped in caring for the civilian population. And he was an enthusiast over France and Frenchmen.

"I wasn't at first," he said. "We came down there full of affection for France, friendly as the dickens. The French we met were coldly polite; behind this shell I felt that they were watching us, that we never had their full confidence. Then they began to overcharge us. We knew that, and the boys resented it. Yes, the reasons for overcharging were what you say; but there was another, which I think you've missed. The German whispering propaganda had been busy, very busy. The people had been told that our American millionaires forced us into the war to make up for the losses on their loans to the Allies, that when it was all over we'd have a mortgage on France. They really thought, I believe, that we came into the war just to make money. Soaking us on prices was their way of getting a little of it back before we owned the country.

"I think the children were the first missionaries. Of course our boys liked the children, and the children liked them. Well, some of the kids had been having a hard time—not a piece of candy since the war started, and running round barefoot in cold weather. If you want to know what the strain of the war has been on France get out of Paris and see a little town like mine. The boys began to give them chocolate; and sometimes when they found a little fellow with his feet on the ground they'd club together and get him some shoes. The people saw this; and it didn't match up

(Continued on Page 153)

ROCK OF AGES TRADE MARK

DARK BARRE GRANITE

Memorial Day 1919

THE ending of the great struggle, in which the nation's sons bore themselves so gloriously, gives a new significance to this day of national tribute to our soldier dead.

It is fitting that it should be set aside not only as a day for decoration and dedication but for the planning of memorials to those who made the supreme sacrifice.

Your local dealer in memorials will willingly aid you in the selection of a suitable design.

"The Rock of Ages" is a booklet about Dark Barre—a granite worthy of a warrior's memory. Sent on request.

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Dept. A, MONTPELIER, VERMONT
Quarries at Barre, Vermont, the Granite Center of the World

SERVICE

Why the Mercer standardized on the Berling Magneto

THE Mercer Company's choice of the Berling is significant—

It is simply in line with their standard of excellence for everything that goes into the Mercer car.

And their official tests of the Berling proved this magneto to be:

First: Absolutely dependable.

Second: Very simple in construction and practically trouble-proof.

Third: Possessed of a hot, fat, power-making spark.

"In the great war—more American aëroplanes actually flown were fired by Berlings than by any other ignition."

ERICSSON MFG. CO.
BUFFALO, N. Y

Berling Magneto

WORTH MORE DOES MORE

(Continued from Page 150)

with the idea of a mercenary invader who had come to grab France.

"I suppose the ice was broken first when the mothers began to drop in to thank the boys for what they'd done—nice, cordial Frenchwomen, whose ways the boys liked. Then all of a sudden the whole town got chummy. There isn't an old Frenchwoman in town who wasn't mothering two or three American boys—sewing on their buttons and all that sort of thing. And the boys feel toward them as though they were their own people. And from that very time the prices they charged us came down to town level. There isn't a boy in my outfit who isn't pro-French—most of them will be writing letters back to the town for a long time after the war.

"With the French Army, or at least the officers, it took a little longer. Oh, yes—they were polite—just too polite. I never understood, myself, the difference between that politeness and real cordiality until after the Battle of Château-Thierry. The morning after we received the news that the Regulars and Marines had stopped the boche flat-footed at the Marne, three French officers came into my quarters. They stepped up to my desk and saluted, and the senior officer made a little speech:

"'We're really comrades now!' I remember he said; and when they shook hands with me one of them was crying From that time on we were real friends—we'd got through the veil of politeness. You see, they'd been from Missouri on us. We looked good, yes—but could we fight? Would we fight without the incentive of hate? We'd shown ourselves poor haters. They knew now not only that we could fight but that we were a litter of wildcats"

General Good Feeling

Before the armistice I had noted here and there among our American troops, especially among the new divisions, that undercurrent of ill-feeling of which I am now treating. It seemed a shame; for by every test which I could put we were at that moment a pet nation with the French. An official of the French Government concerned with the morale of the country worked last August a very ingenious plan—which I regret that I may not describe—to try out French feeling. It showed that we were decidedly popular with the people in general. In fact, my English friends in Paris showed by chary British comments that they were a little jealous.

"Ah yes, one loves his latest sweetheart best!" said one of them to me.

On the night of the armistice I saw four or five American flags carried by the Parisian populace to one British or Belgian or Italian.

Still, we have our faults, surprising as it may seem; and contact with an alien people is a great searcher of national faults. The American character travels straight toward results. We are impatient with side issues; and all the old, crowded, complex European nations consider side issues to a degree which we can never fully appreciate. We have not—no northern people has—the exquisite surface courtesy which a Frenchman never loses.

In our anxiety to get results we were often tactless from a French point of view. This cause of irritation was exaggerated by our general ignorance of the language. I wonder if the American schools, after this, will teach us speaking French instead of the book French they taught in my generation. And we ran into certain French peculiarities which we found it hard to understand. For example, early in our war a fine old château near Bordeaux was leased for a headquarters. By the terms of the lease we were to leave everything exactly as we found it. The château in its four or five hundred years of existence had never known sanitary plumbing; the owners bathed in washbasins or rubber tubs. Expecting to stay a long time we installed, by permission, drains, bathtubs, toilets, a water-heating system.

When the Boys Whooped It Up

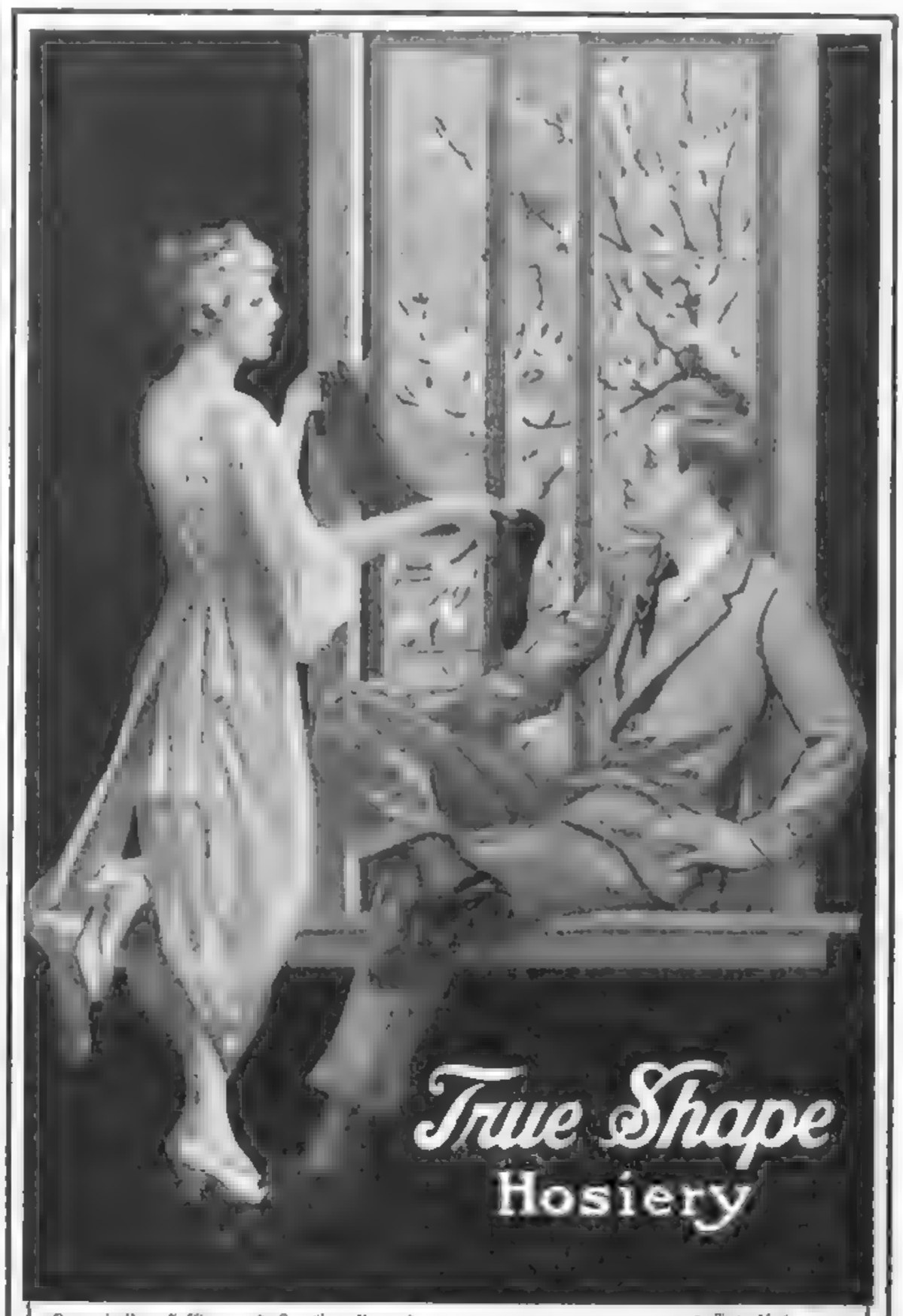
When, last January, we ended the lease and moved out the officer who conducted the business offered to leave the plumbing where it was, since its removal would cost as much as it was worth. The French owner refused. We had to take out our plumbing. What he wanted from that château was not sanitation but venerable beauty and the sense that he dwelt in the same identical home as his ancestor of the tenth generation back. The American finds it hard to understand such a point of view; and he is a bit brusque in expressing his opinion thereon.

In discussing another of our failings I must begin by an explanation. Not the least of our pride in the Expeditionary Force was its good behavior. For general morals we were the prize winners. But of course soldiers in a nonprohibition country will get drunk now and then. One reason for our prohibition wave is the fact that many Americans have no moderation in their use of alcohol, and that they sometimes tend, when drunk, to tear up the sidewalks. Your French poilu who in his reaction from the trenches took to liquor got a blissful and genial jag, which expressed itself in talkativeness and in flirtation. The American whooped it up.

As two coyotes on a moonlit night can give the impression of a whole wolf pack, so two drunken Americans could give the appearance of a drunken Army. They might be surrounded by fifty poilus, all half-seas over; it was the Americans whom one noticed.

This tendency brought its most deplorable effects in Paris. The capital of the world was not a leave center. Nevertheless all sorts of commissions and activities centered there; soldiers were constantly coming and going on military errands; moreover, though Paris was officially barred, men nevertheless got Paris leave by pull or cajolery. In spite of the provost marshal and the military police we always had the American drunk with us; and when present he always announced himself. The French, who, as I have said, grow merely genially expansive with liquor, did not like this.

A French Infantry Regiment Presents Arms and Salutes the Flag



Drawn by Henry F. Willcomb for True Shape Hosiery Co. © T. S. H. Co.

"You don't Mean to say it has been to the Laundry!"

MANY a woman buys *TRUE SHAPE* HOSIERY first because it's absolutely irresistible in appearance. But what takes her back time and again—not just for her own but for her husband's hosiery—is the fact that *TRUE SHAPE* HOSIERY, true to its name, *retains* its shape and its marvelous softness. Even after many trips to the laundry it wears beyond her fondest expectations.

If you want this kind of hosiery satisfaction you have but to remember two words—*TRUE SHAPE.*

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will tell you of one who can.

If you insist on this trademark on each pair

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25 YEAR
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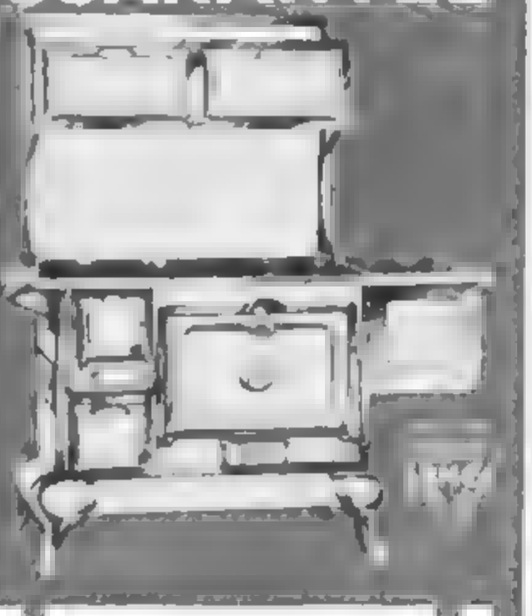

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Six-Metal porcelain inside and out. It can't rust. As easy to clean as a china dish. Simply wipe clean with a damp cloth.

Write for catalog and sample of this wonderful porcelain. See how far it will bend before cracking or chipping. Please give your dealer's name. Dealers everywhere are rapidly putting in this wonderful range. If your dealer's stock has not arrived we will see that you are supplied.

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2 COMPLETE RANGES IN 1

Nevertheless, French feeling did not begin to change until we locked horns a bit at the Peace Conference; at one time, indeed, there was a locking of horns all along the line. For fifty years—even before the Franco-Prussian War—Germany has been the nightmare of France. There she sat on the northern border, waiting, France rightly felt, the first opening to swoop down and to complete the enslavement begun in 1870. All this time France had borne a heavier and heavier burden of armament taxation just because Germany was arming more and more.

The nightmare came true in 1914; and it surpassed the imagination of the most pessimistic Frenchman. To most Frenchmen beyond middle age the evil institution of predatory war was identical with Germany; and lasting peace meant the suppression of Germany, and nothing else. Moreover, all France came into the era of "arms down" in a curiously abnormal state of nerves. The strain—and no one who has not been through it can imagine it—had been too great for humanity to bear. They stood up to it, these nervously organized French, until the last moment of need; then in many of them something snapped. As I hurried toward the boulevards on the morning when the armistice was announced the first thing I noticed was the number of women weeping. Afterward many and many a woman or middle-aged man of my knowledge or acquaintance had a nervous collapse. All nerves were in fact much less normal than during the war.

In that state a number of able, highly patriotic and well-willed but slightly old-fashioned French statesmen came against Wilson, with his League of Nations and his ideas of a far-reaching settlement to end the causes of war. To say that the French Government as at present constituted is against the League of Nations would be putting the whole thing falsely.

"What we want," said one official to me, "is a strong League of Nations—that's the point."

However, with their intense nationalism their idea of a strong league meant mainly something which would guard France against Germany. With this always in view they asked more, often, than their confrères of the League of Nations or the Peace Conference thought it possible to grant.

Now M. Clemenceau, the iron man of France, was least of all among the French delegates convinced on the League of Nations question. He cannot be described as exactly hostile; but, as a British friend put it to me, his attitude is "sympathetic cynicism." Still, he would welcome what the French consider a strong league. And Clemenceau is a fighter—all his life he has fought with everything he had from his eyebrows to his toenails. Opposed on the slightest proposition he goes at his opponent's throat.

The Noisy Minorities

M. Clemenceau understands as well as the next man that the plain French people favor a League of Nations or any other plan which promises to end war. And he is enough of a democrat to wish to represent his people. But he is also implacable on Germany; and when opposed on that question he bares his teeth and gives his celebrated imitation of the tiger.

Another thing complicated the program. With the unexpected arrival of victory the imperialistic element in every Allied nation woke up, rubbed hands and said, "Now is our chance." France is about five per cent Royalist; and those people will never see affairs except in the light of the struggle for empire. France has its gentlemen of high finance, who would welcome empire because it would be good for business. So have Italy and Britain, for that matter; and so have we. Let us not cast the first stone.

Reading the spirit of our politics from the other side of the water I think I trace in some of the opposition to the League of Nations a body of gentlemen who want an empire clear down to the Isthmus, with all accompanying trappings of a huge standing army and gum-shoe diplomacy. It would be good business, and it would be "swell." Only, these gentlemen dare not express themselves openly.

The French are more frank. The gun barrels of Armageddon were not yet cleaned before the Royalists and the imperialists were demanding everything in sight, fathering a policy which would mean glory for a time, and then—more war, under the horrible, intensified conditions of "the next war." Again I say, the French were not alone in possessing this element.

Now there are in Paris two newspapers of great technical excellence which represent this class—the Echo de Paris, Royalist, and Figaro, Clerical with Royalist leanings. From the day of the armistice they demanded things. They began with the disarmament of the left bank of the Rhine, then demanded possession of the left bank, and then, the pipe drawing freely, thirty kilometers the other side. No one, outside of a few countingrooms and of certain Royalist circles where people discuss over tea their lost cause, ever took these proposals seriously. The disarmament of the left bank—that is another proposition. The Rhine Valley has always been a pistol pointed at the heart of France. Disarmament of the left bank would draw the cartridge; and—if I may prophesy—it will be disarmed.

Bewildered Correspondents

Now from the first these two organs set up Wilson as a bugaboo; and, along with him, Wilson's country. Out of courtesy they put on the soft pedal during the period of Wilson's official visit. No sooner was the conference down to business than they started up again.

And with Wilson had arrived a shipload of first-class Washington correspondents and star reporters to do the Peace Conference for our press. I will match the American newspaper man against any of his contemporaries across the water, and give odds. The more I see of the foreign press the more on the whole I admire the American. But just let me hint that some of them, though wonders on a big fire, marvels on a national election and world-beaters on the tariff, wobbled a bit at first on French atmosphere and world politics. In our splendid isolation our newspapers and newspaper men have never much regarded Europe as anything but a place where the rich traveled and broke the bank at Monte Carlo and got their jewels stolen, whereas the most mediocre little Fleet Street reporter discoursed on the Balkan problem and the German plot against Persia and France's future in Morocco. In five or ten years of world contact we shall change all that, but I am speaking of now.

The American reporter walked into Europe and read or had translated to him a hot leader of Pertinax from the Echo de Paris and felt all his sense of nationality injured. The popular Matin and Petit Parisien—this last has ten times the circulation of the Echo de Paris—might be most kind and complimentary on that day. Humanly, he did not notice them. He noticed the Echo de Paris.

Then he misread the French he met in Paris, as almost every American does in the beginning. I know; for I've been through it myself. The true Frenchman has a pessimistic pose. He is, I think, always playing a little game with himself. If one thinks things are coming out well he'll be so horribly disappointed if they come out badly! If one thinks things are coming out badly how happily surprised he'll be if they come out well! Let us therefore work for the best and expect the worst.

From 1914 clear through to 1918 Americans over only a month or so have come to me and whispered: "These people can't last more than two or three months longer. They say so themselves!"

Paris is very gossipy; and the gossip is always pessimistic.

Many a man who had read the Echo de Paris listened to the French and got the straight of some events inside the conference or the subsidiary committees, rushed to the wire or the mail chute with a story true as to its facts but untrue—though he wrote sincerely—in the importance he gave to those facts. The stories grapevined back to France; and that stirred up more hard feeling.

Well, I myself must be careful to temper facts with a sense of proportion. Do not believe that the attitude which I have described in the American Army is universal or even typical.

Anyone, as I have said, dislikes a place where he happened to have a bad time; so, too, he likes a place where he had a good time. When he begins to think he has a gloriously good time he will begin unconsciously to like France. If your boy when he first comes home has some acrimonious words to say about the sister republic don't pay any attention to him. Wait two or three years until he has attended a few camp-fire reunions and then, at a moment when he has forgotten what he said when he first came home, put the question and hear what he has to say. Don't wait too long if you want the truth. By ten years he will have swung to the other extreme.

As for the old-timer, who has had a chance to get acquainted with France and the French—listen to him. He has seen—past the fluff—the sober solidity of French family life, the beautiful strength of their natural ties. He has learned that though the French have some ways in business irritating to us they get the business of the world done in a manner most astonishing. He knows that though, like the peasant Scotch and the native New Englander, they are close and thrifty they have back of their thrift a stern sense of obligation. He knows that, like America, France is made up of all kinds of people, some of whom you like and some of whom you don't. But the charm of the people—with their courtesy, their sense of humor, their way, like an amiable dog, of entering into the spirit of the occasion—has probably got to him, as it gets to every man of good will. The combination of charm and character cannot be beaten in the end.

Perhaps indeed he has gone a little further and reached the French mind. He can tell you then that they are a nation of thinkers, with a talent for looking facts in the face; that however lively the play of surface emotion the little hard French head is always sitting apart, coolly thinking. He may have gone far enough to know that the French schools and universities are, in two-thirds of the exact sciences, better and sounder than those German universities which were such a craze with our world of learning before the war. The German, you see, knew how to advertise; the French did not.

Before I left Paris I talked this situation over with a wise Frenchman who admires America and who wants above all things to maintain a friendship not of the governments so much as of the peoples. Though he admitted the facts I found him calm, unperturbed.

The Building of Friendship

"We're going through a necessary stage of friendship," he said. "When you first meet your friend he is wonderful, wonderful. Then you find that he has his disagreeable traits, his little ways that jar upon you. You weather that, take him as he comes—and you're friends."

"'A friend is one who knows the worst about you, and doesn't give a damn!'" I quoted.

"Exactly. The idea with which you Americans came—that we were all superhumanly brave and good and beautiful—couldn't last a week after you saw the reality, because we're just people like you.

"Did you ever consider," he added, "how trying it is to entertain a stranger; or to be entertained? There isn't a family of my acquaintance which I like well enough to dare to take under the same roof with my family for six months. We'd all get on each other's nerves. You've come here, two million three hundred thousand men, and thousands and thousands of men and women in auxiliary services. You've saturated France. I suppose there is no village so small that it hasn't had Americans, if only one military policeman. We didn't invite you to come—as individuals. France did, but not the single citizen. You didn't ask to come—as individuals. In that sense we were forced upon each other. Good will and patriotism carried both sides a long way; but inevitably we got a little on each other's nerves. That will pass too; we'll get down to a working basis of friendship.

"I've been through all this before. The British came to us in 1914. They never saturated France as you have done, because they could keep so many of their activities at home. Except for a little occupation of Paris at first they never went much beyond the northwestern corner. Do you know that toward the end of 1915 personal relations got a little strained? We were snapping at each other, no one knew exactly why. That stage passed, naturally and without much effort on either side. We've got down to working friendship with the British. We know the worst about each other, and don't give a damn."

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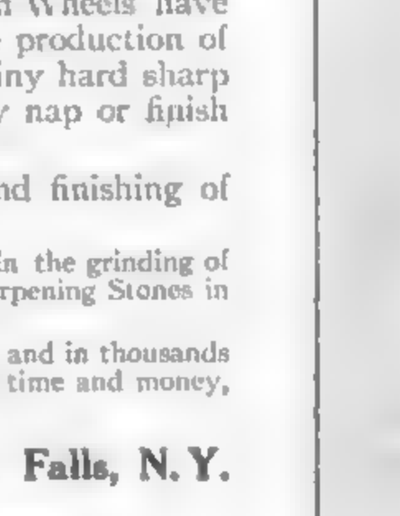

Scouring Heels

Carborundum has rendered a Conspicuous Service to the Shoe and Leather Trades.

Before the advent of Carborundum paper and cloth, shoe manufacturers used the old-time sand-paper for buffing and scouring soles and heels.

It was a slow and costly process—

It made clean, uniform work almost impossible—

Then came Carborundum, cutting clean, fast and absolutely uniform—largely increasing production and decreasing cost.

Scouring and buffing processes have been standardized, better shoes are being produced and cost to the wearer has been reduced—

Carborundum Paper and Cloth are uniformly coated with clean, hard, fast-cutting Carborundum Grains, graded with extreme accuracy—

They are supplied in sheets, rolls, heel breasters, pads and moulded shapes—and they are used not only in the large factories, but in thousands of repair shops all over the country.

In the leather finishing industry Carborundum Wheels have made commercially possible on a big scale the production of suède and buffed leather, the millions of the tiny hard sharp Carborundum crystals cutting the soft velvety nap or finish on the skins—

They are also largely used in the snuffing and finishing of leathers—

Carborundum and Aloxite Wheels are extensively used in the grinding of the skiving and splitting knives and Carborundum Sharpening Stones in sharpening the shoe and leather cutters' tools—

In fact in every branch of the shoe and leather industry and in thousands of shoe repair shops Carborundum Products are saving time and money, increasing production and improving quality.

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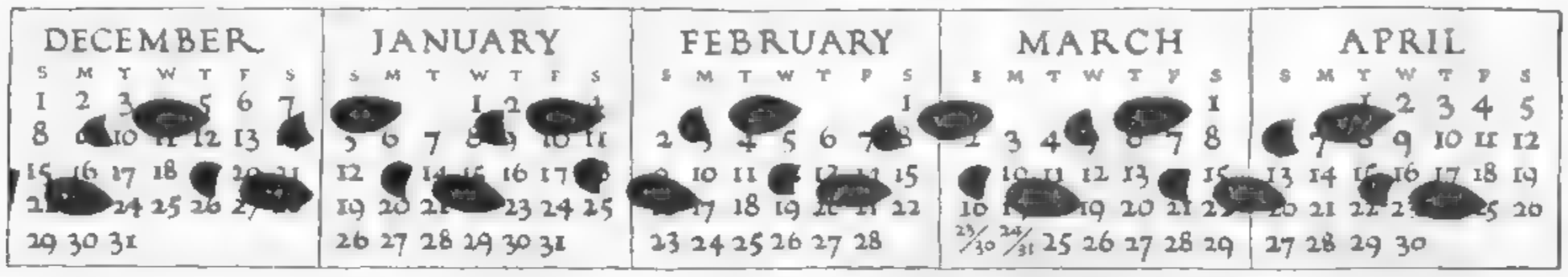
Shoe Dealers: *does not fifty-two per cent longer sole wear interest you?*

The chart below pictures the results of a test of Neōlin Soles vs. leather soles. Observe that the Neōlin Soles lasted nearly two months longer, actually delivering 52 per cent more wear. Certainly the footprints show graphically the economy and consequent satisfaction people are getting out of Neōlin. Read the description of the test.

NEŌLIN SOLES WORE THIS LONG—4.8 MONTHS



COMPETING SOLES WORE THIS LONG—3.1 MONTHS

IN a recent competitive test, Neōlin Soles, on the average, gave fifty-two per cent longer wear than leather soles.

Twenty-two pairs of shoes—two pairs each of eleven representative makes—were used.

Varying grades of sole leather were tested, for the retail prices of these shoes ranged from $4 to $15 a pair.

Of these forty-four shoes, twenty-two were fitted with Neōlin Soles, equally divided between rights and lefts for impartial comparison. The other twenty-two shoes were put into service as they left the dealers' shelves—soled with leather.

These shoes were subjected to regular, every-day use. When a sole showed the first signs of wearing out, that sole was eliminated from competition.

In many instances, especially among the cheaper shoes, the Neōlin Sole gave twice as much wear as the leather sole; in some cases, more.

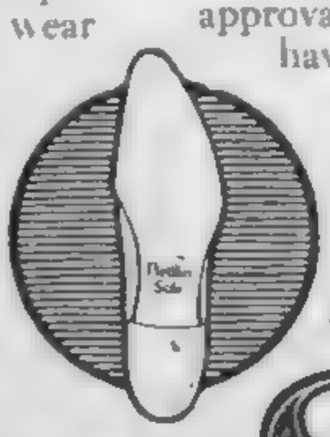
On only two of the forty-four shoes—and these of expensive make—did the leather sole outwear the Neōlin Sole. And this advantage was more than offset by the longer wear that the Neōlin Sole gave on the shoe of the other pair of similar make.

At the conclusion of the test, the record of the average Neōlin Sole was 4.8 months of service before showing the first signs of wearing out, as against 3.1 months for the average leather sole, or 52 per cent longer wear from the average Neōlin Sole.

Neōlin Soles give that extra wear which increases the value of all service shoes—men's business shoes, women's walking shoes, boys' shoes, shoes for growing girls and the smaller children. And they're comfortable and waterproof, too.

And service shoes, fitted with Neōlin Soles, are *live merchandise.* They already have the public's approval; 12,000,000 pairs of Neōlin-soled shoes have been purchased to date.

Your manufacturers can supply you with Neōlin-soled shoes



The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio

The quality of Neōlin Soles is, of course, always uniform

Neōlin Soles

Trade Mark Reg U S Pat Off

IN 1920?

(Continued from Page 30)

Were they aloft? Something sank within him, was lost in a sudden chill. Trembling, he peered over the bulwark at the river. No. With a scutter of spray inaudible in the all-drowning roar of the whirring, invisible propellers above his head the seaplane was tearing over the surface of the water, but still in contact with it. He glanced back at swiftly unreeled ribbons of foam upon a disturbed viscosity. Forward of him the eastern sun shot down through a gap in heavy cloud, made a golden pathway upon the muddy stream. They raced along it, as though to utilize it for ultimate ascension.

A squat old tramp, blundering stolidly seaward also, shot suddenly past them, stern foremost. They had scarcely time to mark the flutter of hands upon her deck, the wind-torn wisp of white vapor from her steam pipe. The voices which cheered, the rasp of her siren, were alike inaudible.

"Look, uncle!" cried Jimmy, pulling his bewildered relative to the bulwark.

Sir Henry, clutching tightly at his cap in the terrific blast of wind which smote his head, peered diffidently over the side, was startled to see the river surface already dropped away below him. An Atlantic transport liner, a forest of foreshortened derricks on her decks, was gliding rapidly backward beneath him and apparently dropping with the river as she slid out of sight behind. He glanced at the Kentish hills upon the southern shore and saw them flattened, saw them settle down featureless in a shallow bowl, charted with squares of dull green and brown and veined with roads which had scarce an inequality of elevation. The rim of the bowl seemed to rise as he gazed, and the rim was a strip of sea with tiny dots of ships passing far away beyond the huddled counties at his feet. He clutched at the bulwark with a sudden shifting of his balance as the great seaplane lifted on one side, banking for a steady long-continued turn. The scene below—the river, now only a sinuous ribbon narrowing into the smoke of London—spun rapidly round as he gazed. He found himself staring at a tiny white sail, glinting a reflected ray of sunshine under a towering black cloud, and realized suddenly that he was looking far over the North Sea, though but a moment before he had been trying to pick out the dome of St. Paul's from the murk of the metropolis. The tiny white sail dropped away also, dropped to minuteness, vanished finally on a change of tack.

The great seaplane roared upward into a clear sky, leaving behind it the wall of cloud that threw out long gray fingers on a level with it.

The vast surge of sound which beat unceasingly upon his senses isolated him from companionship in its denial of conversation. Sir Henry forgot the fellow passengers crowded on that restricted deck, forgot his nephew as, perforce silent, he stared down on to those patchwork depths, dark with woods, bright with young crops on Lilliputian fields, crisscrossed with highways and railroads, which flitted rapidly beneath him. He had scarce time to recognize a feature, to distinguish village from its meadows, ere it was gone. How long he gazed he knew not; he lost all sense of himself in the fascination of the stream of terrestrial objects which seemed at times to link themselves into long straight lines as they passed underneath.

He was awakened from a reverie that knew not its own thought by a tug on the arm. He turned, to see Jimmy the sole occupant, beside himself, of the little deck. His nephew shouted words that were merely a soundless gesticulation, and pointed to an open hatchway in the forward bulwark. A light ladder led down into the interior. He nodded and followed, as delicate in his movements as though on board a yacht whose stability might be affected by rash displacement of his weight.

He found himself at the end of a long, narrow, low-roofed cabin, illumined by broad windows in the walls and roof. Two narrow tables followed the curved line of the cushioned seats along the sides, and at those tables were seated his fellow passengers, absorbed in the consumption of coffee and ham and eggs. An agile young steward moved nimbly up and down the gangway between the tables in satisfaction of their wants.

It was pleasantly warm in here, markedly so by comparison with the numbing cold which had chilled him to the bone when on deck. The smell of breakfast reminded him that he was ravenously hungry. He followed Jimmy to a seat at one of the tables. The young steward bustled up to him, proffering him an instrument which resembled the headpiece of a telephone girl. He glanced round him in sudden observation of the fact that Jimmy and all his fellow passengers, including the steward, were wearing a similar article. He fumbled at it with frozen fingers. The steward, smiling and uttering words completely inaudible in the roar of the engines, adjusted it for him. Instantly that deafening oppressive roar receded into a faint background. The steward bending forward spoke at his chest instead of to his ear:

"Tea or coffee, sir?"

The phrase was absurdly normal in pitch and purport. He might have been in a cross-channel steamer instead of —— Sir Henry faltered at the imagination of his present whereabouts. But he chose coffee, so adaptable is the soul of man.

Jimmy was in high excitement and his flow of conversation was only interrupted by his mouthfuls of food.

"Topping in here, isn't it?" he said, speaking at his uncle's chest. "Electrically heated, of course. Patent stuff on the walls. That man at the end there—the one with the pointed beard—is the boss of the whole concern. Keen as mustard. He's been showing me round. Like a ship, almost. Pilot right up forward in the nose. Another one taking turn in reliefs. Both chaps who did wonderful things in the war—stunt flyers. All the pilots are old service men, either British or American—no foreigners need apply! Wireless operator—I've sent off a message to the Evening Radio already. They're following us hour by hour. I arranged that they should print a chart of the Hispania's course, showing where old Rogerholm is at each point so that the public can follow the race. He's just about heard that you have started, uncle. I'd give something to see his face!"

Old Sir Henry chuckled, thoroughly at ease in his surroundings. He forgot that he was thousands of feet high in the air, so yachtlike was this narrow cabin. A slightly marked, lengthily prolonged rise and fall, as of gliding over a long slow swell, helped the illusion.

"At this rate we shall be there well in front of time!" continued Jimmy. "We're about six thousand feet up"—his uncle shuddered suddenly—"and we've got a thirty-mile wind behind us. They've got instruments, you know, which tell you everything—wonderful! We do a hundred miles an hour ourselves, so that makes a hundred and thirty. And we're going on a dead straight skyway for the Azores."

Sir Henry uttered an ineffectual remark at his nephew's ear, then suddenly remembering the novel auditory conditions spoke at the receiver on his chest.

"How do they find their way? Compass?" he asked. He felt that he was being splendidly normal for an old man who detested any speed over twenty miles an hour in a motor car.

"Compass and observation in clear weather. Then the company has fixed up with all the Lloyd's stations near the route to send out wireless waves in a sort of cone—too complicated to explain, but they've got an instrument which records the distance and bearing of the origin of those waves. Sort of thing that was used in the war—secret, then—very ingenious. Tell where you are even in a fog. With compass alone you can't tell easily how much drift you are making if you get in a cross air current. But they've got another instrument which registers any movement of the wing tips which is out of the straight ahead—and that helps to keep one on the track."

Sir Henry looked with curiosity at his fellow adventurers, who had now finished their breakfast and were whiling away the time according to their temperaments. One or two left their seats and, well wrapped in thick coats, ascended the ladder to the little deck. Five others grouped together were coolly playing poker, but the acousticon, which transmitted only near sounds, left their voices inaudible. Intent upon their game they seemed like dumb men expert in lip reading. Sir Henry diagnosed them as American business men. A tall, thin individual with one eye glazed by an

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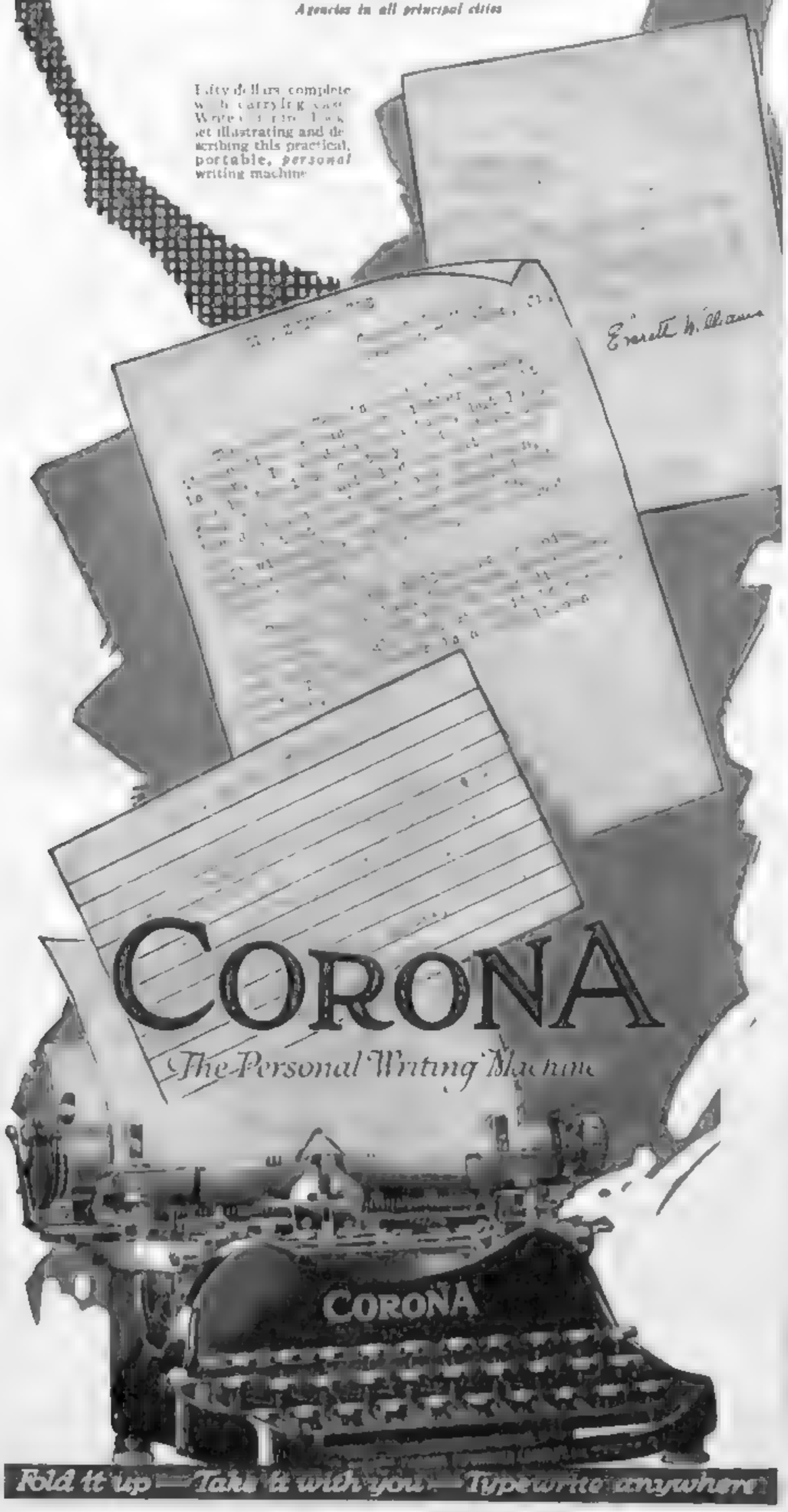

immutable monocle, who perused long typewritten documents with a certain aristocratic aloofness, he set down as a British Foreign Office messenger. Jimmy was busy scrawling down another installment of his story for the wireless operator. The steward flitted to and fro, clearing the dishes from the tables into a diminutive pantry, smaller even than that of a railway dining car, amidships. An equally diminutive kitchen, with an electric cooking range, balanced it on the other side.

A passenger on his left bent suddenly to him and spoke at his chest. The two men entered upon a conversation that cheated the sense of time, discovering a multiplicity of long-past experiences in common. He forgot his surroundings, became habituated to speaking into the acousticon, in the interest of their talk.

The steward had already long been busy with his preparations for lunch in the little kitchen when Jimmy reappeared. He had not noticed his departure; or had forgotten it.

"Come on deck, uncle!" said the young man. "You are missing everything down here. We've just passed a naval airship patrolling the mouth of the Channel."

"Where are we?" asked his uncle, glancing at his watch. It marked ten o'clock.

"Two hundred miles out in the Atlantic. We dropped the last glimpse of old England about an hour ago."

Sir Henry, followed by his new acquaintance, rose stiffly and clambered up the ladder to the little deck. Bright sunshine bathed him, but after the heated cabin it was piercingly cold. Overhead, above the great dark wings which barred it broadly, the sky was a glorious blue of infinite translucency.

Below him his gaze was arrested by a far-stretching landscape of white cloud, Arctic in its whiteness and emptiness, unreal in its rounded ever-changing contours of heaped and riven vapor that appeared solid enough to walk upon. A mass of it rose like a mountain before them—a mountain of dark chasms and white surfaces that reflected the sun with the dazzling brilliance of snow.

Instinctively he expected the seaplane to rise for clearance. With a little qualm of unreasoning apprehension he saw it drive straight onward. It passed into the wall with an eerie suggestion of the ghostly in themselves. Upon the instant they were in thick gray fog that wreathed over the nose of the nacelle for the brief moment ere it was flying in long torn strips behind the propellers. Moisture congealed upon the planes came dashing into their faces like violent rain. Despite the roar of the engines, heard diminished through the acousticons, they seemed suddenly stayed in immobility, so changeless was the enveloping blanket of fog. Another instant, and as if a magician had worked a miracle of transformation they were out again in blue sky and yellow sunshine in which the last fog moisture flew back from the planes like flashing jewels.

Far below, very far, infinitely lower, it seemed, than that cloud floor at which he had so lately gazed, Sir Henry looked down at a deep blue sea scintillating from myriad wave tops. A shoal of long dark fish maneuvered in it. He drew his nephew's attention to them.

"What are they?" he asked. "Not sharks?"

Jimmy laughed with the uncanny noiselessness of everything not in close proximity.

"No," he replied; "a squadron of submarines at practice!"

For a long time the unchanging prospect of that infinitely extended ocean flashing far and wide in tiny points of glitter over its sunlit blue, dotted with absurdly small and apparently immobile ships that seemed lost upon it, the sense of almost godlike superiority as they roared through high blue air above it, held them fascinated. The banks of cloud over which they passed, lifting high about them their fantastic and ever-magnificent variations of the mountain scenery of a dream, were brief interludes of rest to eyes that tired ere they were satiated. Their gaze plunged once more to that vast blue ocean which rolled its long surges as unconscious of man's latest triumph over it as when it dashed against the leading keel of Columbus.

Someone tapped Sir Henry on the back. It was the man with the pointed beard—the man whom Jimmy had described as the boss of the whole concern. He proffered a piece of paper.

"Stock Exchange opening prices!" he said, and smiled. "Thought you'd like to see them!"

Sir Henry felt himself bewildered at this fantastic normality as he took the wireless message and read off the prices of the market leaders. He felt subtly that this matter-of-fact radiogram somehow established what had been a wonderful adventure as an everyday component of the scheme of things. To-morrow, at this hour of eleven-fifteen A. M., another giant seaplane would be roaring over this wide ocean and its passengers also would be reading the mutations of their wealth in far-off London. To-morrow—and morrow after morrow—until —— What would be man's next stage in the conquest of space?

So they drove onward, while the passengers deacended to the cabin for a lunch which resembled breakfast in its shiplike service. And after lunch the poker party reassembled and the tall gentleman with the monocle read more typewritten documents. Jimmy wrote another installment of their Odyssey and Sir Henry conversed with the man who was the directing brain of the new enterprise and forgot all but his immediate environment in the talk.

"Of course it pays," said the man with the pointed beard. "When you travel by liner you are paying for hotel accommodation; here you pay for swift transport with the necessary meals thrown in. With mails and passengers and special lightweight valuable freights, running one machine a day each way, we ought to make a gross income of nearly two millions sterling a year—a full complement of passengers alone would give us nearly a million and a half. We start with a fleet of twenty seaplanes, which cost us, roughly, four hundred thousand; offices and general installation, say, another hundred thousand. We've got to earn fifty thousand to give us ten per cent on that; thirty thousand to pay forty pilots a living wage; fifty thousand to pay other wages and salaries; two hundred thousand for running expenses and repairs; four hundred thousand to renew our fleet completely every year. That's—let me see"—he performed a sum in mental arithmetic—"seven hundred and thirty thousand sterling; and until rival fleets start competition and force down the fares we can earn at least a million and a half. There are certainly forty people every day in Europe and the United States who will find it profitable to pay double liner rates in order to do the voyage in less than half the time. We cater for rich men in a hurry, like yourself."

The Wall Street opening prices were brought in by the steward as they talked. The clock on the cabin wall marked three-ten, London time. Tea was served while the two men were still exploring the infinite possibilities of the future. The wonderful day passed like a dream to Sir Henry. He forgot all about Lord Rogerholm plodding along in the liner they had already outdistanced

Dinner drew him from another half hour of contemplation from the little square deck thousands of feet above the monotonous expanse of sea, where the tiny ships wallowed in threadlike white foam. The sun was still high in the heaven, remarkably so for the hour. He drew Jimmy's attention to it.

"We're doing our best to keep up with the old fellow, uncle!" said the young man. "One hundred and thirty miles an hour—we'll beat him one day!"

It had not set even when they emerged on the deck after a leisurely dinner. But the unchanging ocean below offered no novel spectacle of interest and they gladly exchanged the bitter cold outside for the comfortable cabin.

At ten o'clock the steward pulled out ingeniously folding bunks in a double tier along the two walls of the cabin, and at eleven Sir Henry found himself, with a somnolent astonishment at his sense of security, dropping off to sleep in a comfortable bed which it was impossible to realize as being at least five thousand feet in the air. The vibration of the structure, the gentle rise and fall more apparent in this horizontal position, lulled him off with a half dream of being in a seagoing ship with calmly pacing officers watching over his safety from a bridge scudded over with flying spray.

It seemed that he had scarcely closed his eyes when the steward roused him with a touch on the shoulder, woke him to see the cabin in a blaze of electric light.

(Concluded on Page 161)

The "IF" That Made The Rex Steel Chain

"IF," engineers used to tell us some years ago, "there were a transmission chain much stronger and lighter than any now known, it would replace gears on many new machines."

In those days all chain still belonged to the Age of Iron.

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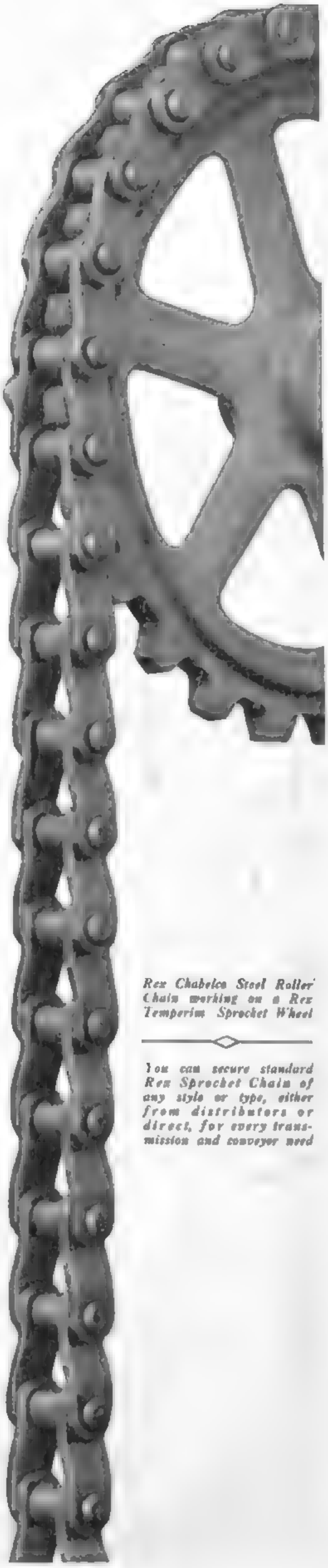

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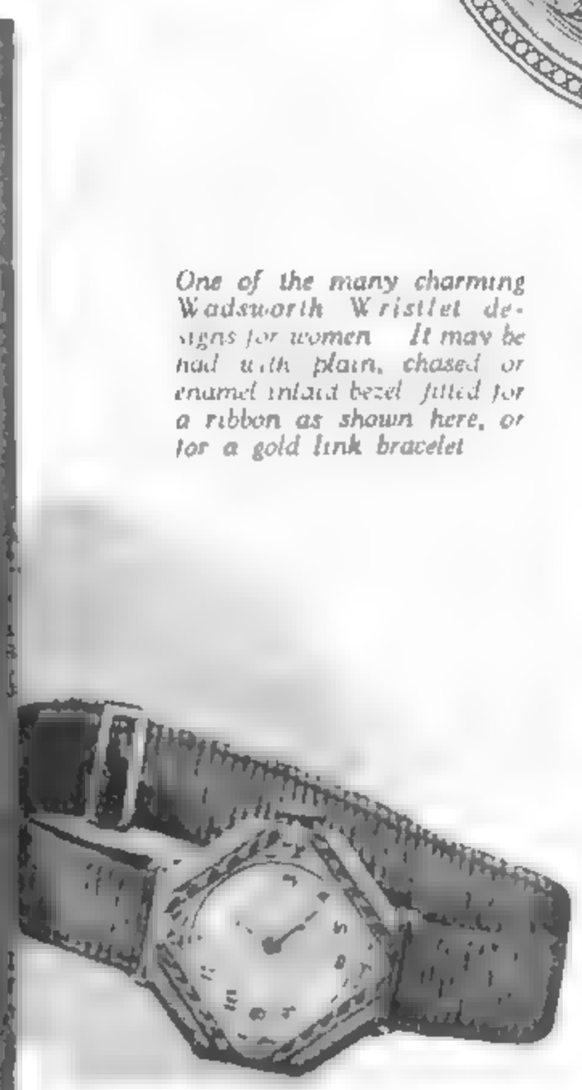

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Not the movement maker, probably; for watch movements and cases are seldom made by the same manufacturer.

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If the case is not well designed, your watch may be a good timekeeper but a poor advertisement of your taste.

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For 30 years Wadsworth has been making cases for the watch movements of the leading American movement manufacturers and importers.

Many of the new ideas in watch models are Wadsworth creations.

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THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE CO., Cincinnati, Ohio
Factories, Dayton, Ky.

(Concluded from Page 158)

"Change planes in twenty minutes, sir," he said. "Azores in sight."

He passed from one to another of the sleeping passengers with the routine air of a conductor on a railway sleeping car.

Sir Henry looked at his watch. It marked one-forty. Jimmy, tumbling out from the underneath bunk, tousled his hair and yawned.

"Four hours in front of time, uncle!" he said. "Come along and let us have a look outside."

Muffled up in their big coats to face the intense cold they climbed up to the little deck. Overhead the great planes blotted out dark parallelograms from the infinite multitude of strangely vivid stars powdered over the blue-black sky. Far away in front of them, and immensely below, a searchlight waved a tiny finger to and fro across the blackness. It grew larger and larger as they watched it.

"Horta, on Fayal Island, in the Azores," said Jimmy, always primed with information. "The only safe anchorage in the islands. You know them? Lofty volcanic mountains sheer from the water's edge. Of course we shan't see anything to-night."

The searchlight was now a broad long beam that seemed to feel among the stars. Suddenly a spark of fire flew in a thin line of flame from the dark nose forward of the shadowed planes—burst far behind them in a coruscation of brilliant light. Another and another followed. From the vicinity of the pinpoint base of the searchlight far below and in front of them other rockets, diminutive like low soaring stars, answered them. The searchlight waved, felt toward them. After a few more minutes of unabated rushing progress toward it the beam glinted on the polished undersides of the nose, silhouetted every strut and stay of the broad planes against a milky radiance.

Two other searchlights shot out of the black night below, pointed their fingers horizontally at an angle together. Another rocket sped from the seaplane in recognition. There was a sudden complete silence. The engines had been shut off. Sir Henry closed his eyes dizzily at an unexpected alteration in the angle of the deck, felt himself gliding downward—downward—downward as though they would never stop.

In the interval of a brief recovery to a level keel he glanced over the bulwark. The converging searchlights were now very close beneath, startlingly broad and white. They overlay darkness which he guessed to be water, pointing to a mooring. The deck tilted again. The machine swung round giddily in a great sweep of its wings.

A moment later flying spray struck him in the face. He heard the splash of waves, fast and furious at first, slowing to an ever more languid beat, until they merely lapped and sucked at the motionless floats. The searchlights converged dazzlingly upon them, bathing them in intense light. From beyond came shouts and the throbbing of motor boats.

One of the searchlights swung round and illumined with ghostly radiance another seaplane poised upon the surface of the dark water.

There was an interlude of bustle, of scrambling down a precarious ladder into a motor boat, of shouts and orders as the mail bags were transferred, of a scurry across the black bosom of a harbor whose shores could only be deduced from dark pinnacles occulting the powdered stars, and then Sir Henry found himself in a lighted cabin where a stolid steward showed him to a bunk which was the counterpart of the one he had left. He hesitated a moment, then philosophically turned in. After all he was still tired, and a man at his time of life could not afford to miss sleep when it offered itself. He dozed through a stampede of trampling feet which shook the sensitive craft—but he did not hear the roar of the engines as they bore him off on the second stage of his flight.

He awoke to bright sunlight flooding in through the top window. The steward was piloting the passengers in due turn to a tiny lavatory. He found himself sharing it with the director.

"No hotel accommodation, Sir Henry!" laughed the man with the pointed beard. "Quick transit is all we offer. But you'll find hot water for shaving."

And Sir Henry shaved, undisturbed by any realization of the fact that he was thousands of feet high in the air. The suggestion of the miniature accommodation of a yacht was strong upon his mind, yet unadjusted to this new day. Only when he had finished did the full perception of his whereabouts flood into him, with a "Bless my soul!" of wonderment at himself.

The second day was a replica of the first. Meals in the warm cabin, interludes of ocean gazing from the little deck despite the cold. So precisely similar were the seaplanes that he scarcely remembered the transshipment during the night.

Jimmy was of course full of information.

"This is the long stretch, uncle," he said at dinner that evening. "And we've got a rotten sou'wester against us. Haven't done more than a steady seventy-five an hour all day. We left Horta at two-thirty, London time, of the twenty-fourth—say, thirty-seven hours; we ought to get in by eleven o'clock, New York time, on the morning of the twenty-fifth. You'll just keep your appointment, uncle! I hope they're wirelessing our run to the Hispania. Rogerholm must be meditating suicide!"

Sir Henry laughed, thoroughly at home in his surroundings, and accepted the steward's offer of a second helping of the soufflé. After dinner he formed one of a four at bridge and composedly won money until bedtime. He slept without a dream.

He awoke with the blasé indifference of the liner passenger, to the same monotony of blue sky round and blue sea far below. The engines continued their unwearied roar, the great dark planes above him barred the heaven steadily and ever steadily. The steward summoned the passengers to breakfast and then to lunch.

"One o'clock, Jimmy!" said Sir Henry, glancing at his watch. "Two o'clock of the twenty-fifth! My appointment!"

Jimmy laughed.

"One o'clock London time—eight A. M. New York time; you've got four hours, uncle, and you'll have two lunches to-day! Didn't you notice that the sun was not up at breakfast time? Look at it now!"

The sun was indeed still only halfway up on its eastern climb to its meridian, had not nearly reached it when they emerged again after lunch.

Grouped on the little square deck the passengers eagerly scanned the western horizon for the first glimpse of the shore line of America.

"There it is!" cried someone, putting down his binoculars. "Look! And, by Jove! They're coming to meet us!"

A squadron of aëroplanes dotted the distant sky like a flight of birds, grew rapidly larger. They approached in a few minutes of swiftly converging flight, revealed themselves as fast scouting machines of the United States Air Force. Diminutive by comparison with the great span of the steadily onrushing transatlantic monster, they circled round her like gulls bravely outdistancing a torpedo boat, handkerchiefs waving from their tiny cockpits.

"New York!" shouted Jimmy, pointing to a long clump of evidently tall buildings which just serrated the mist over a big city gray and white upon the horizon. "Four o'clock—eleven o'clock New York time!"

Old Sir Henry gazed at the rapidly nearing coast, picking out its familiar features charted so unfamiliarly in a flat prospect. Sandy Hook threw out a long, light-colored finger into the dark expanse of New York Bay, pointing toward the Narrows and the city. The wind-ruffled surface of the bay was thronged with shipping. The four funnels of a great Atlantic liner gleamed yellow in the sun as, a leviathan among minnows, she made her way proudly into her appointed port.

"The Leontic!" said Jimmy. "She left three days ahead of the Hispania!"

The giant seaplane shut off her engines suddenly and swooped downward in a long circling dive.

At five minutes to noon, New York time, Sir Henry Winthrop shot up in a distressingly fast elevator to Robert Whittaker's private office. On his face was the after-dinner smile of the tiger; he felt Rogerholm was metaphorically inside him—swallowed up. He wondered whether he was halfway across the Atlantic yet.

1869-1919

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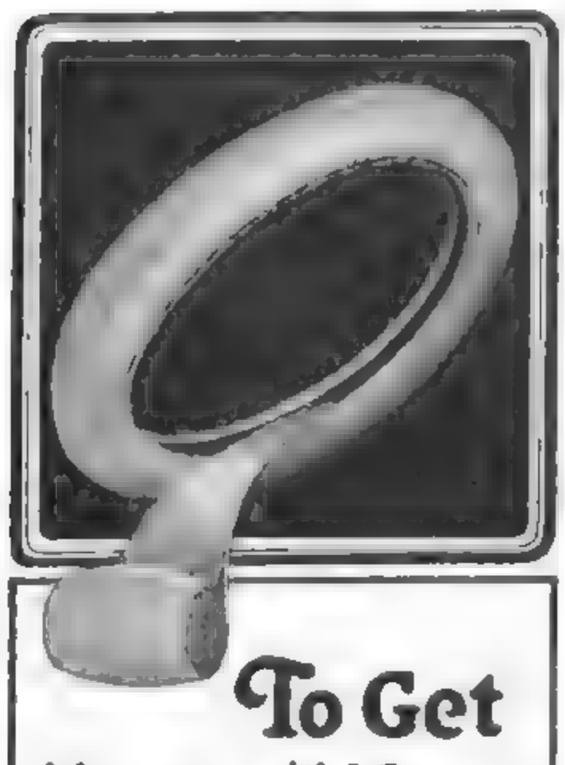

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Racine Rubber Company

Racine, Wisconsin

NO MEAN CITY

(Continued from Page 7)

long, three hundred feet high, with a walled driveway eighteen feet wide at the top by way of a bridge; substitute for Engle ferry and ford. Engle ferry and ford lie under one hundred and eighty feet of water now.

It is thought that problems and difficulties were encountered in building the Engle Dam; in private life we meet such in digging a cellar. Mistakes were made—blunders, perhaps; there was ample waste—unavoidable and other. Huge outcry ensued; blame was lavishly apportioned. Curious: that critics should always be faultfinders. A critic is, by intention and by first meaning, a judge, free to approve; yet praisefinding is a word unaccustomed and awkward to our ears.

One might think that a fact so stupendous and colossal as Engle Dam would be conclusive retort and answer to the critics. But it is generally understood that the critics could have done much better.

The mistakes were corrected, the blunders retrieved, experimental waste made good a thousandfold, the difficulties mastered; the completed work is one with the hills, to serve unborn generations and to inspire greater works of riper years. Yet many a man has reaped unstinted blame in that building; and if any has won praise thereby his name has been successfully concealed. There have been cases like this before; and since.

Now, during the years of that great building Engle town throve mightily, with music of hammer and saw; base for freight and traffic, for building of telephone and telegraph lines, wagon road, the spur of railroad at last. Not one of those children who had so proudly dreamed of a branch line was left in Engle. Indeed, of the few latter-day old-timers who had lingered through the evil days, all except one or two had made haste to secure homes in the fertile valley below the dam, when the beginnings of its building were first assured. It was a new race of men, Baden Powelled and puttied, who built bank, bungalow and boarding house in Engle redivivus—"the best town in New Mexico by a dam site."

The late-comers were a gay and cheerful pack, youthsome, light-hearted, perhaps something lifted above themselves to have part in the doing of a great deed. Strictly confidential—Uncle Ben Teagardner, oldest of old-timers, warmed to these latest sons of Engle with a guarded and conditioned approval which he kept strictly to the cloistered silence of his thoughts. In his seventy-second year Uncle Ben came back once more to Engle on a personal errand, and incidentally to have a look at the building of Engle Dam.

Engle Dam. It was so known during the building of it; under that name the word of it had reached Uncle Ben in Asia, other men under other skies. The dam was also known, loosely and variously, as the Rio Grande Dam, Elephant Butte Dam. Old habit prevailed; as Engle Dam it was to take its place in encyclopedic pages; Engle was to have her line of history.

Mark now the favor of makers. The compositor, whose heart was in the Polo Grounds with Matty, misread his copy, changed "Engle" into "Eagle." One letter aright, and Engle had been also of the cities of earth, with Aden and with Nome. To the gods it seemed otherwise. Eagle Dam. The Supernatural Year Book for 1910, p. 624.

Protest followed. Government and encyclopedia laid their wise heads together; for "Eagle" substituted "Elephant Butte"; well, indeed, and best, did that grim elephant's head still front the north; not so well, since the upper half of that gigantic head is milled and mixed to concrete and poured into the dam, and the rest is under water.

Elephant Butte Dam reclaims 200,000 acres by first intention, in New Mexico, Texas, Mexico Viejo; more to come, by diversion dams and ditches, and High Level Ditch, still a-building or to be built; most of all as an example, a mark to equal and to overpass. It makes an artificial lake forty miles long, with a shore line of two hundred miles, ragged with gulf and fiord as it seeks a level against the black broken rim of the Jornada or in the black cañons of Fra Christobal Mountains. The wild ducks carried tidings of the new lake to Carolina swamps and inlets of the Yucatan. Enterprising and adventurous ducks came to look-see by prompt thousands; as promptly business men of El Paso. Las Cruces and Albuquerque established a clubhouse near the lakeside—at Cutter. Thus does Nature adjust the balance between her creatures.

Cutter shall have a word. Upstart Cutter, eight miles south of Engle, bored many wells and built recklessly; shared with Engle the riches of the dam-building years. Engle snubbed Cutter, bore herself rather haughtily, secure in her great past.

Cutter built a thirty-thousand-dollar wagon road through Palomas Gap in Caballo Mountain, seized and held the rich Palomas Valley as tributary, and for a space threatened the supremacy of Engle. Engle holds the Black Range trade by way of the road which uses Elephant Butte Dam as a bridge; she holds the upper reaches of the lake, and in the great shipping pens she has an asset not lightly to be matched.

With the completion of the dam both Engle and Cutter dwindled sadly. Jealousy dwindled as well; each readjusted itself to lesser fortunes and set itself to a future smaller but secure.

The year 1914 came; 1915 and the Lusitania; 1916. Engle and Cutter forgot their folly and their pride, drew close together; 1917 came, and the end of unexampled patience. Nashville, New York, Cutter, Boston, Miami and Engle sent forth their sons to war; some to return no more, the dead and deathless.

II

CLAYTON'S store and Engle Hotel are housed together in an old adobe of fabulous dimensions. As the Humboldt House, in 1882, it had started life as a recumbent skyscraper one story high and twenty long; the accretions of capricious years—ell and annex and afterthought—have changed it to a labyrinth. Clayton owns both establishments; the store, alcoved, cool, wide and dim, serves as lounge and lobby to the hotel, where guest and native mingle with a democratic equality surprising in a country like ours. Witness to-day's company.

To-day was a July day; the rainy season was a week old. In front of the store a saddled horse, a pack-saddled horse and a touring car, huddled sociably together, tails to wind, in a warm driving rain; blazoning forth the democracy within. That democracy numbered six; or seven, if you cared to count Clayton.

The car belonged to Mr. Kinny Apgar, a brisk and debonair man, from that vague, mysterious, far-off world called "the East"; now, and for six months past, clubman of Cutter, mine owner of Fra Christobal. The two horses had arrived during the last burst of rain, their owner, a still dripping boy, seeking refuge in the store. In old days there had seldom been so few as two ponies at the store door. Other times, other manners. That Jack Carpenter, foreman of the Armendaris Cattle Company, had ventured so far afoot—a full two hundred yards from the Broad A headquarters—proved him to be no old-timer. The Armendaris Company ran cattle on the fenced Armendaris Grant, successors to the 7 T X of old time. That the new brand was known as "the Broad A" further explains both the new company and the new foreman. There were two transients, guests of the hotel: a gray-haired patrician, a brown-haired plebeian; last of all, Uncle Ben Teagardner, no transient.

At seventy-two, after twenty-five years of Asia, Teagardner had come back home—to die. So far he had been unsuccessful, and had now postponed the matter to see the end of the great war.

"Only seventeen years old," said Uncle Ben proudly, "and he can open and shut a gate as good as anybody."

"Aw, Uncle Ben!" protested the seventeen-year-old—the dripping boy. "That Bally horse was wild as a hawk. I couldn't put the beef back on him alone."

"No. You had a lead rope and a pack rope, but you couldn't pack two quarters of beef on a bald-faced horse. Of course not."

"I tried to, I tell you, and he dragged me all over the flat. So I rolled the beef up in the tarp and beat it to town. What else could I do? Storm coming up anyhow."

"Ten to one you wouldn't have had no trouble packin' Bally if you had only blindfolded Bally. Or you might have tied Bally's front leg up to the pack saddle and put the beef on Bally. You might have tied Bally's hind leg to Bally's shoulder and put the beef on Bally. If Bally would keep hoppin' round, you could pass a rope round Bally's other hind foot, and pull it out from under Bally, and throw Bally down, and hog-tie Bally, and pack your beef on Bally. Or you might have thrown your pack on the saddle horse and ridden Bally in. If Bally was too wild to ride you might have broken Bally."

The boy squirmed unhappily. "But I didn't know all these things, Uncle Ben."

"No. You didn't know them and you didn't make 'em up new. Nor yet nine other new ways I never heard of. You had a tarp to crawl under till it quit rainin'. You had two horses, two ropes, two quarters of beef, one pack saddle and one head, but you didn't tie the beef on Bally. You lit out for home and mother. Son, I've known boys in this very town, no older'n you, would ha' found some way to tie that beef on Bally, or been there yet. They might have been obliged to put the pack saddle upside down on the beef and put Bally in the pack saddle and pack Bally to the beef, but they'd have brought Bally, and they'd have brought that beef."

"'There were giants in those days'?" said brisk Apgar.

"Giants," said Teagardner.

"Why is it, then, that you never tell me about them? I am a skillful listener and a notable lover of giants, but I have always failed to get you started. Come now, Mr Teagardner, we are storm-bound here; oblige us; entertain us with a few chapters of the wondrous tale."

Uncle Ben caressed his long gray beard and regarded his questioner thoughtfully. He saw a man in the ripe vigor of middle age, of medium height, well knit and muscular. Apgar was natty and well-groomed. His eyes were blue and large, his hair was chestnut and wavy; he wore a closely trimmed silken beard of darker chestnut, verging upon auburn. His lip was full and smiling; he kept a fresh and florid coloring of face, despite some months of New Mexico sun. Altogether, Uncle Ben noted, he bore a precise resemblance to King James of Flodden Field, not to be missed by any who had known both men. Nor did the likeness end with face and form. Open-handed, free-spoken, Kinny Apgar met the world with a jovial face, hail-fellow-well-met. He was accepted as "good fellow" by Cutter and clubhouse, Engle and Elephant Butte. Uncle Ben, alone, was not quite convinced. Uncle Ben's leisured thought found Apgar's pleasant manners not quite friendly, but a thing lesser and meaner than friendly; affable—almost gracious.

"You see," said Uncle Ben, hesitating, "some of them old-timers are dead. And the rest of 'em—they're alive. I wouldn't just like to tell the ugly stories. And I don't want you to think I was bragging, like you would if I'd tell the other kind."

"Preposterous!" said Apgar. "See here, why don't you come out to the mine and stay with me a while? I wish you would; I would be very glad to have you. I don't suppose you'd care about hunting, at your age. But I'd be glad to get your opinion on my copper-mining proposition. You are experienced in such matters. And when you got better acquainted with me perhaps your shrinking modesty might so far wear off that you could tell me the true story behind some of these wild and highly improbable old tales I hear. It strikes me that we are losing an interesting page of history about you old-timers, and it seems rather a shame."

Uncle Ben shook his head. "There were lively lads here long before my people, and others beyond them. All forgotten; no complaint. And mind you, for any tale I might relate you can go off a hundred mile and find another eyewitness who will tell you the same yarn, only with everything exactly opposite. My good men would be his skunks, and my skunks would be his good men, and he'd believe every word of his yarn, same as I would mine. Liars don't do much harm; it's honest men that get themselves believed."

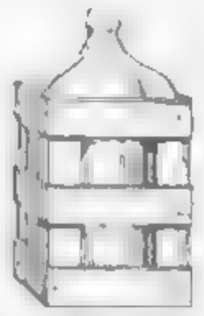
"You do not take your history very seriously, it would appear," smiled the patrician.

"Who, me? History? Say, mister—take Teddy Cæsar or Woodrow Cromwell or Oliver Roosevelt or Julius Wilson—ask about them from the men who lived in

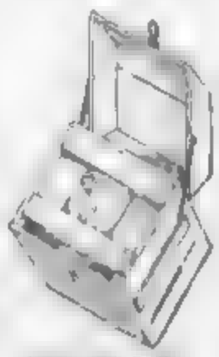
(Continued on Page 165)

NEW PROCESS BIG BOTTLES

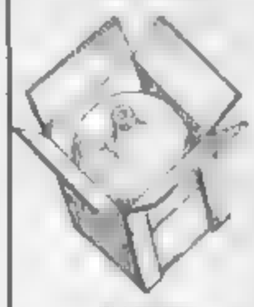
Opens New Field For Large Glass Containers



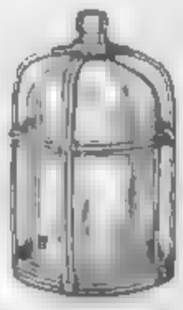
5 Gallon with City Delivery Crate Shoulder Height



Illinois 5 Gallon Tote Box with Hinges and Lock Open



5 Gallon with One Trip Box and Carton



5 Gallon Skeleton Demijohn

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A special plant houses this one machine—it is a bottle factory in itself, and the only one of its kind in the world.

It makes bottles up to 12 gallons capacity, in various shapes.

Clearer, smoother big bottles with better necks and cork openings, more accurate in capacity and of surprising strength—all of these merits are combined in the new process "Diamond I" big bottles.

Any business that requires containers for liquid or semi-liquid shipment or storage — water, acids, fruit juices, vegetable and fruit pulps — may now install this acknowledged absolutely sanitary, economical container.

Write us for information—put your large-sized glass container problems up to Illinois Glass Company — makers of "Diamond I" bottles—producers of bottles of every description for forty-six years—developers of the best features of bottle production.

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General Offices *Better Bottle Makers Since 1873* Alton, Ill.

Look for the Diamond I *On Every Bottle You Buy*

Birds-eye View of our factory at Alton, Ill., covering over 70 acres.

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Fifteen Thousand Human Lives Lost Every Year

This is our country's appalling tribute in human life to carelessness with fire. The victims are chiefly women and children, helpless infants and the aged and infirm, but also include the able-bodied. Many more thousands are injured. Immeasurable suffering and enormous financial loss (over $290,000,000) are a by-product. And nearly all fires are preventable!

Will YOU do YOUR PART to save these precious lives and prevent this wanton destruction? YOU can help! It is your duty to your country, to your neighbor and to yourself!

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The National Board of Fire Underwriters is working with the National Government, fire marshals, fire departments, civic bodies, business associations and school systems throughout the country to reduce this awful annual loss of life and property. Its engineering and educational departments have prepared practical safety rules applicable to all conditions. It will be glad to cooperate with any city official, organization, or individual who sincerely desires to increase the safety of his community or home.

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A most interesting booklet, containing information of priceless value for the protection of your home, will be mailed to you free on request. This booklet was prepared for the United States Bureau of Education, and is now in use in thousands of school rooms. WRITE FOR IT TODAY.

The National Board of Fire Underwriters
76 William Street, New York

(Continued from Page 162)

their days. Try it once. You'll find out—just what you're looking for. Also, you'll find out what kind of a jasper your informant is—and maybe a little side light on yourself if you're right quick. History? Ever hear twin brothers explain to the old man how came they fighting? That's history. There! I'm hoggin' all the talk, as usual. I'm done."

"But your talk is very interesting indeed," protested the patrician. "It stimulates thought. We do hear conflicting stories, don't we? Even under oath. And for myself, I only wish I might be of the party when you visit this gentleman's mine." Here he bowed to Apgar. "I'm sure I would enjoy some of your old stories."

"Nothing easier," said the mine owner. "The latchstring is out, and the welcome's on the mat! Apgar is my name."

"And mine is Bowman, sir," said the patrician, grasping Apgar's extended hand. "If I stay here long enough—and if you can persuade your friend to talk—and if he absolutely will not do his talking here—your invitation is accepted with pleasure."

"Oh, excuse me, Mr. Teagardner, Mr. Bowlin. Mr. Bowlin," said Apgar, "is a lifelong friend of mine for the last sixty seconds."

"Bowman," corrected Bowman. "Pleased to meet you, Mr. Teagardner. I would like very much ——"

The door opened and five or six townsmen trooped in, laughing and chattering. Bowman frowned. The rain was a drizzle now, but the day was dark, the clouds were black and heavy; thunder muttered in the far-off hills, dulled by the closing door. The newcomers disposed of themselves, each to his own whim, on chair or counter.

"I would like very much," resumed Bowman, "to hear authentic stories of the wild old days in this country. Though I am by way of being in the cattle business—in fact, I am trying to pull off a deal with Mr. Carpenter, here—I am merely an agent, and neither myself nor my principals—Chicago men—are conversant with the old conditions. What I have heard has excited my curiosity. Of course, in my reading ——" He shrugged his shoulders eloquently. "You know how that is: The temptation of all romancers in this field of fiction is to deal in heroism of the most hyperbolic caliber. This melodramatic, reckless courage ——"

"Have you no eyes?" demanded Uncle Ben tartly. "That line of talk makes me tired! Do take a look! All the romantic heroes of all the books, all these reckless here-goes-nothing boys you read about, have been discounted and put to shame every day for the last four years! Not one little, lousy, pot-bellied poilu, not one little stunted London cockney but has seen more hell and stood up under it better than all the swashbucklers of all the books put together."

"And that's true too," said Apgar warmly. "If they can only hold the damned Huns until the Yanks are ready! This last terrible drive! Perhaps I should not say it, but I wish America had never got into this war!"

"I go further than that," said Uncle Ben. "I wish Germany had never got into it."

"It looks bad—bad!" Bowman shook his head sadly. "The cursed boches are terrible fighters—terrible! And their military leadership far outclasses anything on our side.

"Think of the ghastly blunders of the Allies! Or our own, for that matter. Why didn't we get our soldiers over there in time—tell me that, will you?"

"Hey! Come out of it! You're seein' things!" said Teagardner. "Our boys are there in time. They're going over ten thousand a day, and they'll fight like hell. Don't make no mistake. The Allies were all right alone, but when America joined in, right then the outfit changed its name to the Entente Terrible. You keep your shirt on. The Channel ports are enough sight safer'n Berlin is; and no bone the Allies ever pulled was half so ghastly as the blunder the Germans made when they started this war. Here, you come back to earth. I wasn't aimin' to start no rough-house. Just discussin' books."

"Why, so we were, Uncle Ben. I let my feelings run away with me, I guess," apologized Apgar. "The strain and anxiety of the last few weeks have played the mischief with my nerves."

"I was rather hysterical myself," admitted Bowman. "You see, I have a boy over there. I can't bear to talk about it. Let's go back to the books. I do not quite get your point, Mr. Teagardner."

"It is hard to tell which has done the most for civilization, the cider press or the printing press," said Uncle Ben, drawling. "Books, some of them, are mighty silly, and they spread a heap of wrong ideas. But they don't spread any wrong ideas about men being brave. Because they can't. Most all men are brave—east, west, north or south or in the middle, Europe, Orup or Irup. If you'll promise not to scream I'll say—the Germans are brave. Brave as hell. Most all men have a heap more courage than brains, any time and any place. Our boys out here were like the rest, no better and no worse. Human nature is the same here and now as always—like the windmills."

"What about the windmills, Uncle Ben?"

"Don't you know that yet? Listen:

To the windmills said the millwheel,
"As the wind wills do you still wheel?"
"Yes, we still wheel as the wind wills,"
To the millwheel said the windmills.

"Eh? How's that? Say that again."

"I never tell that to any man twice. It works itself out—can't come but the one way. It's logical. Like what I'm tellin' you about the brave in books, includin' the Western brave and bold—and them no more and no less than the brave and bold of any old place. Maybe I'm prejudiced. For myself, I've never exactly understood why longitude isn't counted from the meridian of Mesilla. For our old boys, some of the books misdraw 'em, underdraw them and overdraw them; most of 'em made maybe a little mistake about the boys not having no brains at all. But they don't lie about the old-timer's fighting qualities. It can't be did. Look now! Every thirty mile there used to be at least one man who could ride as good as anyone on earth, and at least one man who could shoot as straight and soon as any man on earth. Just so, there was always at least one man who was just as stubborn a fool as any other man, beginning with Horatius at the bridge party and counting both ways. And that is the truth."

"That settles it. You have to come out to the Rocking-Horse and tell me—us," laughed Apgar. "Your statements are too general. We want particulars."

"Rocking-Horse? That the name of your mine? Is it at the old Rocking-stone? It is? I'll come—some day when I feel peart."

"I'll bring the car any day."

"Never mind your car. I can fork a right gentle horse fourteen or fifteen mile, old as I am. Say, it's been all of thirty-five year since I last saw the Rocking-stone. Queer freak, isn't it? And they tell me you've built a wagon road up from Crocker and over the divide, and down to the river—the lake, that is—and haul water from there. Why, you might have saved that last road-building job. There's a little spring up in the cliffs, not a mile from the Rocking-stone. Never found it? I'll be out; I'll show you. It's a mighty little spring, but you haven't a big ore crew—so I hear."

"Come out to-morrow," said Apgar heartily.

It seemed to Uncle Ben that the stranger, Bowman, flashed an impatient glance at Apgar; a glance between frown and scowl. But Uncle Ben was not sure. For some minutes the store had grown dark and darker, though it was midafternoon. Without, the wind had died to an uneasy stillness, broken by slow growling of thunder; pale lightnings flickered through the windows. It was by such trembling flare that Uncle Ben had seen or fancied that brief glance of Bowman's. An arrogant glance; disapproving? —commanding? Why? Uncle Ben stored it away for future consideration.

"Hell, it's gettin' too dark," said Clayton cheerfully. "I'll light up. We're goin' to get a reg'lar old lallapalooza!"

As the lamps were being lit, one after another, the silent plebeian rose from his nail keg and sauntered across the floor. His hands were in his pockets; his gray hat tilted slightly to one side, and the wide brim of it turned sharply up to a bold curve in front. A lean, hard, brown and sinewy plebeian, this; and the careless, springy, unhurried walk of him was like a leopard's. He paused before the mine owner.

"What's the chance for me to get a job at your layout, Mr. Apgar? I'm a miner."

Uncle Ben looked past Apgar to Bowman. Bowman frowned again, an almost imperceptible frown, easy to explain in the case of a man accustomed to deference. The stranger, in gait, pose, eye and tone,

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—like putting a new blade in your razor

YOU know the convenience and economy you get from that simple action—but did you know that you can renew your shaving stick just as easily?

You can—with Colgate's "Handy Grip." The soap is threaded—and screws into the metal Grip. When it is nearly gone screw out the stub, using a knife blade or a dime like a screw-driver. Then screw in a Colgate "Refill" stick—which comes all threaded to fit. This costs less than the complete "Handy Grip"—you save the price of a new metal box.

You can wet the stub and stick it on the "Refill" too—adding 50 cool, comfortable Colgate shaves. Do this for thrift instead of throwing away the stub.

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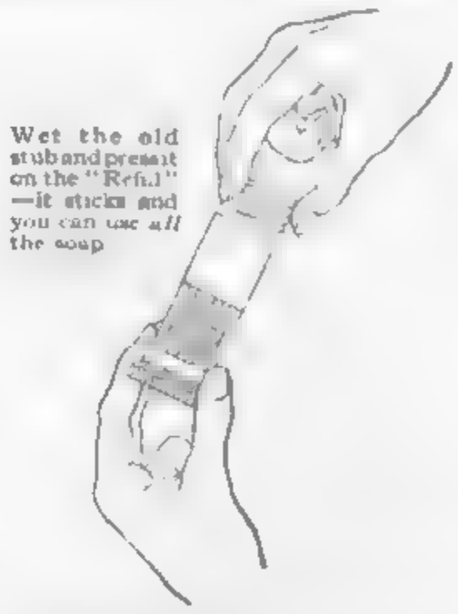

Wet the old stub and press it on the "Refill"—it sticks and you can use *all* the soap

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bore himself with a carelessness which might well have been termed insolence by the great.

Apgar considered the plebeian attentively.

"Any credentials?"

"Sure-lee!" laughed the stranger. Taking his hands from his pockets he spread them out, palms up. His right forefinger slowly followed and pointed out the calloused places on the fingers of his left hand; his left forefinger performed the same service for his right hand. "Worked six months at my last place—seven years at the one before that." He pulled from his pocket a fat buckskin purse and shook from it a brave music of jingling silver; he flexed his arm and offered a swelling biceps to Apgar's unresponsive fingers; he thrust out a healthy tongue for inspection. "Well?"

"Young man, you pick out a strange way to ingratiate yourself."

"Back up! I'm not trying to ingratiate myself. You must have misunderstood me. I'm not asking a favor; I'm applying for a job. I know my work and I earn my money. If you don't want to trade, say so. I'm showin' you my goods. Take 'em or leave 'em."

"Young man," said Apgar sternly, "why aren't you in the Army?"

"Past the draft age."

"You're a fine American!" broke in Bowman, hotly scornful. "You're a disgrace to the name! Why don't you volunteer?"

"You got a job for me, maybe? You say you deal in cattle. I've done some little cow work. No top-hand, but useful."

"You are insolent, sir!"

"You are an old man, sir." The plebeian turned back and cocked a jaunty eye on the mine owner. "How about it, Apgar? Do I get that job?"

"Young man, Mr. Bowman is right. You are insolent. I repeat his question: Why don't you volunteer?"

"Middle-aged man, I did. They turned me down. My name is Cady, by the way. And I'm not so damn young."

"Physically unfit? You don't look it."

"Morally." Cady's tone was cheerful; his eye was clear and steady. "They wouldn't have me because I've been in the pen. That was the place I stayed seven years."

"Innocent, of course?" sneered Apgar.

"Guilty as hell. Stealing cattle, if you want to know. I've paid the score. So that's all square. Here we go fresh. Just so I don't lose no job by some pure soul narratin' how I've been a jailbird, I aim to tell that first."

"What!" shouted Bowman. He started up and turned to the hotel keeper a face black with rage. "Have I been eating with a convict?"

"Now, now—no need for it to happen again," observed Cady smoothly. "You keep calm, old gentleman. If you don't want to eat with me—wait till I'm done." Cady turned to the crowd, raising his voice a little. "That goes for everybody. Get me?"

White lightning, unbearable, blinding, flamed at breaking window and bursting door; the floor rocked to the crashing thunder stroke; men leaped, shouted, screamed or cursed; lamps flamed high, went out with a tinkle of falling glass; the scorched and cracking air beat up against the walls and recoiled to a shuddering eddy; all at once, as at a signal, a flood of rushing rain pounded on roof and street, and a great wind came roaring, bellowing in.

And in the first trampling uproar of oaths and shouts a voice shrieked at Uncle Ben's elbow:

"*Mein Gott!*"

It was Apgar.

The crowd rushed to the front door. Carpenter reached it first; his bull voice boomed above the driving rain and the clamor of babbling speech. "Struck the old stage station. Thought it was here, sure. It's burning. Deserted, thank God! Me for home. My wife'll be scared half to death!" He plunged out into the storm.

Two men had stayed behind—Cady and Teagardner. In one of the alcoves a single unquenched lamp burned wan and smoking. Two hard-bred men, but in that dim light they looked at each other, white-faced.

"Now see what you done!" roared Uncle Ben, shouting to be heard above the downpour.

"Did you hear that?" Cady's eyes went by Uncle Ben to Apgar's chair.

"Why, yes," said Uncle Ben. "Now you mention it, seems as if I did hear something. Thunder, I reckon." He put a hand to Cady's shoulder, turned him and opened a door into a long corridor. "Son, you run along to your room or the parlor. You done enough damage for one day. See you presently."

The old man twisted his beard and looked after Cady with a perplexed and brooding eye. "If I had a little milk," he said wistfully, "I'd have a little mush if I had a little meal!"

III

THE storm broke suddenly, after a furious hour. Patches of pale sunshine glimmered, checkered the plain, grew warmer, kindled, spread with incredible swiftness. On the summit of Timber Mountain, on the twin summits of Fra Christobal, thin wisps of cloud lingered; a few thunderheads banked towering against the north. The western lacy mist dissolved; one after one the long radiant ranges rose up, tier on tier, blue and purple, their shining summits edged with fire against the low sun. Looking eastward to the mountain barriers, Oscura, San Andres, Organ—their steep slopes facing that kindly sun sparkled and glittered as if their wet rocks had been all burnished gold; and over all bent a clean-washed, rejoicing sky, warm and deep and blue.

Uncle Ben Teagardner came across the plaza. He walked slowly now, he whose step had been once so swift and sure, turning this way and that; his old eyes, under gray-tufted and shaggy brows, alert for each fresh glory of his bright and beautiful world. Nor were those old eyes unobservant of practical affairs. On trail after trail little bands of cattle in single file plodded knowingly to the northeast; to high uncropped grass, heretofore too far from water.

Now every water hole would be fresh filled and brimming; the cattle were in high good humor.

"That derned old scoundrel of a hawse of mine is sure goin' to be hard to find," grumbled Uncle Ben. "Just when I need him too."

Before the Engle Hotel, his chair tipped back against the adobe wall, sat Cady, reading. The old man bent his steps that way.

"Son," said Uncle Ben, "what are they doing now—kissing or killing? Let's see." He lowered himself painfully into a chair, fitted steel-bowed spectacles to his nose and took the book from Cady's hand. "Oh, that? Salt of the Earth? Why, son, that book's about this very identical country here as ever was—buildin' the big dam and all. But do you find any of all this?" He waved a long slow arm at all this. "Not a hint of it. 'Me and my wife, my son John and his wife—us four and no more.' Take it away!"

"I did notice something about son John and his dad, come to think of it," admitted Cady. "How are the good and great by now? Still scandalized?"

"Not them. They allow to make a point of eatin' supper with you and takin' back them hasty words. I been explainin' to 'em that such a course would show a meek and forgiving spirit, besides being wise and prudent. Son, you talked mighty brash, seems to me, for a man lookin' for a job. Still want to work?"

"Surest thing you know!"

"You're hired. You are now working for me."

"You have now hired a jailbird."

"Suits me."

"Me too. What do I do?"

"Well, now," said Uncle Ben, "so long as you draw pay from me I calc'late you'll do just what I tell you. First off, I want you should kind of stick round and be company for me. It's been a long time since I've heard any real truthful talk. Got so, nowadays, that when a man happens to tell the plain truth about anything, people think he's witty. Or else they think he's aimin' to insult somebody. Most of the very best people can't tell the difference between an upstanding man and an insolent one. It pleased me to hear you mention the neglected truth that to buy a man's work is transacting business, and not a giddy generosity. Engle is right lonesome to me now, since the old boys are all gone—and some way, you seem sort of like an old-timer to me."

The young man stared hard at the mountains; when he spoke it was with a slight thickening of his voice. "That's queer too. I told you what my name is—Cady. That's no pen name. I was the

(Continued on Page 109)

Generous size tube containing 150 Perfect Shaves

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like the soothing, emollient properties of Johnson's Shaving Cream Soap. These properties were suggested by specialists to counteract the drying, irritating effects of shaving. Johnson's keeps the skin smooth and healthy. Its antiseptic qualities help safeguard against facial infections. *The lather's the thing.*

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Our extensive laboratory resources were marshalled to produce Johnson's Shaving Cream Soap—to place it on a par with our 400 superior preparations for the medical profession. Every step in its manufacture is guided and guarded by the hand of science. Get Johnson's at your druggist's.

Did you ever think what your community would do without a drug store? Surely your druggist is rendering remarkable service—a service that will be still further strengthened by your increased patronage.

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READ "A HEALTH HINT FOR SMOKERS" ABOVE

(Continued from Page 166)

first boy born in Engle. You named me yourself. Joe Cady."

"The hell you say! Why, how you have grown! Old Matt's boy? Shake!"

"Yes. Dad died before—my trouble. I remember you, Mr. Teagardner."

"Uncle Ben."

"Uncle Ben, then. It doesn't better things much, Uncle Ben, but I want to tell you how about them cattle. I was nicely brilliant drunk; I was all crosswise with the L S D—English outfit and stingy. I thought at the time it would be right witty and joyous—it being the Fourth of July and all—to Americanize their brand. So I rounds up a dozen or so and did some proof reading—like this."

He took out a pencil and made the brand on the title page of "Salt of the Earth." First he printed L S D. A few added strokes changed the three letters to H 8 $. "There you are: Hate Dollars. Coarse work. Alignment poor. H drops way below the line, and the dollar sign sticks out above. Dead give-away. Seven years, I sort of hated it too. I didn't usually steal cattle much—not so that I'd get caught at it."

Uncle Ben nodded sympathetically. "All over now. You said it—we start fresh from here. I'm with you. Well, well! You and I—why, Joe, we're all that's left of the old days in Engle. Such bein' the case, I'll open up a little project I wouldn't name to anyone else. As a matter of civic pride and betterment, I'm hopin' you'll join me in the movement for a smaller Engle."

"Yes?" Cady's eyes narrowed to pin points. "Yes? A smaller Engle? I'm for it. A—er—recent idea of yours?"

"Yes. Just happened to think of it this afternoon."

A purposed pause followed; steady old eyes met steady young eyes.

"When that lightning struck?"

"Just then."

"And the password will be—in English?"

"English. You got a horse, Joe?"

"In Clayton's corral."

"I reckon, then, you and me had, maybe, better ride out after supper and bring in that beef the kid left, before the coyotes get it. He told me where it was, and I can get his two horses. It will be a chance to have a little talk. Quite a talk. I don't ride as fast as I used to, some way. I got an old stick of a pony, myself, a natural pacer. I can manage a fair gait on him; he's mighty easy. But he's loose on the flat. Get him to-morrow. Think maybe I'll go out to Rocking-Horse and see Apgar's mine."

"Yes. Here he comes now, with Mr. Bowlin."

"Bowman."

"Bowman; yes. Guess supper is about ready."

They rose to go, but Apgar hailed them. "Hi! Wait a minute! We are just going in to dinner."

Joe and Uncle Ben waited. On arrival Bowman's bearing was as stiff and sullen as Apgar's was frank and open.

"A word with you, Mr. Cady—and I speak for Mr. Bowman as well." Bowman bowed. "We wish to express our regret for our hasty utterances this afternoon. We were startled, and that's the fact. Reflection, aided by Uncle Ben's well-grounded counsel, has shown us our mistake. Your candor was as highly creditable as your determination to walk hereafter in honorable ways is praiseworthy. Such a case deserves encouragement; and we freely admit that our reproaches this afternoon were wrong and unjustified."

"That's all right, then," said Joe curtly. "Enough said."

But Apgar continued. "For myself, I want to say that the mine has a full crew at present. But should a vacancy occur I will certainly bear you in mind."

"All right," said Cady shortly. But Uncle Ben was less stiff.

"Well said, sir! Handsomely said! Feelin' the same way myself, I have hired Cady for one whirl at least. I have a little prospect out in the Caballo which may develop into something big. But I'm coming out to see you, Apgar—after I show Joe the ropes. How about you, Mr. Bowman? Think you'll make it out to Apgar's diggin's?"

"I fear I shall have to forgo that pleasure. I find that my business with Mr. Carpenter is so far forward that a few telegrams may bring it to a head. In any event, I cannot stay long. And I desire by all means to visit your famous dam at Elephant Butte. I am told it is the greatest work of its kind in the world, and the opportunity to see it may not be mine again. Also, if I can find time, I would see the new wagon road through Palomas Gap. The scenery, I am told, is not without a certain rugged grandeur, while the road itself is said to be a notable feat in engineering."

"Yes, indeedy!" chirruped Uncle Ben. "The Gap is worth while." His dreamy eye roved to the sharp outlines of Palomas Gap, coming back to rest speculatively on Mr. Bowman. "Some sightly places on the big lake too," murmured Uncle Ben. "Have you seen our hanging gardens?"

IV

IT WAS not until the third day that Uncle Ben's Sleepycat horse was driven in, though all the Broad A men had been keeping an eye out for him. When found Sleepycat had been twenty miles away. Still in the pasture, to be sure; but he might have drifted twice that distance and still have been in the pasture.

Saddled and droop-hipped, Sleepycat stood before an open door at the side of the old Bar Cross house; a mahogany-brown horse, broad between the eyes, sleek and plump. He was well on in years, but his sedate and knowing eye retained a hint of former levities and seemed to twinkle with complacent memories.

Sleepycat was fifteen and a half hands; large for a New Mexican horse. Uncle Ben was no giant now—gaunt, withered and bent; but he was still too heavy for anything in the pony class.

Uncle Ben came out with a canteen, which he hung on the saddle horn; a slicker, which he tied behind the cantle; a rifle scabbard, which he slung under the stirrup leathers, on the off side; and the great-grandfather of all rifles, which he thrust into the scabbard. Long ago, for service rendered, the Bar Cross had transferred to Uncle Ben, in fee simple, one room of these many rooms. And in the locked room that old rifle, an old saddle, an old trunk, with other belongings, had waited for Uncle Ben's return.

Teagardner climbed into the saddle and rode slowly across the plaza. Gay hands waved greetings from open doors as he passed; and the elderly stranger, Bowman, spoke from the hotel porch:

"Give my regards to Apgood, Mr. Teagardner. And good luck to yourself! I'll not be seeing you again. I'm going to-morrow. Good-by!"

"Good-by," said Teagardner.

Beyond the station he turned northward through the morning sun, on a wagon road that kept by the side of the railroad track.

"Don't be too sure you won't see me again," he muttered into his beard. "I think mebbe you will. Apgood? Bowlin? Humph! Queer that both should get the names mixed. . . . Too smart! Them two fellers are sure advertisin' that they're rank strangers to each other. Overplayed the hand. Patriotic too. Dear, yes! . . . Of the two, Bowman is the boss, I reckon. . . . Let me think."

He fell silent, frowning. He passed the cut at One Mile Hill: on the downward slope Sleepycat broke into a shuffling dust-raising pace, and Uncle Ben crooned a low chant under his breath in time to the shuffling feet:

If you go to meeting or mill,
Same old Bennie will be with you still—
Bennie!

At Three Mile he kept to the left, climbing a long slow ridge thrusting out from the southern bastion of Fra Christobal, while the railroad made a wide detour to the right, avoiding that same ridge.

"What do you know about Apgar, old Sleepycat? . . . Too slick and plausible? That's nothing. . . . Never was any good mineral found in the whole derned Christobal mountain? That's nothing. Rich mines been found in country prospected over for years and done given up as N. G. Cripple Creek—Creede. . . . Lonesomest place in New Mexico? Yes, because it's the ugliest place in New Mexico. Only ugly mountain I ever saw or heard tell of. I never liked to go prospecting there, myself. . . . Men workin' for him all strangers? Why shouldn't they be? . . . Gets supplies from the switch at Crocker, where there's no one lives, no section house even, or telegraph office for nothin'—just a passing track? . . . Sensible thing to do. Do it myself if I was mining in Saddle Gap. Saves freighting through

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Mennen Shaving Cream is an article of limited usefulness—about all it's good for is to give you a magnificent shave. It isn't effective in surgical cases. I never tried it on a dog—in fact, it doesn't smell like a good dog soap.

Mennen's isn't a powerful disinfectant. Its bland action doesn't get your skin into a condition which demands a disinfectant.

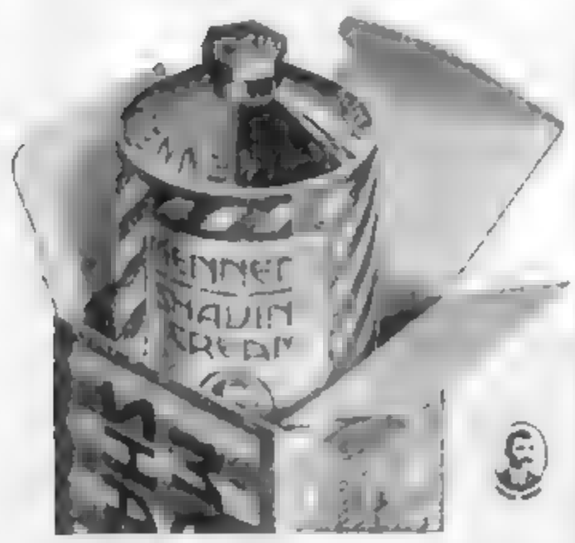
All that our chemists have contributed to the science of beard taming is to get rid of free caustic; to produce a cream that really softens a beard without rubbing with fingers and which works perfectly with stimulating cold water just as well as with hot water; and to introduce into the cream a heavy content of soothing balm which leaves your skin as happy as that of a baby's after a Mennen talcum bath.

Ever since Mennen's revolutionized shaving soaps, scientists have worked hard to learn how we did it, but judging from results our secret is still a secret.

I have never claimed that Mennen's was the most scientific or the best shaving cream—I've just said there was nothing else like it.

A million and a half men agree with me—they don't care which is said to be best—they just want Mennen's.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)



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Dear Jim: My friends tell me that Mennen's is the Cream I ought to use. I enclose 12 cents for a demonstrator tube.

Name

Address

this sand from Engle. . . . But his men never come to Engle on Sundays? . . . Now you've said something. . . . Always play-actin'—and sneerin', way down deep, at the ignorant yokels? . . . Always. Clever man, Apgar. And that brand-new lake just beyond him—only ten miles to drift down the lake to Engle Dam? . . . Not so loud! . . . And, mining that way, he'll have plenty dynamite—this man that talks to God in German? Hush! Sleepycat, you damn old fool, it's up to you and me and Joe Cady. We don't know one blessed thing, but we're goin' to find out."

He came to the top of the ridge; he looked back to the southwest, to where, out of sight beyond the Jornada rim, Engle Dam held back the prisoned waters of the great lake; he looked south to where, beyond the shining mountains, the long, long valley lay below the dam, clustered with homes; his old face hardened to steel.

If you go for to kiss or kill,
Bennie!
If you go for to kiss or kill,
Put your back into wish and will!
Bennie!

At his left the desolate gray cliffs of Fra Christobal hung above him; then the lower hills of Saddle Gap, tumbled and broken, where already he could see the climbing, hairpin curves of Apgar's new wagon road, white with new-cut limestone. Rising beyond Saddle Gap huddled the featureless bulk of Further Christobal, shapeless, treeless and forlorn.

Northward from the ridge where Uncle Ben stood the land dipped down to a white saccaton flat, with Little Round Mountain squatting beyond a gleaming tangent of railroad, and Crocker sidetrack under Round Mountain. A single car was set out on Crocker sidetrack. Beyond the shining tangent, Lava Station, section house and water tank loomed high in the north, far and magnified; the railroad, crossing the white flat climbed in a long sweeping curve up the low black slope of the Mal Pais to the cut in the first bold rampart of lava that circled Lava Station. Where the railroad left the straightaway for the curve, a wide and shallow valley led away to the northwest, past the tip of Further Christobal, twenty miles away. It was checked with patches of grassland and patches of grassless land, white and glazed; and through this valley, straight and plain, far-seen, ran a broad highway that had once been the Santa Fé Trail. Silent now and forsaken, valley and road, mysterious, promising, beckoning, vanished into the unknown depths beyond Christobal. Uncle Ben felt a pang in his tough old heart; there Paraje once lay, where that old valley fell away to the deeper sunken valley of the Rio Grande; Paraje, "the pleasant camping ground." Now Paraje was under forty feet of water, at the bottom of a man-made lake; and those pleasant faces of long ago—all gone! Uncle Ben raised his bridle hand:

If you go to heaven or hell,
Say "Good morning, and I wish you well!"

He left the wagon road and turned across the broken country toward Saddle Gap. "I'd sure like to see what old Apgar's got in that freight car at Crocker," he confided to Sleepycat. "But unless you and me miss our guess, these geezers will be keepin' cases on us. We got to be innocent as hell. We want 'em to see where we took all short cuts. That's natural. Us for the roughs!"

When you come to Heaven's great gate,
Bennie!
When you come to the golden gate,
Make your manners—an' then stand up straight!
Make your manners, and look up and say,
"I've done my work and I want my pay!"

It was ten o'clock when Uncle Ben came into Apgar's new wagon road from Crocker, where it toiled up a long ridge. Saddle Gap is steep and high, and the road had need for many a double and twist and zigzag to find distance enough so that the grade should not be impossibly steep. It was close upon noon when Uncle Ben came to the divide, and between the steepsides of a rugged defile caught a glimpse of the broad blue lake far below. Engle Dam backs up the water for forty miles upstream, crowding against Christobal Mountains for their entire length.

Once turned down the western slope, the mountains became less bleak. The narrow defile became a twisting cañon, deep and wide; crowned by gray cliffs; it broadened into broken country and a winding pass, with here and there a cedar tree. The pass closed in suddenly and was a cañon again, deeper and wider now, cool and dark, between higher hills and wilder cliffs; plunging down and down in sweeping S shaped curves, gathering mass and momentum at each bend and steep; at a last swirling curve breaking from the cool deeps into a vast sunlit amphitheater, walled about by crest and precipice, with one great gateway to the west, and beyond that gateway, near and low, the long levels of the lake.

At Uncle Ben's right, where the cliffs ended that had made the northern wall of the cañon, the Rocking-stone loomed high and ominous; a huge granite bowlder of indeterminate shape, poised on a pivot like a monstrous top. Uncle Ben's eyes raised instinctively to this sinister and threatening silhouette, clear-cut and sharp against the sky line.

Rocking-Horse camp lay at Uncle Ben's left, on the other saucer slope, a low huddle of buildings at the hill foot, with the mine dump close above. Uncle Ben turned Sleepycat's head that way; two or three men appeared at the door of the long bunk house; one of them called, and Apgar came striding down the trail to meet him.

"Welcome to our city! You waited so long I thought maybe you had changed your mind again."

"Couldn't find my horse."

"You must be pretty tired," said Apgar, turning back. "Where's your man Cady?"

"Well, yes, I am—sorter," admitted Teagardner. "Cady? I done rigged him out with a little old buckboard and sent him out to put a couple of Mex boys to doin' assessment work on my claim. Sent him out the day you left. He's coming right back, though, soon's he gets the *paisanos* organized. I'm expectin' a man to look at the claim next week."

"Baker, come and take care of this horse. Mr. Teagardner, meet Mr. Baker. For the love of Mike, Uncle Ben, what have you got strapped on your saddle—a cannon?"

Uncle Ben crawled painfully from the saddle, straightened his aged joints and pulled the rifle from the scabbard. "That's my old Sharps, Mr. Apgar," he said proudly. "Heft her once."

Apgar took the gun, squinted along the heavy octagonal barrel, balanced it and whistled. "Why, it's a regular Big Bertha! Where'd you get it?"

"Always had it. Nobody ever owned that gun but me. That's what they called a 'Buffalo Gun': 45–120–420."

"Forty-five how much?"

"Forty-five caliber—a hundred and twenty grains of black powder—four hundred and twenty grains of lead. Throws a slug as big as a jackknife; kill a buffalo at a mile. Weighs sixteen pounds; else she'd kick like a mule. Here's the cartridge."

He took from his belt a bottle-necked cartridge. It was nearly five inches long.

"Well," laughed Apgar, "this is a new one on me."

"You'll not see many like this nowadays. Old-fashioned—like me. I left this behind my last trip, but I left her mighty nigh packed in oil. Good shape now as she ever was. Best gun ever made."

Apgar threw back the lever opening the breech mechanism; he looked into the polished spotless barrel. He glanced appreciatively at the front sight, which was of ivory. "It ought to do good shooting, anyway."

"Shoot good? Why, Mr. Apgar, you can measure with that gun! When you set the sights at twelve hundred yards, say, why, if you get your meat, then you know it was just twelve hundred yards even. She shoots where you hold her. I'll let you try her."

"But, Uncle Ben, how can you know whether to set your sights for twelve hundred yards or nine hundred? I can't distinguish the difference between four hundred yards and three hundred."

Uncle Ben blinked his eyes, took off his sombrero and scratched his head. "Why—I don't know as I can exactly tell you. You—you just sorter know how far it is, I guess."

Apgar laughed again. "Well, come to the cookhouse and we'll have the eats. I'll give you a knockdown to the boys. I've been telling them about you. You'll want to rest up this afternoon. To-morrow we'll take a look round."

The bunkhouse, with a single room, sixteen feet by forty—the cookhouse, something smaller—the blacksmith shop and the manager's shack, a cubicle with two rooms and office—these gave shelter to the Rocking-Horse force. All were built of rough boards, battened, unpainted, roofed with corrugated iron. There was also a small corral, one side of which was formed by a long shed, shared amiably by baled hay and Apgar's battered car. A long half mile away, on the circling slope of northern hills, Uncle Ben marked roof and door of the buried powder house.

By the cookhouse door stood a water wagon, a galvanized-iron tank on wheels—far different from the clumsy and cumbrous wooden affairs of earlier days. Two hobbled horses grazed on the shaded hillside above the mine.

"I'll hobble my old stick with your saddle ponies, I reckon," said Uncle Ben after dinner.

"No use of feeding him your good baled hay. He'll stick round."

"Then we can take a look at the ore as we come back," said Apgar.

"All right. How does your copper mine pan out anyhow?"

"Why—not very well, just now. The ore looked pretty good for the first fifty feet—almost good enough to ship. Naturally I hoped it would get better as we went down. But it didn't. Just about the same as it was at the grass roots, and the vein no wider; in fact the vein nearly pinched out on us once."

"How deep are you now?"

"Not deep at all. Only a hundred and ten feet or so."

Uncle Ben blinked. "Oh, well, then you're just started. No need to be gettin' discouraged yet."

"Just getting ready to start, you might say. So far, most of our work has been making the wagon road and knocking camp together. That's done now, and we can go on with the development."

"Not a very big gang, I judge?"

"Only eight, besides Billy, the cook, and Kendall, the teamster."

"That's right smart of a road you built, Mr. Apgar, if it is a little straight upandicular in spots.

"Use mules for your teams?"

"Yes, we have a six-mule team. Kendall went for a load of freight yesterday. You saw the tracks of course. He'll get into camp along about sundown."

"And then someone forks one of your horses and drives your mules down to the lake for water? I see."

Uncle Ben got on his knees, hobbled Sleepycat, and rose up creakingly.

"All right, Mr. Apgar, suh! Lead me to your little old mine. How did you come to locate here anyhow? Stumble on it yourself?"

"Oh, no! Old chap in San Marcial—Springtime Morgan—told me there was some pretty good-looking stuff here. He agreed to show me the place, and I was to give him a hundred if I liked it and wages if I didn't. He got the hundred. Now we'll look at the ore dump and go down the shaft. Then comes the story telling. You don't want to forget that."

"Oh, I suppose so, if you insist. But I tell you right now that's no good way to get a real story. All you get by violence is maybe the skeleton of a story. What you want to do is just let the conversation drift and ooze along, easy and natural. Then, when your man gets strung out and goin' good, you want to act sort of bored, like you had a better story of your own you wanted to tell, and yawn a little, behind your hand, careful. Then you'll get results!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Mr. Smoker—Read these words of wisdom

During the war the United States Government bought cigars for 4,000,000 soldiers and sailors. Preston Herbert, Chief of the Tobacco Section of the Subsistence Division of the Quartermaster Department, U. S. A., recently went to France to check up the results. Here are some extracts from a statement issued by him upon his return.

I found that stocks of all brands known to smokers generally throughout the markets at home had been well cleaned cut. ------ It is however a sad commentary upon the cigar business as a whole that out of the great quantity manufactured there is such a limited number of brands having a broad general distribution and sale in the United States. The cigar industry has been one of the most backward in standardizing its product. ------ It is my firm belief that when all these boys are again at their normal pursuits in the United States that brands will mean a great deal more to them than before they went to France. The rank and file of the enlisted men in France did not have at any time any too much ready money, and they are spending it wisely now that they have the time and the opportunity of making selections from a standard line of merchandise. ------ There is now in Washington a record of the cigars shipped to France which have not been received with favor. ------ In tobacco, almost from the very start the brands purchased and shipped to France were made up of the standard popular articles in the United States, and when I checked up this stock in France it was sound and practically free from undesirable merchandise. ------ Brands with national distribution and sales at home must naturally get the volume hereafter.

Preston Herbert
In Charge Tobacco Section
Subsistence Division

Cinco has national distribution and sale

Cinco is standardized

Brands always meant a lot to Cinco smokers

The Cinco smoker always buys wisely

Cinco is not on that list

That's why Cinco is safe

CINCO cigars (by the millions) were and still are being supplied to the Army and Navy at home and in France.

The entire reputation, capital and assets of a business sixty-nine years old are back of CINCO—the largest selling brand of cigars in the world.

The Government, the soldiers, the sailors and hundreds of thousands of men at home will say to you,—

STICK TO Cinco - IT'S SAFE

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THE FAITH CURE

(Continued from Page 19)

loft. Sam now made sure about Dill and Jerry. A man cannot be identified as such at a much greater distance than a mile, but a team can be made out farther. The teams were all working; he would not be disturbed. Tilly he felt sure would not answer the note at once, for womanlike she would not want Dill to find her reply too soon. He then climbed down the ladder and returned to the salt house.

His first care here was to make certain that the note was gone. Then dragging out Dill's suitcase he laid it open on the floor.

Sam did not permit his curiosity, his intense interest in the larger contents, to dull his alertness with respect to the minor ones. He expected to find and did find traps, insignificant-appearing arrangements the disturbing of which would constitute an alarm—a dead house moth lying face down under a fold of cloth, a bit of white thread crossed on itself under another. These he scrupulously respected. Nevertheless, article by article he went through the suitcase; and when he again closed it he did so very thoughtfully.

For he had discovered in Dill's suitcase a short crowbar, or jimmy, useful for pounding pegs out of shoes; a bunch of skeleton keys, to unlock the dining-room door in case their owner should be locked inside; a fresh candle; a bottle of vitriol, to burn out warts with; two thirty-two-caliber automatic pistols, both loaded, for shooting jackrabbits; and a box of rimless center-fire cartridges, smokeless powder, for reloading the pistols. In addition he found a length of cotton clothes line and a small vial containing oil of cloves.

One other article in the suitcase seemed also of the greatest significance a used envelope, on the back of which a rough map of the roads in the neighborhood had been traced. These centered either upon Brule's or upon a ranch five miles southeast, known as the Frenchman's place. Big Mike had perhaps been romancing again; Sam remembered the story. It included a miserly Frenchman who kept a pot of money in his house and who knew no English—"not even enough to make him suspicious."

After replacing the suitcase in its dark corner Sam looked into the bag of the other man; but Jerry owned no property that was in the least like Dill's. Then he went to the blacksmith shop to do what he had to do.

He began by unearthing a dust-covered box of thirty-two caliber rimless cartridges for his own automatic. Eighteen of these he clutched in the vise one by one, lead end down, and carefully twisted off the copper shells. The vise-marked bullets he laid in a pile by themselves on the bench. He now repeated the operation, but with the copper end down, twisting out the bullets from eighteen cartridges. That gave him eighteen unmarked bullets and eighteen unmarked copper shells. The latter he emptied of their powder into his hand; and he also carefully gathered up the spoiled shells with their powder, and the spoiled bullets, and after selecting a posthole spade went out into the sand lot and buried the whole. Then gathering up a handful of gray soil he returned to the bench.

He was working upon his shells and bullets when Simon found him.

Simon watched him for a moment as he filled the shells with the fluffy gray fine sand of the Sand Hills.

"What you doing with that gun pap?" he asked.

"Changing the ca'tridges in a couple of automatics I found. Making them shoot better."

"Whose automatics?"

He phrased it as a question, but Sam saw by his eyes that he had already guessed the ownership.

"You hit it," he said. "His. But what do you know about a burglar's jimmy he carries hid? What do you know about a bunch of skeleton keys? Or about two burlap sacks with eye holes cut in them for masks?"

"So that's it?" said Simon after a moment. "Aiming at us, think?"

"The Frenchman."

"Tell me."

"Along with that burglar's outfit I found an empty envelope of ours with a map on it of all the roads leading to the Frenchman's. Somebody has been loading up them boys with that Frenchman yarn and they've inquired round indirect until they had a map. That's how I make it. They're going to rob that good man."

"All right. You blunt up their guns and we'll lay for them crooks."

"I thought we might borrow some tar and kill a goose for feathers," said Sam; "especially since that isn't all of it. There's others mixed up in it too."

"What others?"

"Tilly some more. Dated up for midnight."

"Don't believe it," said Simon dryly.

"I didn't either; but it's true."

Sam told him of his finding the note, of his vigil, and of Tilly's visit to the salt house for rice, with the note's disappearance.

"Tar and feathers is too good for that crook," he said. "What else can we do to him?"

Simon did not reply to the question at the moment.

"Doesn't that all fit in with Wednesday night you were telling me about?"

"It does, and it doesn't."

"We can't do anything like that to him. It's gone too far. We got to think of Tilly. If what you say is so, Tilly's in a feeling she'd follow that Dill boy to Columbus and gone, and roughhouse wouldn't stop her."

"Not if she knew he was a crook?"

"That might make her all the worse. Tilly's a good girl."

"You mean she'd follow him, knowing?"

"She might think she had to."

"Tell her, Simon! Tell her!"

"I will not; nor you neither. That would drive her to him quicker than anything."

"She mustn't know we know? Is that what you mean?"

"Nobody must know we know about Tilly. You blunt up them two guns; then you and me'll ride over to the Frenchman's and ask his advice. We got time before dinner. We'll head north looking at fences, and then swing round past Burke's, so as not to have anybody suspect."

"Doc will want to shoot them."

"If he does it's got to be dead," said Simon.

Sam brushed his improved ammunition into his hand.

"I'll change them ca'tridges right now," he said blithely. "Right now."

III

DR. PHILIPPE LARUE, far from well but with a half grin on his lean face, was making some experiments in his hot laboratory. Taking down a jar of barium chloride he joyfully weighed out a small handful of the salt into a beaker, adding water until the crystals were entirely dissolved. In another beaker he prepared a dilute solution of sulphuric acid, measuring off first the water and then the slowly added vitriol. When the mixture had become colder he poured it into the first. He added it gently, little by little, chuckling the while; he watched the white heavy powder that the addition precipitated; he waited until it had settled; he poured off the water and added fresh, to wash out the acid; he repeated the rinsing; and then, still pleasantly amused, he scooped out the pasty residue into a glass saucer.

He now found a sponge, which he wet under a faucet, and another saucer, into which he turned enough water to cover the bottom. Moistening one edge of the sponge with this water he worked into it as much of the paintlike white paste as it would take readily; after which he laid it down and began making further rolls in his acid-bitten shirt sleeves.

He adjusted the height of his sleeves to his satisfaction; then crossing to his medicine chest in the corner he took down very deliberately a small bottle containing a yellowish oily liquid not unlike in appearance the sulphuric acid. It was an odd-shaped, long, little bottle; he opened it, smelled it, held it to the light, nodded knowingly at it, whiffed at it again as if its odor pleased him, laid it caressingly against his hand; but he had to admit that under other circumstances he would not have regarded its color as brilliant or its rank smell as pleasant.

He made no further use of his chemicals just then, but instead, vial in hand, passed through the connecting door into his bedroom; for the room he had fitted up as a laboratory, like any perfect workroom, was

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near the sleeping quarters of its owner. Here he went to his dresser and opened the top drawer, removing a fattish revolver, which after setting down his vial he broke and loaded. This he thrust into his pocket. He also found here a bill book containing ten or fifteen bank notes of moderate size.

Gathering up vial and bill book he now passed through a second door into his living room—or, as he called it, his library and sauntered down its polished floor to the other end of the bungalow. His spirits were soaring; laughter loved him. He had found everything he sought except only a camel's-hair brush, for which he could substitute a feather from a duck's-wing duster; and a copper kettle, to be had in the kitchen.

His cook would be able to guide him now, he thought with a chuckle. He had a good cook; like the colonel's beloved barber his cook received as much as he did himself; the exact amount, in fact. And so it proved. The kitchen whose door he now opened had in it a white-enameled cabinet containing many drawers; one of these supplied him with his feather. The kettle, shining with virtue, hung above the stove on the wall. His cook confidently lifted it down. He needed little more. If these wheels would not carry him none would.

His next act was to fill the kettle partly with small tableware, after which he emptied the bill book of its paper money, strewing the bills over the contents of the kettle until they were quite hid. Then he took kettle, pistol, feather and vial into the library to his unused fireplace, where he swung the kettle out of sight up the flue, using a chain already in place.

Opening the vial he now thrust his wing feather down its narrow throat and began smearing the oily contents over everything about the kettle he could reach—its rounded bottom, its flaring lip, its bail, and the chain that held it. He was extremely careful in doing this, so that no trickle of oil should reach his fingers or rub off on his thin arm. When he was through the kettle and chain were wet with oil and the vial was empty.

Then he returned to his laboratory and washed his hands.

The happy Frenchman lay back among the cushions of his divan and listened. In his white hand he held a monograph, upon which light fell from a stand lamp at his elbow; but the room was mostly in shadow. Even the shades drawn over the windows, the books along the walls, the fireplace, the door opposite—were scarcely visible. He listened for a moment, elated but calm; then softly reaching for the lamp he lowered the flame.

He was lying thus among the pillows when Dill and Jerry opened the door.

Dr. Philippe Larue, in the Sand Hills for his health, lowered his book and looked blankly at the leveled pistols. The intruders were completely disguised by masks that descended about their shoulders; he felt that they were greatly in earnest.

"Stick 'em up, cuddy! And be quick, see?"

"He don't savvy. Hand him a bunch of dago."

"Chin yer flaps, youse! De high kick, and quick! *Subbitu! Prestu! Spicciatevi!*"

"Nuttin rings."

"Yah, rats! Dey wised us he was a Frenchy."

"Dese curtains tickles me neck. Blow off on de flaps—he's got 'em up enough. Ask him w'ere he keeps de kale."

"Come across wid it, Frenchy; de pot wid de butter backs in it, see?"

"He don't get a wold—not a woid! His line's down. Talk laundry talk to him. Tub-tub."

"Youse keep de mon' down cella? W'at can do?"

"Let me try him a throw," said Jerry. "Lukkut, Frenchy; wese blowin' past in de big dust. Youse got de kale hid in yer shingle, and we wants it. Get dat? Chuse flip no plugged nickels on us or we beats you up. Get all dat?"

But the miserly Frenchman did not understand the Jerry classics any better than he understood the Dill. Instead of holding up his hands he allowed them to lie upon his chest partly concealed under his opened book. Instead of producing the money he lay looking with vacant eyes into the pistol.

"Lukkut!" said Dill. "Youse hang de gun on him w'ile I fans fer de pot."

"W'y not lace de guy up and bot' of us dig?"

Either suggestion involved discomforts unforeseen; for the masks were stiflingly hot, and besides they had not intended looking for the hoarded gold themselves. Make the Frenchman disclose its hiding place, they had said. No doubt he would be disinclined to do this; no one willingly parts with his money to a marauding jute cap. But they thought they could make him.

But how is a city sure-on going to scare a country Frenchman into fits when the Frenchy does not understand a word he is saying?

"Lukkut!" agreed Dill. "We laces de guy up foist, and dat talk goes. Bot' of us."

Advancing upon the Frenchman with watchful caution Dill held him covered until Jerry, as the stronger, had seized his arms; after which Dill came forward with the clothes line and bound his wrists behind his back. The victim made no resistance, nor did he show any fear. After they had rendered him helpless he sat blankly watching them, as before.

"Buried under the floor," Mike had said, "in an iron pot with a tin lid."

But an iron pot with a tin lid is always a larger object at the distance of Simon Brule's salt house than it is ten feet away. Now that they were near it they could not find it. They went over the library inch by inch, even to the point of removing the books from the shelves. Then carrying the lamp with them they made the same careful search of the tight little side rooms—the kitchen and dining room, the bedroom and laboratory. No gold was to be found.

The effect on Dill of the Frenchman's pleasing bungalow grew to be irritating. At first he was thinking only of the gold; but as the search continued the comfortable bachelor's furniture, the paneled walls and ceilings, the thick rugs and polished floors, excited within him a surging anger that at last flamed up into open wrath.

He had been examining the polished floor for the third time, without result. Rising to his feet he allowed his glance to wander smokily over the room. It came to rest upon the fireplace; and the man on the divan smiled. But the obvious still failed to suggest itself; he was not thinking of the flue but of the mantel above it, with its two tall vases of goldenrod. He crossed to the mantel in a passion and seized the nearest of the vases, dashing it into fragments upon the brick apron below.

"Smash up dis muggy place!" he cried. "Dese woiks gives me de itch!"

As he spoke he reached for the second vase. This, however, he did not smash against the brickwork. Even as he raised it above his head Dr. Philippe Larue, ignorant of cultivated cadences, stayed his hand, and the English he used, according to Sam, might have been read from the Bible.

"I think I would not do that," he said quietly. "Don't smash it. Put it down."

Dill's astonishment was so great that he replaced the vase upon the mantel, uninjured.

"I know why you are here," continued the surprising Frenchman. "Someone has told you that I have hidden a pot of gold in the house."

Dill had an oats sack inverted over his head; otherwise his expression might have amused the speaker. It was not that of a city know-all; it was more that of the cook's cat that has just clawed at the parrot. But it was darkened by the burlap and went unnoticed.

"And I know why you didn't use English; you thought I was French. I am. But why did you try me in Italian? And why, instead of *subito* and *presto* did you say *subbitu* and *prestu?* Are you acquainted among the Sicilian colony in Chicago? Your speech suggests it."

"Come up wid de glint!" demanded Dill, recovering the elements of his wits. "Stick it over!"

"If you will first untie my hands ——"

"Shove it across, cuddy!"

"Untie me—or find it yourself."

"Youse drag us to de kale or "

"Or what?"

"Dis gat."

"Not a chance." The Frenchman smiled at the thought. "Because, don't you see, you are using smokeless powder. Besides, I have the call on you; I know where the money is, and you don't."

"Aw, scrap de knittin'," said Jerry. "Dis guy is candy."

"Untie my hands and promise not to harm me or injure my property. Do this and I will tell you."

(Continued on Page 177)

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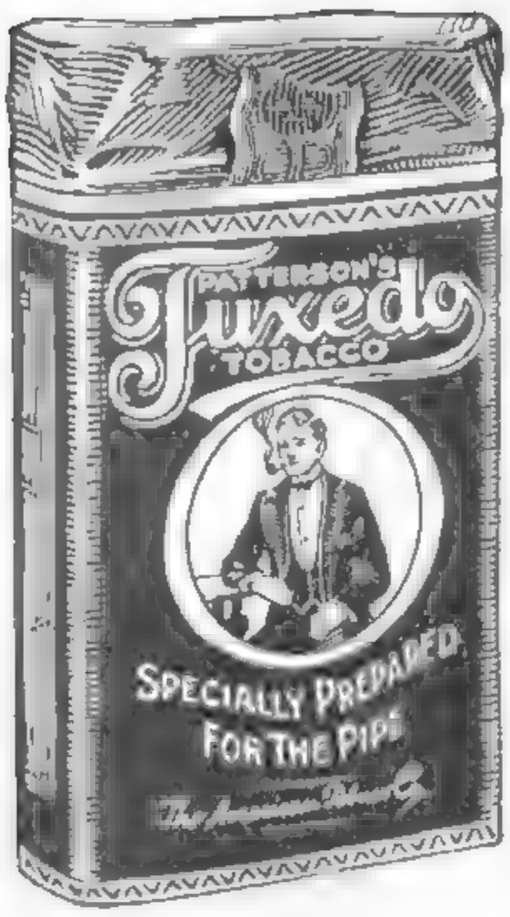

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(Continued from Page 174)

"Words," said Dill. "Go to it."

"Is that a promise?"

"W'y, suttinly."

With that Dill crossed to the divan and began untying the withes that he had wrapped about the Frenchman's wrists. When he was through and the rope had dropped to the floor he stepped back eight inches and waited.

"De goods, Frenchy," he said at last. "Come t'rough clean, or ——" He indicated his pistol. "Get me?"

"Oh, the money! It's in a kettle hanging in the chimney."

Dill was the nearer, but Jerry reached the fireplace almost as soon. They found the kettle chiefly by the sense of touch; though not hung high it could not be seen because of the low hood in front.

"There's a chain holding it," directed the doctor. "I believe it is tied in a kind of knot; but you can shake it loose."

The chain proved to be a little stubborn; much shaking was needed, and much manipulation, first by Dill, then by Jerry, before the kettle could be lifted down; but at last they had it safely on the brick apron among the glass fragments of the splintered vase.

"W'at's dis goose grease?" Dill had asked, looking at his sooty hands. And then forgetting the oil as the chain finally released: "Money!"

"Don't touch it!" commanded the Frenchman sharply. "Wait! You have piled my books on the floor. Did either of you notice their titles? That thin book yonder is a reprint of some articles by Dr. Gerhard Henrik Armauer Hansen. Does either of you know him by name? Doctor Hansen is the man who discovered the cause of leprosy."

Dill, squatting by the kettle, looked up at him, arrested less by his words than by their tone.

"That was in 1871, yet the disease remains incurable to-day. This book at my foot is an abstract of Doctor Bidenkap's lectures on leprosy. This other one is a United States bulletin on leprosy. That larger book is on leprosy. All my books are medical books like these. I have here everything ever written upon the subject of leprosy, including a manuscript report of the artificial inoculation of a man with leprosy.

"Don't move! Wait until I tell you. Did you notice the bottles in the cabinet in that back room? One of them contains chaulmoogra oil, the only known alleviation for leprosy, though unfortunately not a cure. And did you notice my hands when you tied me up? Do you know what makes them so white?"

He extended his arms for them to see. Though the light was faint both Dill and Jerry were able to make out the ghastly whiteness of them. Barium sulphate is usually worked up with oil, but it makes on occasion a strikingly snowy pigment mixed with water.

"Look! Snow-white!"

"Leprosy!" cried Jerry. "Dis guy's a leper!"

"As to this money, you are welcome to it; many people have a prejudice against receiving money from a leper. And you are welcome to my books. Maybe you will need some of them."

"Cripes' sake!"

"Youse can catch it?" asked Jerry.

"Yes."

"And I had me whips round youse!"

"The other jute bag had my wrists in his hands and touched my fingers."

"No, no, no!" cried Dill, his hands beginning to smart at the mere suggestion. "Chuse t'ink it!"

"As you like. Anyhow, help yourselves. The money will bring you comforts while it lasts—like these of mine."

But Jerry had begun backing off toward the door.

"Nuttin doin'! Not for a million dollars!"

"Me neither," added Dill with great earnestness. "Not after them coke flaps has counted it."

"The first symptoms will be a burning sensation on the inside of the hands; you may feel it already. Then your fingers will become inflamed as if from the measles. If I were in your place and feared infection I should go at once to the river and scrub myself clean with sand and water. The main road south will lead you to the bridge. Then when I got home I should wrap myself in a thick blanket; and I shouldn't remove it day or night. Perhaps for a while I should even have myself sewed in. Your hands too. Heat is good for you."

Almost before he had given his advice Dill and Jerry were outside the door stripping the prickly jute sacks from their worried heads. Dr. Philippe Larue, who went to the window, thought he saw them running. This, however, is unlikely, for the river was four miles away and the night was very hot.

However that may be, it is certain that they reached the bridge in an incredibly short time, and it is certain that the scrubbing they there gave themselves must have satisfied even such an authority on leprosy as Dr. Philippe Larue, whose weak lungs obliged him to live in the Sand Hills.

IV

SAM and Simon made pretense of retiring as usual after supper Friday night, but eleven o'clock saw them dressed and outside. They decided to separate, for safety, Sam taking a position from which he could watch the house, and Simon undertaking to guard the road from the shelter of a clump of brush a half mile east.

Tilly slipped out of the house shortly before midnight, "walking like in her sleep." The windmill again seemed to be the place of meeting. The night at this hour was still moonless; Sam could barely distinguish the blur of her figure leaning over the open tank. She seemed to grow excitable and nervous as time passed. Once she sprang up at the sound of a startled killdeer and shrank back a few steps. When at last it became evident that her lover was not keeping his tryst she broke down into low sobbing; and she almost ran to the house, as if desirous of nothing so much as to avoid the meeting she had sought.

Sam saw her safely under shelter; then avoiding the road he circled in behind Simon's clump of bushes. The signal agreed upon was the muffled quack of a pintail duck. This he gave. A moment later he had slipped down beside Simon and reported. After that there was nothing to keep them out, and they also sought their belated beds.

Tilly appeared in the kitchen as usual next morning, but with red eyes and flushed face as if she hadn't slept much. Sam, who happened to be late at breakfast, noticed that Dill and Jerry, also late, omitted their usual smiles as they passed the kitchen window. Indeed they hardly could have smiled, for their faces were puffed and swollen until they were scarcely able to part their lips. He was just in time to stop them.

"What's the matter? You boys look sick."

"De heat," replied Dill gloomily.

"Let's see your hands."

Thumbs and fingers, palms, wrists and arms proved to be inflamed and sore; they looked even worse than the swollen puffy cheeks.

"You've been visiting!" he charged.

"Us? Chuse t'ink it. Dat's de heat."

"You get those hands at the Frenchman's. Do you know what it is you've caught?"

"Wese didn't touch a t'ing," said Dill. "Not a t'ing."

"Except w'en wese rubbed against de guy hisself," added Jerry.

"All wese done was just touch him on de wrists," said Dill.

"It looks pretty bad. Go back to bed, both of you. I'll see what I can do for you."

"If wese could get some blankets ——"

"I'll have Jenny find you some."

Sam was late to breakfast, but Simon Brule was later. A man from Benson's had been telling, he said loudly, of an attempted hold-up at Larue's place the night before. Two men wearing jute-sack masks had tried to find the Frenchman's money, but were frightened off. In their haste to escape they left their masks behind them. One was of medium height, the other larger. Larue thought the jute sacks had been stolen from one of the neighboring ranches. As Simon explained about the robbery Sam had a glimpse through the kitchen door of Tilly's eyes. He could not say that he read forgiveness in them.

Sam Blaine, his chair tilted back beside mine against the hot north wall, reflected how to convey his thought; for stories do not tell themselves.

"Women must be like ducks at night when you blind them behind a headlight," he ventured at last. "A cheap kerosene lamp and an old brass reflector—and they think it's the moon rising just for them."

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" *tennis*
" *baseball*
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" *office or*
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YOU will find this Thermo sport coat the handiest good looking garment you can own.

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"Headlight, Sam? Meaning Dill?"

"You wouldn't think so; not now; not sewed up in a blanket for leprosy on the hottest day in July, with his swelled face you haven't seen yet. But women don't distinguish. It must be their feelings. It must be the light at night just makes them feel that way. Next morning it's all different."

In the distance rose blow-out above blow-out, pockets, ridges, slopes, until the ultimate contour met the sky; but as is usual in the Sand Hills by a trick of perspective the multiplied craters took on mass and dignity until they became ranges of mountain peaks, the hollows between them great valleys, the bunch grass on their slopes dense copses, the brush rugged masses of trees. The landscape showed no life anywhere; jackrabbits, coyotes and prairie chickens had long since found some patch of shade, some northern outlook like ours, into which to retire.

"She's upstairs crying now," said Sam.

"About Dill?"

"Jan." He drummed tentative finger tips against the side of the house. "Jan will be having a hot ride."

"Where did Jan ride to?"

"He's off with Simon. Simon said he had to fetch some cows he bought over by Pelican Lake, and he was taking Jan along to help him, this being Sunday."

"To keep him from calling for Tilly?"

"That's it. You ought to see the look she gave him, and him in that sun-baked poker face of his never letting on he knew. You wouldn't think a spread-toed old bachelor like him would know women like that, would you now?"

"Bachelors are sometimes the worst of all."

The sun was exceedingly hot. From where we sat we could see the heat waves playing along the surface of the half-hidden gray sand, now obliterating a shaft of goldenrod or larkspur, now magnifying a sand-cherry bush, which is a dwarf plum, in vertical direction until it became a slender tree.

"You can look at them city boys any time now," said Sam. "You'll find them pretty sick of the Sand Hills. Doc Larue said it would be their hands and arms mostly, but it's all over."

"Do I have to wear a coat?"

"City style will hit them harder."

I could do no less than rise and go into the house, where I donned coat, hat and gloves. Then we stalked across the furnace of a yard and entered the ovenlike salt house.

"Them two are the ones, inspector," explained Sam for the benefit of his patients.

I understood that Sam wished me to speak with cold dignity, but the thing was impossible in that stifling room. My collar began to melt down as if it were ice cream. My eyes burned from the heat. Every breath I took was a fresh shovelful of coal strewn over streaming fires.

"Rip open that blanket," I commanded. Sam snipped through some of the threads at the top. "Now show me his hands."

"Dese is me two flap aches," said Dill, producing the dreadful members.

"H'm. Bad. Have him lie on his face."

Sam helped him over and lifted back the blanket. Dill's shoulders and back muscles were inflamed and swollen; the skin of his neck and sides, rubbed thin with sand and water, in spots was blistered as if by cantharides.

"You should have bathed at once," I said.

"Wese in de water t'ree hours."

"Did you scrub yourself with sand?"

"Wid bushels," said Dill.

"Then it's your clothes. You should have hung your shirt on low shrubbery instead of laying it on the damp ground."

"Dat's w'at I done. I hung it on de scrubs."

"Shrubs near the water's edge?"

"Dey was growin' everyw'ere."

"*Rhus radicans*," I said to Sam; "complicated with *Croton tiglium*. They look pretty bad. We may have to fence them off on a farm."

"Farm? Us?"

"In quarantine."

"For how long is dis quar'ntine, gov'nor?"

"That I can't say," I replied, consulting my watch. "I'll look at you again on my way back."

"Along round Friday?" asked Sam uncertainly.

"Say Thursday."

And I made a rush for the door.

Sam did not rejoin me in our shady retreat for nearly an hour; then sinking into his chair he brushed the sweat from his eyes.

"You can do anything you think you can," he said. "We thought we could and we did."

"You thought you could do what?"

"Get well of the poison boys. They're gone."

"Sick men like them?"

"That farm talk certainly scared them. They traded their two pistols to me for a team and sold me their back wages for fifty dollars. Thought they were bribing me. I helped them put on their striped shirts and collars and them patch-pocket suits and wrapped the blankets round them warm, and Mike's driving them to Canby. They're catching the night train. So that's done."

"You are a man of faith," I said.

"Tilly saw them in their blankets."

"Did Dill see Tilly?"

"Much obliged for the quarantine and them long words. But you were wrong at that. What they had was only croton oil that the Frenchman daubed on his trap, and poison ivy that they picked up when they hung their sweaty shirts over that ivy brush by the river."

"Did Dill see Tilly?" I repeated.

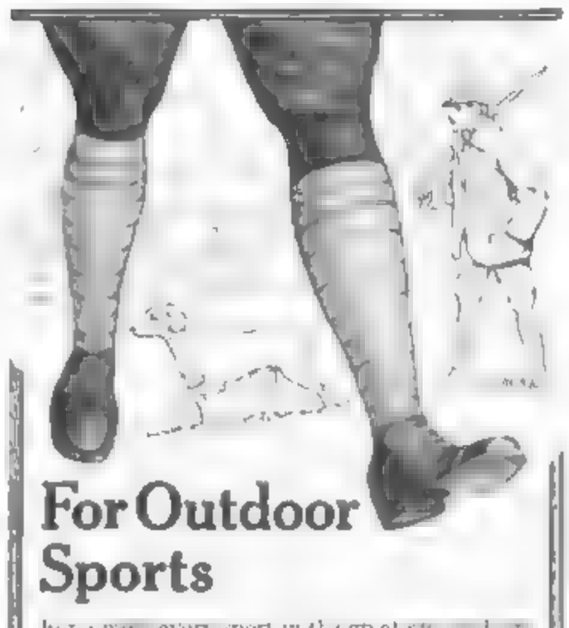
"He saw her."

"What do you think?"

"I'm thinking she loves him still," said Sam with a chuckle.

"You're thinking of next Sunday, and how Tilly will look driving off with Jan."

"I think they will be married soon," said Sam.



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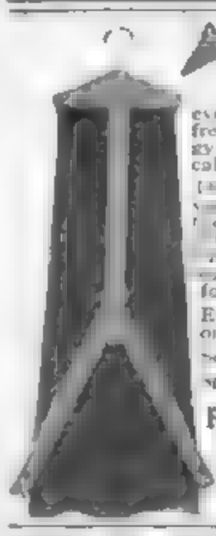

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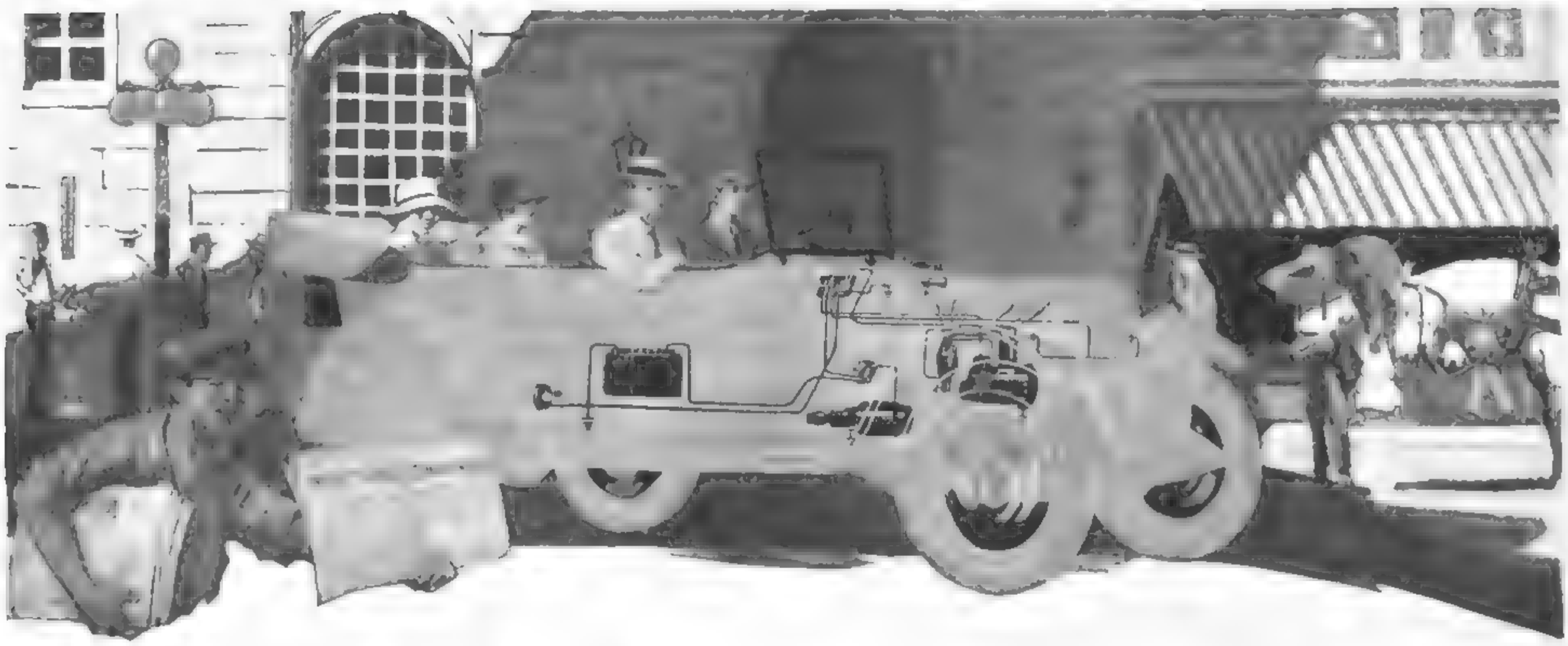
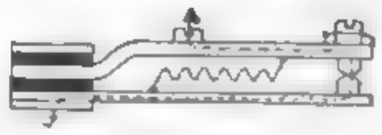


In Summer

At a certain temperature of the generator, the thermostat automatically opens, compelling the current to pass through a resistance coil, thus reducing the output

How Remy Protects Your Battery Against Overcharging In Hot Weather



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It *Beats* . . . .

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It *Beats* . . .
As It Sweeps
As It Cleans

JUST RUN YOUR HOOVER OVER

It *Beats* . . .
As It Sweeps
As It Cleans

LIMPING IN

(Continued from Page 11)

devil below hatches. Since he could not get the key, he would have to get at him through Hatch Number Three. But this was not so easily accomplished either.

The ship was now listing so sharply that her deck loomed against him like a wall. He had to scale it clumsily. Wild yelling rang out at his back, but he paid no attention to that. He busied himself with the hatch. Not only were stout hatch boards laid across its strongbacks but three tarpaulins were laid over these and thin hatch irons were bolted both fore and aft and thwartship over all.

Elmer boasted a sharp knife—"an old marster of a knife," as he himself described it. With the blade of this he ripped at the tough oily canvas until he had the corner hatch board bare. He jerked it clear. A scratching and scrambling followed this. The old cadet was gratified to see Pescar thrust his shoulders madly out of that orifice.

"Come on!" said Elmer. "We got to get that life raft clear. All the boats are gone, I guess."

The night had grown black as pitch. A gust of rain fell against them. A quick search along the boat deck proved that they were, in fact, alone on the ship. The raft hung against the foremast shrouds on the port side by a stout halyard, and was lashed with small stuff. Elmer lifted his marster of a knife—and in mid-air desisted.

What had attracted his attention was a new mood that seemed to be coming over the ship. Was she, after all, sinking? She looked like "jest nothing so much as a stove-up hat," he said later. Still, she had gone down no lower by the head—he would swear to that; and unless he was mightily mistaken she was righting herself, logy as she was—flopping over like a wounded whale.

He pointed out this circumstance to Pescar, who nodded. It was certainly the part of discretion to stay aboard until the very last minute. What was to be gained by shoving off on a raft—especially since in this rain he had a poor chance of ever picking up the ship's boats again? Nothing, in his humble opinion.

Elmer began to cruise round, Pescar close at his heels. Those crated airships on the forward hatches had slid at least three feet to starboard. That was a pity! The boys needed the airships. The motor trucks were badly jumbled too. The worst thrust must have been just there. He looked into the engine room. No water was making there. He chuckled softly to himself.

"Somebody has made a terrible mistake," he thought to himself. "She's jest as sound as a nut."

He went out on deck again. Whisking his light this way and that, he saw that the door to the hospital was open; and this led him to the discovery of Edward Styles. The wireless operator had gone in there with a raging tooth, as he later explained to Elmer, sitting on the bunkboard and rolling a cigarette. He had put himself to sleep with a sponge dipped in chloroform, snatched out of his reach by a rubber band as soon as his unconscious hand released its clutch.

He went on sleepily explaining that he had got the idea from an old girl of his—nice girl too! Seattle Anna, she was called. She used to dope herself off every night; until one night she got a cramp in the holding-on hand, and never did come back. Poor old Anna!

"Much commotion when the tin fish got into her gut?" he inquired casually.

"She give a leap up like a rabbit and soused down again fit to wake the dead," said Elmer. A dreaming light had come into his eyes. "Look here, Edward," he said; "this ship ain't going to sink—and I know it! Didn't you tell me you could fire these oil burners?"

"I come into the Navy as a fireman."

"What would you say if I was to turn over the engine?"

"There ain't nothing I would put past you. I said, when I first saw you, you were a hard case; and I ain't seen no reason to change my mind. I should say, 'Go to it, old feller!' You got a smart daughter."

"There ain't nothing to lose," continued Elmer. "If we stay here long enough we're going to get bagged again, jest as sure as God made little apples. As soon as this low visibility lifts, the crittur that plopped us is going to see us and make after us like fluging."

"You said something now!" said Styles, dragging smoke down to the relief of his lungs, which had been struggling with sea air. "Well, let's get on with the dance."

Two hours later, with Pescar at the wheel, Elmer began warming up his engine, opening drains, and doing certain other mysterious things he had seen done "between spells of polishing." Whistling cheerfully all the time, he convinced himself that the crank pits were clear of obstructions and that the cylinders were warmed. Finally he opened the throttle slightly and threw the links over. The engine did not start off. It loomed over him without a soul.

"My sorrows!" he whispered.

He put a dab of vaseline on one of the piston rods. He stooped and lovingly fingered the working parts. He glared at that array of valve stems. Again he worked the links back and forth, and, juggling the throttle gradually, coaxed it. Suddenly the engine started, by chance in the go-ahead motion. The piston rods swooped down; the crank webs turned over slobberingly in their pits—slowly, slowly, like an ancient skeleton magically animated. Elmer gave her a little more steam, groaning with her, rising and falling in sympathy with the cranks.

"That's a daisy!" he said. "Purring along like a sewing machine. Just look at the dew on them brasses! Cool as cool!" Catching sight of Styles he asked: "How is everything in your department?"

"Hopeful," said Edward Styles grimly.

"Ain't any salt water crept into them after oil tanks?"

"If so, curtains," said Edward.

Elmer puffed his cheeks at the bridge howler and quickly laid his ear there.

"Let her go NNE!" he yelled into the tube as soon as Pescar had answered him.

They had begun to limp in.

Surely a stranger limping in was never heard of! Two mad imps dancing through the bowels of a ship at her last gasp for buoyancy; her bulkheads bulging; her decks awash; her deck cargo strewn to bits, with the exception of the brilliant-green sea-proof crates containing the airships! The great trucks, with their land camouflage painted to resemble a cabbage field, were upheaved and spanked down on top of one another like pancakes. The decks, raw red with rust, were swept clear of every moving thing.

Followed weird sleepless hours. Twice the old cadet had shut down the engine for a cooling time; but this time he spent, with the sulky assistance of his crew, in shoring up the bulkhead forward of the boilers. Scales of rust were dropping off it. The rivets held; but they held like the buttons on a fat woman's dress, as Elmer said, looking at it hard and sledging his shores into place.

Next he was forced to cut away the airships forward in the hope of getting her stern down where the screw would take a better bite. The ship had lost all trim. A fine green comber came and slid the airships into the sea as soon as their wire lashings were hacked clear.

After that Pescar spent long lonely hours—how long he knew not—at the wheel, steering on the course that had been given him, and with no man on the bridge else. That was unnatural. No one came to relieve him. At length he left the wheel and strolled into the galley for a bite to eat. There presently an iron hand seized him by the scruff of the neck.

"What you doing here?" inquired Elmer in a voice of wrath.

"All taim wheel!" groaned Pescar, writhing. "No good!"

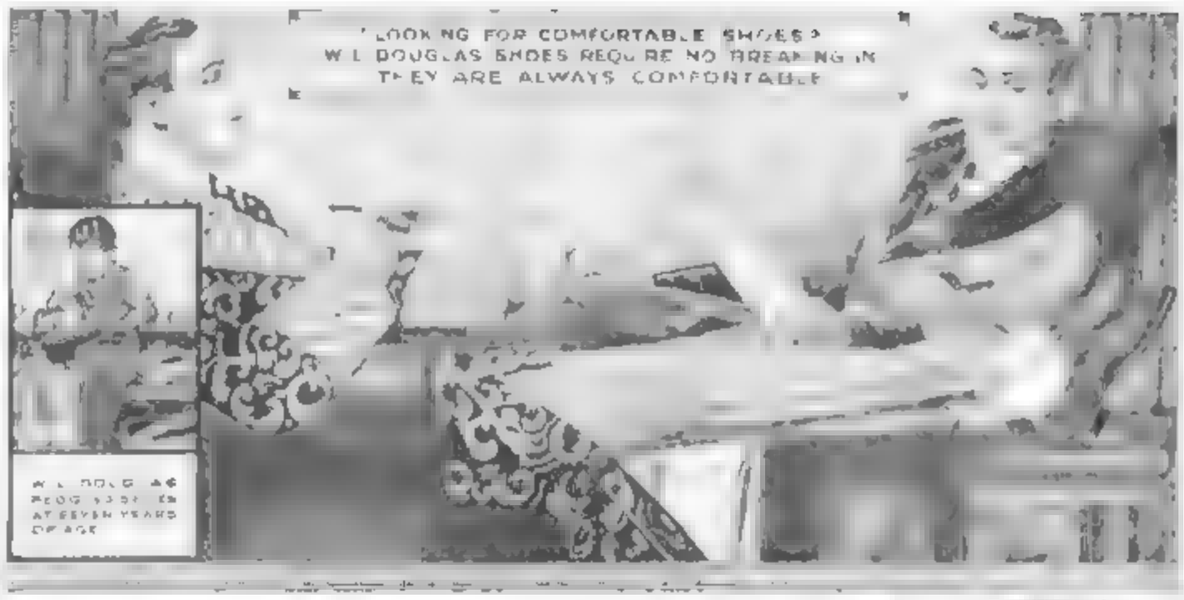
"Wheel, eh? Wheel, is it?" shrieked Elmer. "Look here; you took my advice before and you got into trouble. Well, you better take it again, or you'll get into a peck of trouble!"

He shoved him back into the wheelhouse.

"Don't you move away from there till we get to France!" he roared, and went to look for weather signs. Thick—thick as ever, with a drizzling rain, and the same east-northeasterly swell!

"I would like to see something come along and knock the belly off this slop!" mused the old cadet, staring into the well deck. "It's on a shoe string, the way it is."

He chuckled again. He was better satisfied than he had been for many weeks. He



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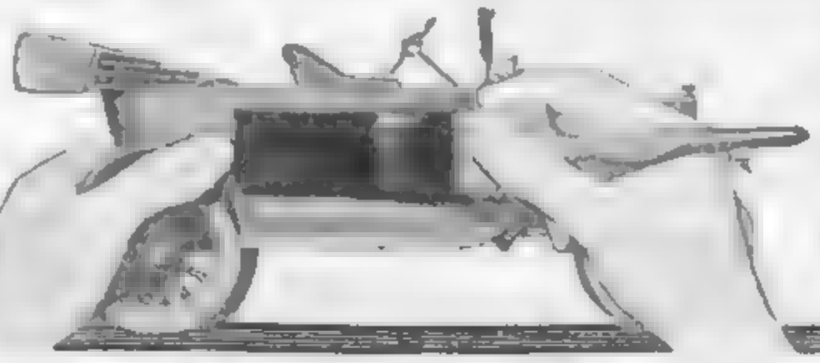

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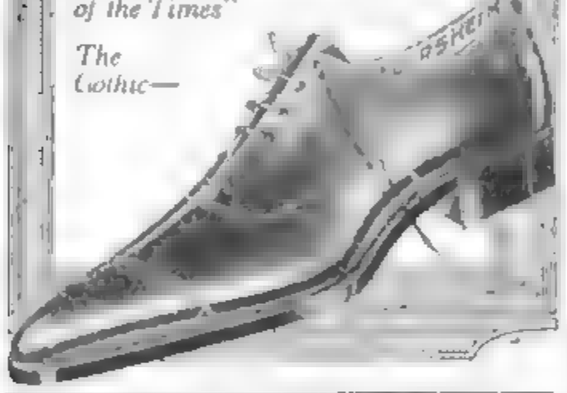

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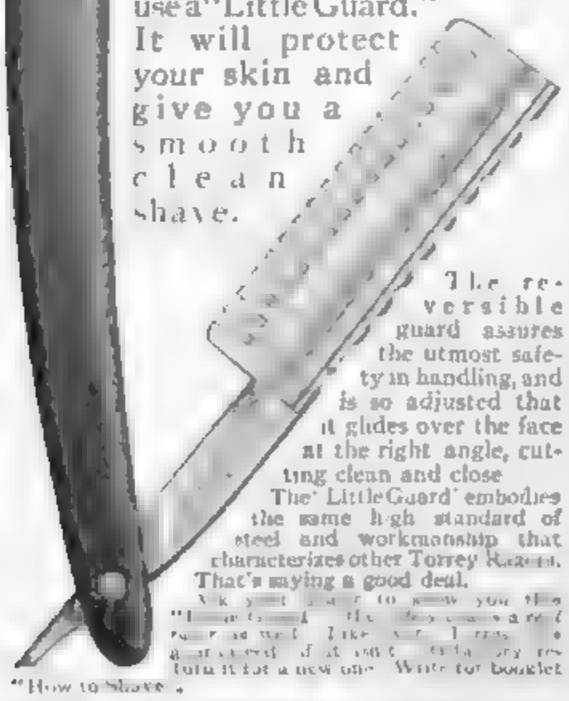

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was master here now. He had a free hand at last. The very thing his daughter had desired for him! If only the blamed contraption didn't take it into her head to go down altogether in one of these plunging movements of hers!

Going below again, he found Edward Styles sleeping peacefully.

"Hey!" said Elmer, thrusting a merciless toe into his fireman's ribs. "This ain't no time to be taking a cat nap."

"Where are we, old-timer?" inquired Edward, sitting up and rubbing his eyes.

"Somewhere west of France," said Elmer. "I can't get no good fix without the sun—that's sure. Then again, I am handicapped by them throwing over the log books, along with the official papers. Still, if only I can glimpse the sun I am all right."

There was no stopping the engine except for the briefest of intervals, because the water was gaining on them, and to stop the engine was to stop the pumps. And the engine was beginning to talk back. Jarring and clacking noises came from its throat. Elmer turned a cold shoulder to it and pretended not to hear.

When next he gave it breathing time the stars were out. Elmer shook his head like a wounded bull and brushed the sweat out of his blurred eyes. He was suffering for lack of a position, but these stars baffled him. Their sharp light pricked him sore, as the darts of the Lilliputians pricked the skin of the prone giant.

"I don't know one from another," he groaned. "I think that great yellow blazer up there is Campello; but I ain't sure. I can't tell Beetlegoose' from All-fer-Rats. What they were thinking of back there not to learn 'em to me I don't know! Here's a two-million-dollar property likely to go by the board through plain ignorance. My sorrows! Look at that monstrous great star looming up there like a torch, and no more good to me than nothing at all!"

He shook his grimy fist at it and looked into the wheelhouse. Pescar lay asleep over the wheel, with his chin between the spokes. Wakened, he howled with terror at the face of his captain, for such a face he had not seen in all his travels. Elmer propped him up against the wheel like a thing of sawdust and hit him a mighty thwack between the shoulder blades. Then he went below and shook his fireman awake again.

"I got a crew of dead men here!" he bellowed.

Styles' curly hair was matted; his eyes were blind with sleep.

"Drive 'er!" yelled Elmer.

"You let me be, you old madman!" said Styles sulkily. He gazed about him. "Old-timer," he shouted hoarsely, "I'm getting lonesome down here. I swear I am! I've got the creeps. You ain't no fit company for a sane man either. Don't you never sleep at all?"

"Not when I got business," returned the old cadet, leering at him fondly. "Come on! Just you get a grip on the skin of your teeth and let's we see what we can do with the old wagon this morning."

"Morning! Is it morning?" muttered the fireman. "You don't leave me no time to decide which is day and which is night. I just dreamed I was shoveling arms and legs into a boiler as big as a house, with a horrid red cross painted over the fire boxes. Down come these human legs and arms in a hopper, and me shoveling hell-bent-for-election! I says to myself: 'What am I doing, shoveling for a living on a horspital ship or what?' And just then along comes you and picks me up and stuffs me head-first into my own fire box! And I believe you would do it too."

Elmer made no answer. He was rocking the engine again.

At length a day dawned—and nobody knew how many had passed—when a ghostly sun appeared on the threshold of the sea. It stared like old brass through the obscuring mists; and on the bridge of the Black Python stood a wavering figure, with staring eyes and puckered brows—a very gorilla, in whose eyes wandered the wild doubts and half insights of dawning intelligence. One greasy paw clutched the precious ham bone of ebony and ivory; the other fiddled with the tangent screw that was to bring down the image of the sun to the line of the horizon.

In good truth Elmer had become a terrible barbarian. His thick silver-gray hair had tumbled down into his eyes. He was bare to the waist. His hairy barrel of a body was smeared with grease. His eyes were hollow and blazing.

"I want the lower limb to just kiss that horizon," he mumbled hoarsely to Edward Styles—"just so's't you could slip a piece of tissue paper between the horizon and the sun. And when I am nearly ready I'll yell Watch!—and you git your eye on the chronometer, and git into the swing of them hours, minutes and seconds; and when I yell Time! you mark the second; and then you look at the minute; and the hour'll look after itself."

"Shoot!" said Edward Styles wearily.

The old cadet lifted his sextant and lowered it.

"The horizon's gone now," he said. "There goes the sun too. It'll be out again directly; but that's an almighty poor horizon. Fetch me that pan of molasses in the galley, Styles."

"Ain't hungry so soon, are you, old feller?"

He went with all haste, however, and returned bearing a bread pan with half an inch of molasses in the bottom of it.

"Now then," said Elmer, "git back to the chronometer again. I'm going to throw the sun down into that."

"What do you call that patent?" asked Styles.

"That's an artificial horizon," answered Elmer.

"How about an artificial sky and an artificial sun?" grumbled Styles. He wanted to know how any mortal could toss the sun in heaven down into a pan of molasses; and with the ship rolling too!

"It takes a steady nerve," said Elmer.

"I'll say it does," retorted Styles.

They were both silent—Elmer glaring open-mouthed into the telescope of his quadrant; Styles hanging breathless over the chronometer and beating time with one hand, the other unconsciously twirling up a cigarette.

Elmer's eye was blurred and his arm shook; and he saw the sun rolling round the celestial concave like a pea in a basin.

"O Lord," mumbled the old cadet, "go jest a little easy on me! The way I am, I got to put a little of the responsibility for this on you. You can see, from knowing how I been educated up, and only dallied round in the public schools, jest what a contrac' I got on my shoulders. I ain't had sleep in four days and four nights by my reckoning, and my eye ain't all I wish it was. I'm calling on you to stop this tarnation sun from wabbling. It's all over the pasture. . . . I will do the navigating. O God, hold the sun still in heaven for jest one little minute. You done it once, and you can do it again in a good cause. . . . Watch!" he yelled.

"I'm watching, old shriek!" came the sad voice of Edward Styles.

"Time!" boomed Elmer.

"Got you!" said Edward Styles, more dead than alive. The cigarette still hung unlit between two pouted cherry-red lips.

"Fifteen degrees and seven minutes," said Elmer, after prolonged inspection of the ivory arc.

"Got you again!"

"Now clear out of here!" said Elmer. "I got a man's work on my hands." He shoved the charts aside and picked up the Practical Navigator with a groan: "This monkeying with the heavens is the worst thing about a ship."

He bent over the scratch pad.

"Secant, cosecant, cosine and sine," he muttered presently, juggling together other worlds than ours. His brow gleamed with sweat. His soul went coasting among infinities. "And the half sum of the remainder —— The simplest thing is jest as hard as the hardest if you don't know it," he groaned.

He came lurching out of the chart room and drew a strange diagram on the side of the wheelhouse with a piece of charcoal. Pescar and Styles watched his movements reverently, as those of inspired frenzy. He clucked his tongue, stowed it in his cheek, leered at them hideously, and returned to his charts.

At high noon the sun appeared again for a few seconds in the likeness of a pale gold wafer. The old cadet, coming with his ham bone, bagged it, chuckling like a maniac, though his eyes were all but sightless.

When next he came out his haggard face was filled with a great light, a burning zeal.

"You know where we are?" he cried hoarsely. He had lit his pipe and was dusting his hands, as if to rid them of the last traces of the figures by which he had reached his magical result. "We're in longitude 10 west. We're right up against the coast of France. Here's the exact figgers."

"You got a world of confidence in yourself, old figgerhead!" said Styles. "Well, give me them figgers and I'll send 'em out."

"Hold your horses!" said Elmer. "I been thinking things over, and I ain't so sure we need any help. How about limping in ourselves—hey? I can sniff out a land breeze now."

"There ain't nothing I would put past you," said Edward Styles.

"Don't you begin fiddling with the atmosphere till I say the word. We'll jest hold on to them figures in case of an emergency. 'Don't give up the ship!' That's one of the first things in the copy book."

The emergency was already at hand, however. This time he could not turn the engine over. In vain he warmed it up through the bleeders. The engine had been milked of every last drop of locomotion in its iron udder.

Poor old Elmer prowled among the pumps. He listened at the shell of the condenser like a doctor with a pulmonary patient. He crawled into the engine pits and emerged dripping with oil. He stroked the recalcitrant rods of the valve gear with a thoughtful thumb.

"The shoe pinches somewhere, sure enough!" he muttered. His eyes glowed as the pale clouded sun had.

"You got to think quick, old feller," said Edward Styles. "The brumometer is going down and the water is rising in the bilges."

Elmer looked sadly round about him.

"There's an explanation for everything if only a man knows what it is," he said. "But that's the thing of it—to get hold of it." He stood up stiffly and resumed his canvas vest, a man waking out of a glorious dream. "A man don't begin to realize how much he depends on an engine until it stops on him," he said mournfully. "No, sir; he don't begin to. Well, you send out them figgers."

"You want me to send out the standard distress wave, hey?" inquired Styles.

"No, sir; it ain't a distress signal. You say: 'The engineer is working with the engine, and he has good hopes to git the tarnation thing started; but if he don't succeed'—mind, if he don't succeed; well"—he drew a long breath—"'and they happen to want to loaf this way, and ain't going no place more important'—well, we're willing to dicker. Yes, sir; you tell 'em to come along within hailing distance and we'll dicker."

Styles was scarcely out of sight when he shoved his head into the engine-room space at a point high up and yelled:

"Wanted on deck! . . . See what you make of that," he added mysteriously as soon as Elmer had joined him on the bridge.

The old cadet took the ship's telescope and drew it out toward the horizon. He had no need of the telescope, however. A ship's boat was tossing there close at hand, her thwarts piled high with staring men.

"There's a queer look about that bunch," whispered Edward Styles. Next instant he yelled: "Old-timer, that's our own bunch! There's the mate. Yes, sir! Can you imagine it? Can you imagine it? It's the old bunch coming back on board here to cop the glory after we done the work."

The red head of Mr. Ledyard was plainly to be made out. Elmer's great chest rose and fell and a mad light was in his eyes.

"Coming, are they? I want to know! Pescar, git that wheel over hard aport. I'm going to have a last hack at the engine."

He swung down the steel ladder like an ape and moved the throttle coaxingly. A convulsive movement, a descent of shining parts, rewarded him.

"Glory! Glory!" he whispered. "I'll show 'em! All she needed was a little rest."

He let a little more steam into the cylinders. The engine responded. His face grew cherry red with excitement. He poked about in odd corners, squirting fat on her joints, soothing her, and all the while speaking honeyed words of endearment and pride.

"That's a daisy! That's a Jim dandy!" he said, crooning. "There's always one more kick in any corpse. Ah, creak away! Wow! While she cracks, she holds. Gentle! Gentle, old girl! You got all the time in the world. Ah, now she takes a holt!"

He was here, there and everywhere; on his knees, babbling, praying; his head cocked on one side; his ears pricked up for new noises, of which a good few were coming to his notice.

"Well, you would expect them crank-pin brasses to thump some," he sighed happily. "That's the nature of an engine. Silence is

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what will scare me. I'll see who'll take my ship away from me! The old cadet —— Suppose we soothe her a little more. Try the effect of a little oil on them guides; seems to me they're getting black. O Lord, I ain't doing all I'd ought to by her. You'll have to be a little patient with the engineer."

With a dab of vaseline on his thumb, he looked wistfully for a place to put it. The engine was beginning to shriek aloud in its torment, agonized because of the lack of certain secret things which should have been done for it by hands that knew. Like an infant tortured by a pin, it howled. Hootings came from it. It seemed to plead with the old man: "Let me die in my bed!" It shook like a colossus taken with a cramp. Water had flowed into the pits; the crank webs beat it up with their languid revolutions. The old cadet dabbed more vaseline on the piston rods.

"Drive 'er!" he croaked.

Mr. Ledyard, approaching what he took to be a ship deserted, felt his heart in his mouth to see the great rusted screw, half out of water, suddenly begin to turn and thrash there astern, as if this monster, which once answered his slightest whim, now shunned him of her own accord, without human agency. There was something weird in the creeping of that vast wreck through this lonely waste of waters, her nose down and her stern boosted high. He cursed her roundly to conceal his fright at this unnatural aspect of affairs.

As if rendered tractable by this cursing, the screw stopped as suddenly as it had turned over; in fact, with the noise as of a rheumatic giant cracking all his joints, the engine came to a halt and shook the ship from stem to stern.

"Here's a pretty kettle of fish!" said Elmer bitterly.

He reached for the vaseline pot; but this time she would not be soothed. The old cadet was at the end of his tether. He stood there sadly dreaming, wiping off his hands with a piece of waste, and hardly took note of Edward Styles, who came to say shortly:

"They're aboard, old-timer."

"Yes; I expect so. Just sneak up there to your machine and send out that distress wave, boy. You got the figgers. That's the last thing we can do. . . . No; it ain't quite the last thing either!"

He issued forth on the after deck, glinting with sweat. The boat's company stood there, grouped round the mate.

"Welcome to my ship!" said the old cadet in a deep voice.

"Your ship!" yelled the mate in awful wrath. "So—you old button maker—you coachman, you're the guy that was edging off with this ship, are you? By God, I could break you in two pieces! By what right did you take charge here? Here's a lot of good men that have worn their bones smooth rolling round in a boat for four days; and you steaming ahead of us all the time—hey? A man that would do that could get away with murder! Your ship, hey?"

"My ship!" said Elmer Higgins sternly. "I wonder you stand there and look me in the face. My stars! I wonder you can look the sun and moon in the face. Leaving a good ship the way you did, jest because she was stove up a little! Why, you would treat a derby hat that had been stepped on with more consideration than that! Well, I took her where you dropped her, mister. And you can put that in your pipe and smoke it!"

"We'll see!" said Ledyard. "It looks to me like we had the heft still. Riley, take that old monkey and lash him to the deck."

A voice from the boat deck made itself heard:

"Drop your hands, Riley! I'm the original little mutineer on this packet."

Edward Styles stood forth, holding a navy pistol in his hand. He was the picture of nonchalance. He had made himself a cigarette; and now he drew the yellow puckering string of his tobacco sack with his teeth, and slipped it into the pocket of his blouse.

"Hooked 'em, old feller!" he said with a complacent smear of his tongue along the line of the completed cigarette. "Just in the nick of time, too, if anyone should ask you. This apparatus is getting feeble along with the rest of this ship's gear. Lucky thing we got a storage battery to run on when the engine's down!"

"Who you been talking to?" inquired Elmer suspiciously.

"Oh, gossiping all over the lot!" said Styles easily, with the nonchalance of his tribe, for whom the void infinite is no larger than a sitting room. "And"—his eyes coasted away from Elmer's and rested on that fragment of outcast crew—"we got an Amurrican patrol boat bearing down on us this minute—that is, if you haven't given them a bum steer with them figures of yours. What you think, Elmer? Come now; honest to God, you got confidence in them results? I'm leery of that molasses, I'll tell the world."

"You ain't got no call to be," said the old cadet. "What is the name of this patrol boat?"

"The Lazy Daisy," said Styles, lighting his cigarette.

The miserable Ledyard uttered a groan, sat down on a hatch, and covered his face with his hands. A grin of bliss ineffable overspread the features of the old cadet. He put his thumb into his pocket and roiled up the crushed camphor there.

"Young man," he said, "you better begin addressin' this ship's officers as Mister!"

That miracle of a patrol boat hove in sight near sundown. The outcast mate locked himself in his room and would not look at her.

Thereby he missed a sight of the new skipper of the Black Python seizing the shoulders of a resplendent young lieutenant and swaying him in that gorilla grip. And when the high lord of the Lazy Daisy had heard the story he cried:

"Why, dad, you old hero!"

"Take care of what you say," said Elmer soberly. "The last thing mamma said to me, she said: 'Now, papa, you promise me you won't do anything heroic. You're too old a man,' she says. And you know I never broke a promise to her yet."

"That's right, Lieutenant," interjected Edward Styles. "Why, remembering his promise was all that got him refrainin' from crackin' up the German Grand Fleet with this baby!"

"You're the salvor of this ship," said the lieutenant. "Do you realize that? You stayed aboard voluntarily after she was legally abandoned; and you gave her a shove out of dangerous waters."

"See here," said Elmer in low tones: "I don't want that mate to know it, but I wouldn't have given tin money myself for this ship's chances after she got that unmerciful jolt. If it hadn't been for that Italian ——"

The lieutenant, fishing among the charts, had happened upon Elmer's old quadrant. He raised it to the light with a mysterious smile.

"Well," said Elmer, "I guess you'll think different about my old ham bone now, at any rate. I can't be the worst figgerhead in the world—hey?"

"Yes; just about the worst in the world!" answered his son, bending toward him, still with that mysterious smile. He was holding a bunch of yellow sheets torn off the scratch pad; and there was a queer twinkle in his eye, very much like Elmer's twinkle, except that the light of a younger generation was in it.

"Dad, I've been going over your work and the thundering mystery is that it's all wrong. Wrong from start to finish! For one thing, you've subtracted your declination from ninety degrees to get your polar distance, instead of adding it. That ought to have put you somewhere near the Fiji Islands, I should think."

"No!" said Elmer, sitting up and beginning, as he would say, to take notice.

"Fact!" said his son.

Elmer turned half away and wagged his hand past his huge ear delightedly.

"You don't say so!" he murmured. "Well, ain't that one more proof that you can't teach an old dog new tricks? . . . And the flesh I wasted a-learning it! . . . Your mother says to me: 'If it warn't for your mortal great ears!' . . . But look here, boy: if I give the wrong figgers to that wireless, how come you to catch up?"

"That's where the plot thickens," answered the lieutenant. "You didn't give the wrong figures. You gave exactly the right figures. There was something fearful the matter with that old quadrant of yours, which just evened things up."

"More likely I used the wrong kind of molasses," mused Elmer. He slapped his knee and said softly: "Look where I put my trust! I never knew it to fail. And still there are people who will go round arguing that God made the devil smarter than He was Himself."

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CHOMAGE

(Concluded from Page 16)

capital has withdrawn into the most narrow limits of activity. Just as the workman would rather remain idle for 15 marks than work for 20, so many an employer would prefer to close down and take fixed losses rather than remain open and invite large losses.

In the larger sense the difficulty of the employer class is not individual but fundamental. The industries of Germany were organized for war, not for peace. They had been on a war basis for so long that all organization for peace had disappeared. The problem of demobilization of industries from the purposes of war to the service of peace is one of appalling difficulty in a country that has been defeated in a war of large dimensions.

From the standpoint of the worker the situation is in part one of industrial unrest, in part it is one of abnormal psychology. The German workman suffers from the fatigue of war. Half of the men had lived through hell fire and shell shock at the Front. The other half had strained every muscle and nerve to maintain the efficiency of the military equipment. Both classes now see themselves completely disillusioned, defeated in a war through every day of which they had been deceived by their leaders. They have lost their faith in their nation and in themselves. With this has come a loss of the social sense and the family instinct. The men seem to have forgotten their obligations to community, family, trade and state. The years of warfare under military discipline have brought about a frame of mind unadapted to peaceful occupation. The soldier has forgotten how to work. Just as the industries of the Central Empires were organized for war and cannot transfer themselves to a peacetime basis, so the soldier was organized for fighting and has been unable to bring his mentality back to the point of view of the feelings, controls and activities of the civilian existence.

There is undoubtedly a physiological basis apart from war strain. The low diet of the past two years has produced a notable loss of weight, particularly in the men of the working classes of the industrial areas. This loss of weight is accompanied by loss of strength, lassitude, mental and physical torpidity, in which condition idleness appeals to the individual with irresistible force. So long as the German people believed in victory they were able to maintain normal or almost supernormal physical exertions when in the condition of underfeeding and emaciation; but with disillusionment and defeat all such power of forcing the body through the nervous system has disappeared. Chomage is an economic anodyne and, like any narcotic, has no effect on the lesion of the industrial body but tends to produce a narcotic habit.

Striking Coal Miners

Finally there is the element of Bolshevism. The prisons of Germany have been largely emptied. Bolshevistic agitators from Russia—most of them Germans—are everywhere active. The Bolshevists are liberally supplied with gold, and in the unthinking state of the disillusioned and exhausted worker the problem cannot be thought through; and the misguided people find it difficult to resist the will-o'-the-wisp of "money without work"—something for nothing. There is evidence that the Bolshevists pay chomage in German cities, over and above the stipend paid by the state. The Bolshevists are in position to collect large amounts of German marks in Russia and there is no bar to their transport to Germany. In addition, the Liebknecht group had control of the mint for three days in January, and of course laid hands on the currency.

The inability of the working classes to reason and to measure the results of continued unemployment is so striking that one cannot resist the conviction that it is really abnormal. One of the officials in the German Department of Mines described to the writer a series of interviews he had had with coal miners in the different portions of Germany. These men now work eight hours a day, but are still striking, irregularly, but continually, for higher pay and special conditions of work. As a result the output of coal has fallen so low that the transportation system of Germany is half paralyzed and many of their most essential industries have been compelled to close.

The Germans have been told that the food they import must be paid for and that the food could not be paid for if men did not work, since the food could not be paid for in currency but must be paid for with commodities. To this argument the idle workmen would give no answer. A series of charts was prepared to illustrate to the coal miners the degree of reduction in the output of coal, contrasted with the minimum needs of the country for household, factory and transport. The force of these figures the miners seemed unable to realize, though the situation was just as plain as though one living in the country should decline to cut wood even though the direct results were a cold house and raw food.

Everywhere officials engaged on the problem reported their inability to secure such interest in the question and such response to their appeals as were to be expected from a people as well educated, industrious and thrifty as the working classes of the Central Empires. Vorwärts preaches daily that Germans must work harder than ever before in order to save themselves.

Abnormal Social Currents

The revolution accomplished the discarding of the monarchial form of government and the elimination of the military dynasties. It did not accomplish a solution of the relations between labor and capital. No socialization of industry has been undertaken since the revolution and the laws of taxation have not been revised. Large classes of the German people—outside of Bolshevism—are convinced that the present is as good a time as any to fight out this question.

The paid idleness of a large proportion of the population leads, of course, to abnormal currents in social life. Everywhere the streets are filled; cafés, restaurants, moving-picture shows, theaters, concerts and dance halls are crowded. Berlin is dance mad. Money easily got is rapidly spent; and indeed there is a feverish atmosphere of extravagance in all the large cities of the Central Empires. Students of social service report that families who used to save on ten and fifteen marks a day now attempt to save nothing. The result on price is as unfortunate as it is obvious. The amount of commodities is limited by the restricted operation of manufacturing plants and the scarcity of raw materials. The buying power of the public is expanded by donations and, since the demand is active and the supply limited, prices rise.

Chomage introduces a powerful factor into industrial conflicts. It stimulates strikes and supports them. It means that the state lends its financial support to the worker out of work, on strike, irrespective of the merits of the controversy. Under these circumstances workmen perceive no risk in strikes. Chomage has indeed made the general strike really possible.

Events everywhere in the Central Powers indicate that voluntary idleness is restricted to men. Unemployment with women is much smaller in extent and is involuntary. In all the cities of the Central Powers, where the streets are crowded with idle men, women are everywhere doing men's work—as street-car conductors, truck drivers, street cleaners and in a hundred other capacities.

When one asks why the women are not discharged and men put in their places the answer runs as follows: "Chomage for women is much less than chomage for men. If we could discharge the women and replace them with men we should save money directly. In addition we should reduce the police problem, since unemployed women do not tend to public disorder, while unemployed men lend themselves to agitation and then to rioting. But we cannot discharge the women for the reason that their places would remain vacant. The men will not do the work and we must retain the women in order to have the work done."

During the war the men have forgotten how to work; the women have learned doubly how to work—and peace brings no relief.

In the victorious nation the problems of reconstruction are made easier by the realization that the nation possesses the fruits of victory. In the defeated nation the problems of reconstruction are made doubly difficult by the realization that the operations are of the nature of salvage.

MISS LUCY FISHER

Earn $50.00 a month more!

NO matter what your income, you always seem to be needing more and more money. Don't you?

Let us pay you as much as you want!

Miss Lucy Fisher wants an education. Our plan is furnishing the cash. Others want extra money for living expenses, for clothing or thrift stamps or Liberty Bond payments. They earn all they want—simply, easily, pleasantly. They represent *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman,* securing new and renewal subscriptions in their spare time.

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Please send me full details of your spare-time money making offer at the address encircled. I want more money and I have some spare time.

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Why, Mamma, you have two-sight glasses just like Daddy's"

Daughter is surprised to discover that Mother is wearing "two-sight" glasses—glasses that combine perfect near and far vision. Mother's friends, also, will be surprised to learn that she wears bifocals, because there is no line or seam to distinguish them from single-vision glasses.

Of course, Mother's glasses are KRYPTOKS *(pronounced Crip-tocks)*. They are the only bifocals without line, seam or hump.

Peering over or removing your reading glasses every time you look at distant objects—fussing with two pairs—or wearing the old-fashioned bifocals with the unsightly seam or hump—all these call attention to your advancing years.

But KRYPTOK Glasses do not reveal your age. They make you appear younger by enabling you to see both near and distant objects as clearly and distinctly as with the natural eyesight of youth.

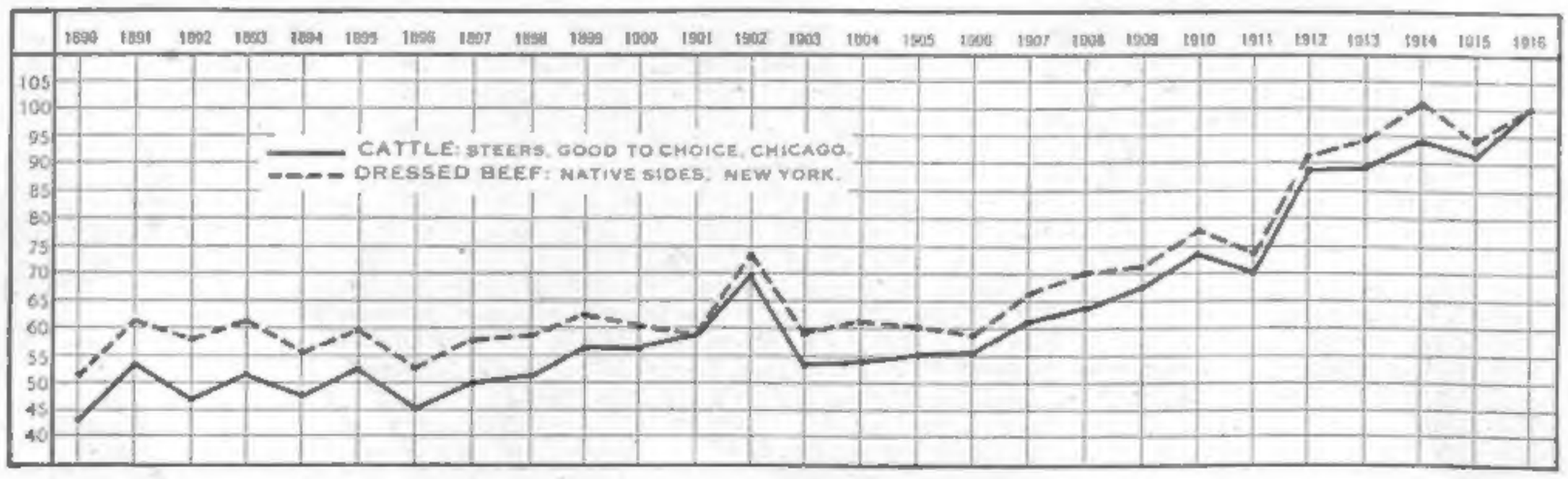
KRYPTOKS are the attainment of modern eyeglass efficiency for near and far vision. In comfort and convenience, in improving your appearance, in conserving your eyesight, they will prove to be one of your priceless possessions.

Ask your oculist, optometrist or optician about KRYPTOK Glasses.

Write for Booklet—Everyone who needs glasses for near and far vision (bifocals) will be interested in the information contained in our booklet, "The Eyeglass Experiences of Benjamin Franklin Brown." Write for your copy; please give, if possible, the name of your oculist, optometrist or optician.

KRYPTOK COMPANY, INC., 1017 Old South Building, Boston, Mass.

KRYPTOK GLASSES
THE INVISIBLE BIFOCALS



On looking back to 1890 one sees that every year the packer has been selling meat more cheaply compared with the higher prices he had to pay for cattle. This is the latest chart printed by the Bureau of Labor Statistics. 100 equals 1916 price. War-time diagrams are not published yet

This chart shows why beefsteak is high priced

"I remember when we paid 20 cents for beefsteak," she said. "Now it's tagged 40 and 50 cents a pound."

The housewife wonders who is making money from these high prices.

Could she see the herds of cattle out in the pastures—bringing more than twice as much as before—she would know that a considerable part went to the farmer to encourage production.

A glimpse of doubly valued grain—necessary to fatten live stock—together with high priced farm labor, and other high farm expenses—would largely explain why this was necessary.

World food shortages, high wages, depreciated money, make everything high priced. Meat has not advanced more than other foods.

But throughout the past 30 years of rising prices, the packers, in competition with each other, by handling more live stock, and by eliminating waste, have steadily reduced the spread between the price of cattle and the price of beef. This chart, copied from Bulletin No. 226 of the U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics, shows it.

As compared with the price of cattle the consumer is paying less for meat, and the live stock producer is getting a larger proportion of the prices received by the packer for meat and by-products.

Service like this, performed at a profit to the packer of only a fraction of a cent per pound, benefits the public. It goes to show that the right men are on the job.

Swift & Company, U.S.A.

Founded 1868

A nation-wide organization owned by more than 25,000 shareholders

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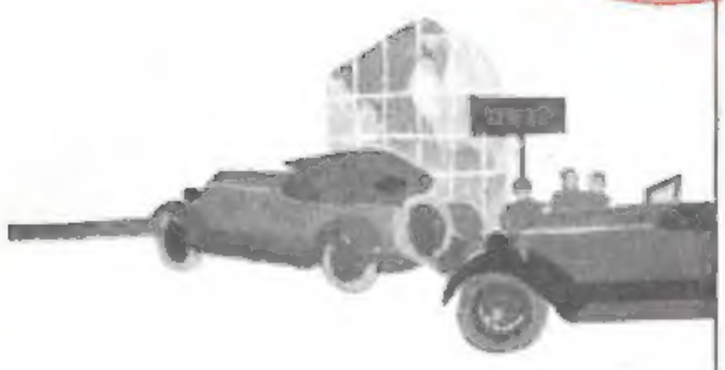
Powerful as the Nation
AMERICA'S STANDARD



The Most Important Question:

"Has It a Red Seal Continental Motor?"

With the buyer of a motor truck or passenger car today, the time for experimentation is past—he demands a vehicle of *proved* worth.

Naturally, therefore, his first thought is of the motor. And the most important question is:

"Has it a Red Seal Continental Motor?"

He knows that a motor which for more than a decade and a half has stood the test of service, in hundreds of thousands of automobiles and trucks, under the most exacting demands of peace and war, is a motor upon which he can absolutely depend.

The Red Seal Continental Motor has stood *this test of past performance*—in power, in speed, in economy, in all-round reliability. As a consequence, more than 160 successful manufacturers of automobiles and trucks have selected this motor—and upwards of 15,000 dealers have approved their judgment by handling Continental-motored cars. Tens of thousands of owners will have no other motor.

Look for the Red Seal on the motor in the car or truck you buy—it's your unfailing guarantee of motor dependability.

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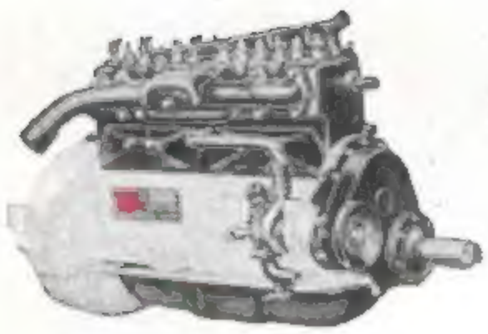
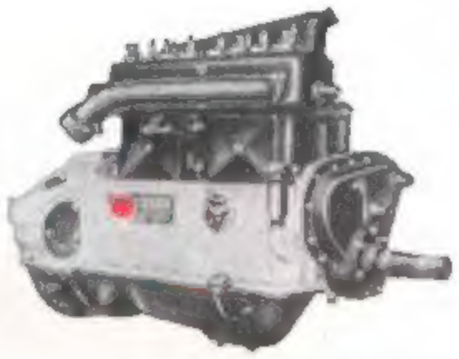
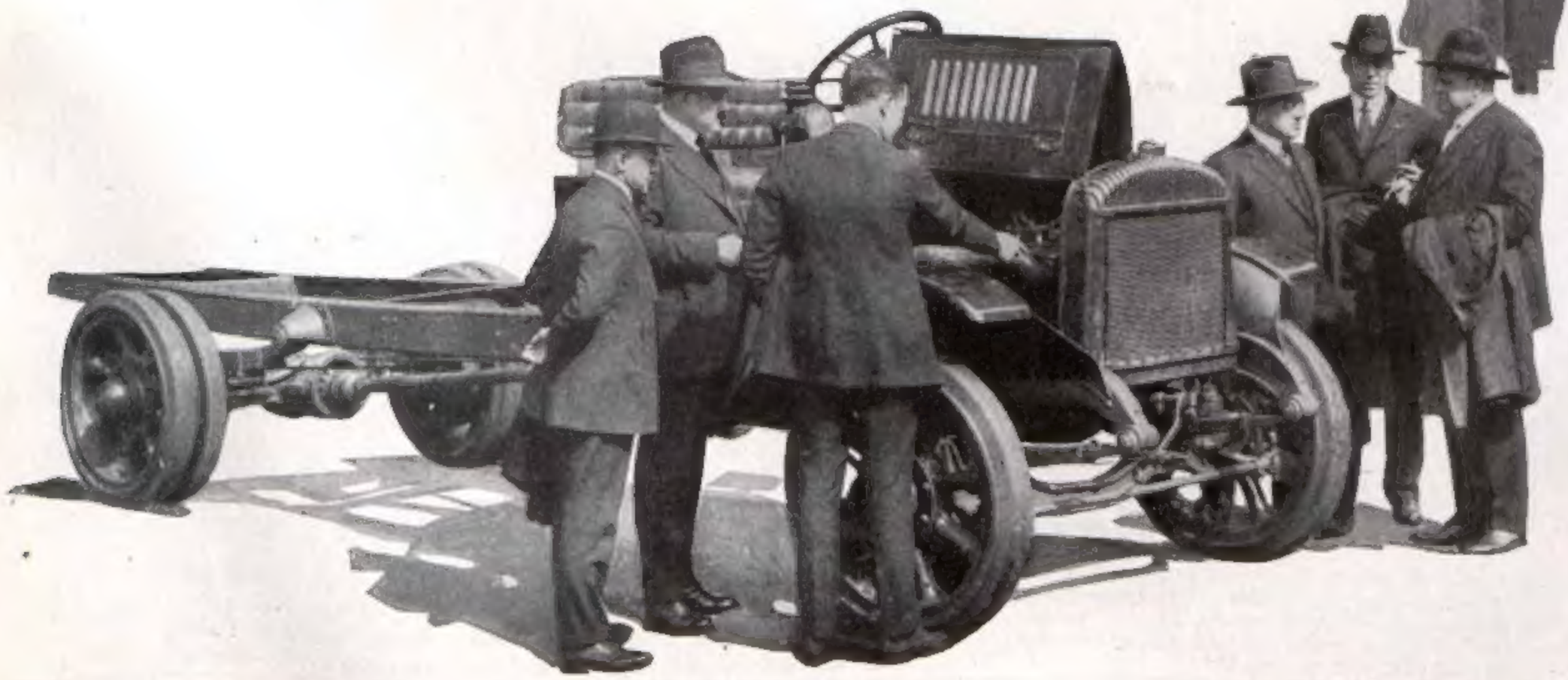


America's Standard Passenger Car Motor. Look for the Red Seal Nameplate.



America's Standard Truck Motor. Look for the Red Seal Nameplate.

Continental Motors



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